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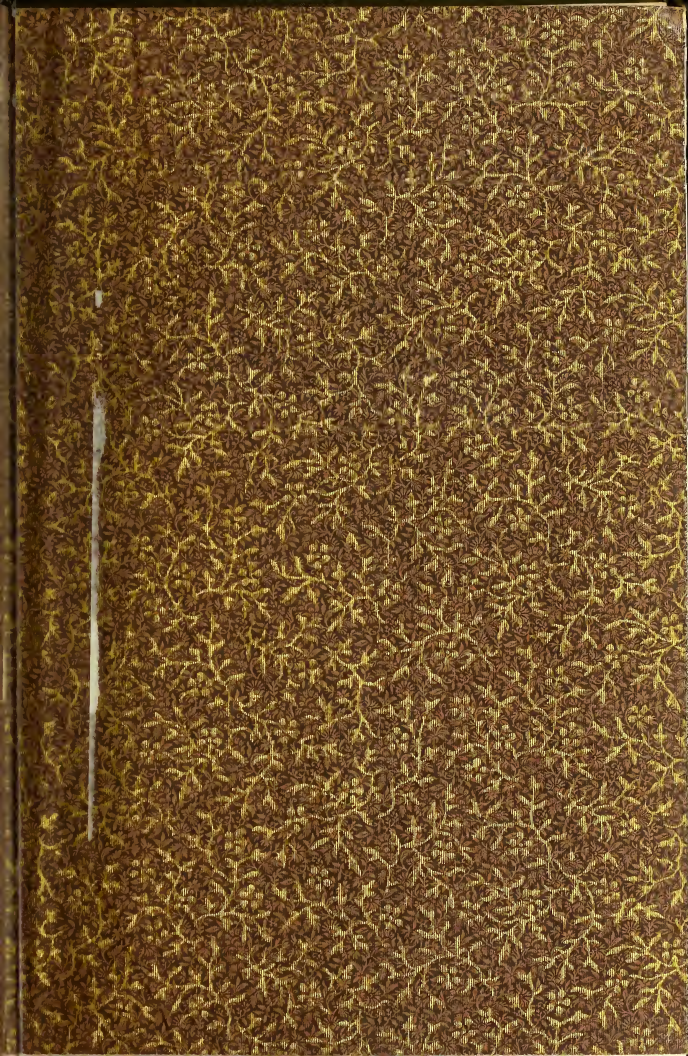
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THE H. M. M. B. A. IN CALIFORNIA



GEORGE W. LYNCH,
PRESIDENT H. M. M. B. A.



THE H. M. M. B. A. IN CALIFORNIA

BY

G. WHARTON JAMES

AUTHOR OF

"TOURIST'S GUIDE TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA," "MISSIONS AND
MISSION INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA," "H. M. M. B. A.
CALIFORNIA ITINERARY," ETC.

G. WHARTON JAMES
PASADENA, CAL.
1896

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For the use of photographs.

YOLANDA CALNESE

TO THE H. M. M. B. A.

TO THOSE WHO CAME AND ENJOYED

—AND—

TO THOSE WHO STAYED AT HOME AND SIGHED,

THIS RECORD OF

THE CALIFORNIA TRIP, 1896,

—IS—

CORDIALLY DEDICATED.



ALBERT C. BILICKE,
THE HOLLENBECK HOTEL, LOS ANGELES.
Secretary and Treasurer of the Southern California Committee of
Arrangements for the Entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A.

A FEW FOREWORDS.



READER, on concluding these pages, will notice that I have said a good word for everything I have described in California. The scenery, the climate, the ocean, the sky, the hotel men and their hotels, have all evoked my enthusiasm, and in writing I have not attempted to disguise it.

"But do you mean to say you have no bad weather, no fogs, no clouds, no rain, no sand-storms, no earthquakes, no snakes, no tarantulas, no *anything* disagreeable and annoying in California?" asks some questioning mind. Do I? Nothing of the kind! We have them all. On this trip of the H. M. M. B. A. we had hot weather once or twice, and the wind blew, cold and piercing, at Santa Monica and Santa Barbara, and it rained at Del Monte and San Francisco.

But where is there to be found any place free from these temporary annoyances and hindrances to pleasure? On earth? I have never found one, never heard of one, "never saw any one who had, or heard of any one who had ever seen any one who had." And I never expect to!

What I do contend for about California is: That, when all these disagreeable features are taken into the account at their greatest measure of annoyance, we still possess such an abundance of "glorious climate," entrancing and majestic scenes, delightful resorts, healthful surroundings, business advantages, and other *good* things, that one may travel far and wide, and for many years, ere he finds another region which is so desirable for pleasure, health, travel, and residence.

And if, in any way, these pages add to the good of the Golden State, by inducing travel, immigration, or capital hither, and give pleasure to those for whom they were written, viz., my fellow-members of the H. M. M. B. A. and the charming ladies of their families, their purpose will be abundantly accomplished.

In regard to the hotel men and women and their hotels, there are two reasons why nothing but good has been said: First, they *are* good; and, second, if there are—as I doubt not there are—poor hotels and poorer hotel men and women in California, I simply have not mentioned them. Hence, it being given to me to describe only the good, I could use none but good words in my descriptions.

And, dear reader, were I writing about *you* and your hotel, could I write in any other way?

I shall be excused, doubtless, if I here state that, while I have received much and valuable aid from a variety of sources, the book is my own work and financial venture. No association, no hotel, no other person than myself is responsible for a word that is here written. Whatever censure or praise the book may receive, I alone am responsible for all it contains.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. Harton Jones." The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.



THE "TUSCARORA" GROUP.

The First Annual Excursion Party of the H. M. M. B. A., January, 1880,
Chicago to New York.

[The Pullman car in which the Chicago members made their headquarters was called "Tuscarora,"
hence the name of the group.]

WHAT IS THE H. M. M. B. A.?



TO ITS members this explanation is unnecessary, but there may be those whose curiosity has been aroused by the mystic letters, to whom it will give information and supply a "long felt want."

The letters stand for "Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association." It is an organization of the hotel men of the United States, incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, and, as its name implies, is for their mutual benefit. It is a beneficiary organization, conducted on the assessment plan, and it is doubtful whether any similar organization is so satisfactory in its management as is this to its members. Its officers serve "without fee or reward," and clerk hire, postage, rent, and stationery are the only expenses incurred. It now has a membership of about 1300, composed of the leading hotel men of the country, and is still increasing.

Its present president is George W. Lynch of Southern California, formerly of Hotel Florence, San Diego, but now Eastern representative of The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Hotel del Monte, Monterey, and Hotel del Coronado, Coronado.

The H. M. M. B. A. was through the influence of James F. W. Rice, of the *National* phenomenal successes in the known and do not need enumeration. States is better known to the Rice. Charles C. Hilton, then man House, now holding the General of Illinois, was elected



Geo. S. Adams.

He was reelected at the first annual meeting, held in the Tremont House, Chicago, January 20, 1880. The next annual meeting was held in New York, in January, 1881, and Mr. George S. Adams of that city was elected president. It was at this meeting that the "social" element of the annual

meetings manifested itself, and which is now the great yearly event in the lives of its members.

The 1882 meeting was held at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Frank W. Hilton, brother of Charles C., was elected president. He died, however, before the delegation, which had elected him in his absence, returned home, and Mr. John T. Devine, now of The Shoreham, Washington, became the chief officer.



Frank W. Hilton.

In 1883 Boston claimed the meeting, and honored the South by placing in its presidential chair for one year Mr. C. B. Galloway of Memphis, Tennessee.



Chas. C. Hilton.

organized in Chicago, largely W. Scott and his partner, Col. *Hotel Reporter*. Mr. Scott's newspaper world are well tion, and no man in the United hotel fraternity than F. Willis one of the clerks of the Sher-honored position of Adjutant its first president, Jan. 17, 1879.



John T. Devine.

The West was honored at the annual meeting of 1884, in St. Louis, in the election of Col. J. Ross Bowler of Marshalltown, Iowa, and now of California.

In 1885 the mem again and Mr. William York, then manager of was elected president. elected on account of

Captain Jewett ceived the honor of elected at the annual was convened and held



Chas. B. Galloway.

bers came to Chicago D. Garrison of New the Grand Union Hotel, In 1886 he was re- his energetic work. Wilcox of Chicago re- being nominated and meeting in 1887, which in the Nation's Capital.



J. Ross Bowler.

In 1888 the meeting was held in Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. James C. Matthews, the versatile clerk of the St. James Hotel of New York City, became president.

He was followed by Mr. Montgomery S. Gibson of Portland, Me., now of the Lookout Inn on Lookout Mountain, Tenn., who was elected in 1889 at Chicago.

Boston had the annual meeting a second time in 1890, and Mr. James H. Breslin, the witty, wealthy, and wise hotel proprietor of New York, was elected president.

It was hoped he would allow himself to be renominated for a second term in 1891, when the annual meeting was held in Cleveland, Ohio,

but, as he positively Brockway of the Ash was nominated and was emphatic in his on account of his many but, with a determina other than hotel men, pointed, who bodily up and "fired" him chair amid the wild



Jewett Wilcox.

declined, Mr. Horace H. land House, New York, elected. Mr. Brockway declination of the honor and absorbing interests, tion known to but few a committee was ap- and forcibly picked him into the president's and enthusiastic ap-

William D. Garrison.

plause of those present. Mr. Brockway never misses one of the annual meetings.

In 1892, at Detroit, Mich., Mr. Lewis A. McCreary of that city was elected.

In 1893, when the meeting was held a second time at Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Washington Lafayette Jacques, the hard-working and popular New Yorker, of the Murray Hill Hotel, was elected by acclamation, and made a first-class president.

The 1894 meeting was held in Denver, Colo., and marked an epoch in the annual gatherings.

all who attended were enthusiastic as never be Thayer, proprietor of Grande Railway Eat and Utah, was due the curing the meeting for the major portion of the ing for the entertain when they arrived; that he should be chosen with universal



J. C. Matthews.

The entertainment was on so colossal a scale that amazed, delighted and fore. To Mr. Elmer A. the Denver & Rio ing Houses in Colorado honor, not only of se- Colorado, but of doing hard labor of arrang- ment of the members hence it was natural



M. S. Gibson

accord as president of the organization.

In 1895, for the third time, New York was the host, and Mr. Benjamin H. Yard, honored and beloved, was elected by acclamation. The association grew under his leadership. It was at California, was chosen as the volume is the record of the and is the modest endeavor of and traveling worlds and the bonds, even as the pictures



James H. Breslin.

Mr. George W. Lynch, in 1896, is an active, energetic endeavor will accomplish results, membership during the term of sent out a circular urging upon the members the necessity and advisability of



Horace H. Brockway.

increasing the membership. With such a vast constituency, as is the hotel fraternity throughout the United States, to draw from, there is no reason why the H. M. M. B. A. should not have a membership of 5000. With such a number the assessments might be lowered, or the policy increased, and either of these things is something to be desired and worth a little labor, time and trouble to accomplish. In this, as in many other such organizations, it is individual and personal work



Lewis A. McCreary.

alone that tells, hence every member should determine to make himself responsible for the gaining of at least one

It will be appropriate, here, Lynch's life. He was born in fifty-one years of age. In 1864 ing the ocean route, via Panama. school, and then became a works and cable railways. the peculiar life of California in manager of the Redondo Beach



W. L. Jacques.

two years, leaving it to take charge of the Hotel Florence, in San Diego. He took the leading part in the organization of the Southern

California Hotel Association, and in November, 1893, was elected its first President, and was re-elected to that office for another year. It was during this year that he bent his energies to the securing of the meeting of the H. M. M. B. A. in California. His triumphant success, and the honor the Association accorded him in making him its President are now

Elmer A. Thayer.

matters of history. Mr. Lynch is congenially married, and he has a family of three children, George W. Jr., who was recently married, Miss Nannie, and baby "All aboard."



Benjamin H. Yard.



JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK,
MANAGER PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.
Chairman of the California Hotel Association Committee of Arrangements for the
Entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A.

CHAPTER I.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.



WHEN Mr. A. C. Bilicke of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, in company with Mr. J. E. Aull of the Hollenbeck Café—both active members of the H. M. M. B. A.—attended the annual session in Colorado in 1894, they returned to Southern California impressed with the importance of the organization and its great influence. Satisfied that California could not fail to gain the enthusiastic commendations of any body of men who were shown its scenic glories, horticultural, agricultural, and other commercial advantages, together with its provisions for the entertainment of all who chose to become its guests, these two gentlemen began to agitate, at once, the question of inviting the H. M. M. B. A. to hold one of its meetings, in the near future, in Los Angeles. At the next semi-annual session of the Southern California Hotel Association the matter was thoroughly discussed, with Mr. S. F. Thorn, President of the California Hotel Association (which embraces all that portion of the State north of the Tehachapi range of Mountains, the Southern California Association including the counties south of the same range), Mr. K. B. Soule, the Secretary, Mr. G. P. Snell, and other members of the sister organization present. These gentlemen heartily favored the plan, and it was unanimously decided that the Southern California Hotel Association should invite the H. M. M. B. A. to hold its annual meeting, in 1896, in Los Angeles, with ten days of sight-seeing and good cheer to accompany it, and six additional days of pleasuring in the north, with the California Hotel Association



J. E. AULL.

For the past eight years Mr. Aull has been proprietor of the Hollenbeck Café, Los Angeles, and for two years of the Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island, at the same time. Before coming to California he was connected with the Poland Springs House, Me., Young's Hotel, Boston, and Southern Hotel, St. Louis. He is a most popular caterer, and the Hollenbeck Café has a large clientele.



COL. THORN, President of the California Hotel Association, and first President of the San Francisco Hotel Association, was born in 1846, at Trenton, New Jersey. He received his early education in the public schools, finishing at the Tichenor Academy. When seventeen years of age he engaged in the dry goods business with a cousin in St. Louis and Memphis, remaining thirteen years in that line, the firm being Wiggins & Thorn.

While residing in St. Louis he was for seven years and nine months an active member of the St. Louis National Guard.

Twenty years ago Col. Thorn came to San Francisco, and, on the death of Mr. Wm. C. Ralston, managed and wound up the steamboat interests of the Ralston and the Bank of California party; after which the Cosmopolitan Hotel property was turned over to him, which he wound up and closed.

On the death of Mr. Sylvester Johnson, September, 1879, he succeeded to the management of the Grand Hotel, and has continued the same during the past seventeen years, the Grand having had but two managers, Mr. Johnson and Col. Thorn. He has the proud distinction of having managed the Grand longer than any one individual has managed any hotel in San Francisco.

Owing to an accident, C. J. Thorn was unable to join in the active entertainment of the H. M. B. A., but his many friends will be delighted to learn that he is now entirely recovered.

as host. Committees were appointed, preliminary work accomplished, and finally a "persuasion committee" was appointed to go to New York to meet the H. M. M. B. A. there, at its annual session of 1895, and prevail upon its members to accept the invitation so cordially extended. Of this committee but four were able to go to New York, viz.: George W. Lynch, A. C. Billicke, M. A. Dudley and myself. What occurred in New York is well known. *The Hotel*, published in Boston by W. Wallace Waugh, after describing the other invitations, says:

Then the claims of Los Angeles, Cal., were put forward, not in words of writing but in a stirring address from Mr. George W. Lynch of San Diego, Cal., the delegate who traveled the farthest distance of any to attend the meeting. Mr. Lynch related how he had never returned to New York until on this occasion since he passed through the city thirty years ago. He was then on his way to California, which had been his home for more than a quarter of a century. He declared, furthermore, that he would not have come East at this time but for the desire of presenting this invitation in most cordial terms to the delegates. His remarks were so well received that it was plain many were with ideas of visiting California.

After him came James, who was introduced as the orator of the Southern California Hotel Association, and who ably sustained his reputation as a speaker. In impassioned strains he told of the beauties of California, showing how the sun shone more brightly on the Pacific Coast than elsewhere, promising the hospitality from all the hotel men of the State, and closing his ardent remarks by declaring that if the delegates they would be so delighted and so charmed by the welcome they would never return to the East. The infectious enthusiasm of Prof. James was contagious, and probably they would have voted away by it, and the voice of the delegates placed on record, making the next meeting place.

By special request I herewith append my address, for at the time of its delivery it was regarded by some as a carefully constructed piece of "spread-eagleism," and full of promises that could never be fulfilled. Those who made the trip now know how feeble and inadequate my words were to faithfully depict what they saw, experienced, and enjoyed.

I spoke somewhat as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN—GENTLEMEN: I confess to a feeling of timidity as I rise to second the invitation that so ably has been presented to you by Mr. Lynch, President of our Southern California Hotel Association. When I remember that this memorable hall for so many years has been dedicated to good fellowship, and that here have been heard the voices of some of the most eloquent and matchless orators of the world, it seems almost like temerity that I—a recent arrival from the "wild and woolly West," with the breezes of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada still blowing through my whiskers—should attempt to address you. But as I look upon your kindly faces, and see thereupon depicted the generous impulses and warm sympathies of



M. A. DUDLEY.
Proprietor St. Elmo Hotel, Los Angeles.



G. Hartou Jones.

your whole-heartedness, I feel emboldened to add my few words to what Mr. Lynch has already said we shall be glad to do for you, if you accept our invitation to hold your next Annual Meeting in Los Angeles.

Should you come, we promise to meet you at Barstow—after you have crossed the weary, sandy desert—with flowers and fruits by the car-load. We will then have the pleasure of accompanying you on your special trains to Los Angeles, and there, in our carriages laden with beautiful flowers, will drive you up and down the streets of that city, which was named after the "Queen of the Angels." We are assured that it still deserves this honored distinction, for it is a queenly city, and, at the time you come, will be radiant in flowers of every color, which give out the richest and sweetest fragrance to regale the senses. You will see there a city, which, though young,



Adams Street, Los Angeles.

is so active and progressive as to convince you of its metropolitan character. During your stay there you shall see a portion of its "Fiesta"—a carnival which typifies the diversified and almost unlimited resources of the counties of which Southern California is constituted. To give you some idea of the ineffable charm and delight of its April climate, we may serve to you an out-of-door lunch, and then, before night falls, your trains will whirl you down to the sea coast, where the placid waters of the Pacific will greet you. Here, at Santa Monica, a Spanish Tourna-
 vided for your de
 "tilting the ring,"
 handkerchief,"
 Spanish and Cali
 be indulged in. To
 ther back to the
 open-air barbecue
 and, in the evening,
 expert divers and
 given in a bath house,
 tion of its appointments,
 in the largest cities of the



Lilies by the million in Southern California.

Then you will again en-
 when night-time comes,
 peacefully and calmly as you are conveyed to Santa Barbara, the fame of whose Flower Festivals has gone from one end of the earth to the other. Santa Barbara! Where the "Queen of Flowers," for a week, at least, reigns absolutely supreme! Where flowers by the million are used in decorating horses, mules and burros, floats, wagons, carriages and bicycles innumerable, so that the eye is dazzled and the senses intoxicated by the rich and perfect beauty of the scene and the sweet and delicious fragrance of the uncounted blossoms! As you sit on your elevated tribunes, fair ladies will pelt you with flowers, which, at all times of the year, in your Eastern homes, are regarded as priceless. Bouquets that you esteem the sole enjoyment of the most wealthy will be scattered broadcast while this wild carnival of floral excitement reigns supreme. And here, too, when this delightful revelry is over, you may see one of the old Spanish Missions, where trod the Franciscan Padres, making history on the Western shores of our common country at the same time that George Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Patrick Henry were making history on the Eastern shores. To see this chain of missions is well worth a trip to the Pacific Coast.



Santa Monica Canyon and S. P. Mammoth Wharf.

From Santa Barbara we will take you to fair Pasadena, the "Crown of the Valley of the

Sau Gabriel," the "Athens of the Pacific Coast," not only in the natural beauty of its surroundings, but in the refinement and culture of its citizens. Sheltered by the majestic Mother Mountains—the Sierra Madre—and surrounded by scenes of enchanting beauty, it is indeed a modern paradise, and here, as you drive to and fro along its avenues and streets, I am assured you will be convinced that Satan has been banished from the earth, and the Garden of Eden in all its pristine beauty restored.

From this point we will take you up by the "harnessed lightning" to the summit of the highest peaks that overlook the city. Here, by the genius and indomitable energy of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the scaling of the mountains has become possible, and three or four hotels at different altitudes will be presented to you. At Rubio Pavilion you will enter the "White Chariots" of the Great Cable Incline, and in eight minutes will be hauled up a perpendicular height of fourteen hundred feet, at an angle averaging about sixty per cent. Here you will step upon the verandas of Echo Mountain House, and obtain one of the finest valley, foot-hill, mountain, ocean, and island panoramas that the world anywhere presents. The same refinement



At Martin's Camp, near Pasadena.

of landscape that is evident in the centuries-cultured Italy and Spain is here presented, and the San Gabriel Valley and the tender slopes of the foot-hills, with the majestic snow-crowned peaks of the mountains, the pearly face of the blue Pacific, dotted here and there with its beautiful islands, fully justify the use of the most extravagant language in attempting to describe their perfection of beauty and marvelous power of attraction.



At the Santa Barbara Flower Festival.

"Lucky" Baldwin's ranch, where the race horses of this well-known miner, sportsman, and hotel man are to be found. An hour's ride further, and you will be at beautiful Redlands, a city, which, more than any other, illustrates the rapid growth of modern irrigation methods in California. A decade ago everything here was wild and barren. Now, it equals, in the elegance and magnificence of its homes, the picturesqueness of its location, and the beauty of its grounds, the most artistic and wealthy suburban districts of which your choicest Eastern cities can boast. Here the princely munificence of two brothers has converted a wild, and apparently barren, series of ridges and slopes into a private park, threaded with drives, the superior of which is not to be found in the world, and where the well-conducted tourist at all times is made welcome. From the highest of these flower and tree clad ridges one has a view of the other end of the San Gabriel Valley, which, in the opinion of many people, rivals, if not surpasses, the view presented from the hills above Pasadena.

A few miles further, and Riverside—the "Mother Orange Colony of California"—will be reached, and a drive tendered you down the ever famous Magnolia Avenue, where for eight miles a delightful and bewildering succession of exquisite gardens, fertile olive and orange orchards, and stately residences meets the eye, while in the far-away distance may be discerned the mountains,

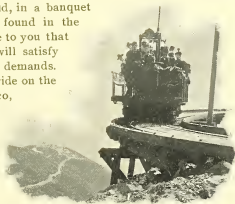


Hotel Green, Pasadena.

clad in their supernal vesture of virgin snow. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Our Italy," speaks of this as one of the most unique and delightful views he has ever witnessed.

Four hours' ride from Riverside, and we will land you at Coronado, where is located Hotel del Coronado, our finest Southern California Hotel. Here the Annual Banquet of the H. M. M. B. A. will be held, in a banquet hall, the superior of which I believe cannot be found in the

world, and we hope to demonstrate to you that our hospitality in this regard will satisfy your most exacting gastronomic demands. From this point you may take a ride on the bay or a trip down into Old Mexico, calling on the way to see the famous Sweetwater Dam, where are stored the waters that give fertility and life to thousands of acres around and about San Diego. At San Diego the citizens tender you a drive up and down the streets



On the Circular Bridge, Mount Lowe Ry.

and over the hills overlooking the Bay and Peninsula, Point Loma, and the far-away Islands described by Charles Dudley Warner as one of the most entrancing panoramas the eye of man has ever gazed upon. To punctuate this drive, Mr. George W. Lynch, our president, will give you a Spanish lunch, where dishes will be served you as novel to your tastes as their names are to your ears.

Then, while you have by no means exhausted Southern California, the rapid flight of time will demand that we whirl you over the Tehachapi Mountains, around that famous loop which directed the attention of the engineering world to California, through the great San Joaquin Valley—the expansive vineyard of our Western country—and finally through the portals of the city dedicated to the venerable Saint Francis. At this point we shall transfer you to the charge of the California Hotel Association, whose officers have empowered me to extend to you as cordial an invitation from them as we can possibly extend to you from ourselves.

The Great Cable Incline,
Mount Lowe Railway.

While we have spoken of Southern California and Central or Northern California, this invitation makes California a unit in its hospitalities to the H. M. M. B. A. There is no North, no South, but a united California opens its hands and bids you welcome. San Francisco will be yours! Its wild tiger will be unchained at your bidding. Chinatown will be placed under your control, and the whole city given into your hands. Even the "Golden Gate" will be taken off its hinges to oblige you—although it may be found necessary to lock it up in a safe deposit vault before you get through with your visit.

When you have exhausted San Francisco, we will take you down to Palo Alto, where the munificent gifts of Senator Stanford and his noble wife have erected a university that is a credit to California and the whole United States, and where the youth of our land may receive the highest education.



At Baldwin's Ranch.

From thence you shall go to San Jose, in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, where olives, vines, prunes, and every imaginable kind of delicious fruit, as well as fragrant shrub and flower, grow to a profusion undreamed of in your Eastern homes and unknown elsewhere.

Four hours more, and you shall find yourselves at Hotel del Monte, which I am certain will satisfy the most carping critic who may accompany you, and justify the most extravagant praises that the tongue of man can frame. From Del Monte you shall take the Eighteen-Mile Drive—nearly the whole of the way through private property—and look on majestic forests, mighty breakers of the Pacific, gnarled monarchs of the celebrated cypress groves, and picturesque valleys, in one of which, over a century ago, Padre Serra founded one of his missions.



Redlands.

Then, if you are not already surfeited, we will take you to Santa Cruz and let you catch fish with Brother Chace—"Mine Host" of the Sea Beach Hotel—take a drive on the wave-carved bluffs, and from thence give you a ride through the Grove of Big Trees, and through the charms and delights of the

Santa Cruz Mountains, so vividly and graphically described by the inimitable Bret Harte, until, once again, you shall stand in San Francisco, ready to start on your homeward journey.

This, gentlemen, in crudest outline, is a portion of the program we offer for your enjoyment if you accept our invitation. Should you do so, we are perfectly assured that, as your trains ascend the Western slopes of our majestic Sierra Nevada, we shall hear you declare

with unanimous voice:—"Every promise made to us by these Californians has been fulfilled, and our fondest dreams and wildest imaginations have been more than realized," and then, as your trains disappear over the crest, and we hear their rumble as they start down the Eastern slopes, we know full well that with one acclaim your united voices will shout to us, as we stand by the Gate made Golden by the setting sun, "Viva la California! Viva la California!"

But although the Convention was won, the work of entertaining the delegates had to be systematically undertaken, and that was no light and easy task. The S. C. H. A., recognizing the indefatigable energy of Messrs. Lynch and Billicke, appointed a Committee of Arrangements with the former as Chairman, and the latter as Secretary and Treasurer, with the following gentlemen as their associates: M. M. Potter of the Westminster, Los



Hotel del Coronado.

Angeles, E. S. Babcock of Hotel del Coronado, and E. W. Gaty of the Arlington, Santa Barbara.

The California Hotel Association did likewise, with the following gentlemen as its committee: John C. Kirkpatrick, Palace

Hotel, San Francisco, Chairman; K. B. Soule, Lick House, San Francisco, Secretary and Treasurer; F. S. Douty, Pacific Improvement Company and Hotel Del Monte; Charles Montgomery, Brooklyn Hotel, San Francisco; Geo. P. Snell, Hotel

Vendome, San Jose; J. T. Sullivan, Berkeley; J. R. Chace, Sea Beach Hotel,

Santa Cruz; R. H. Warfield, California Hotel, San Francisco, and S. F. Thorn, Grand Hotel, San Francisco.

These two committees in turn appointed G. Wharton James a Committee on the Arrangement and Printing of the Itinerary, and work for the entertainment of the guests in true California style was begun and systematically carried on, until all was ready for the reception at Barstow, and the fulfilment of the complete program. Only those who have undertaken such an entertainment can form the slightest idea of the immense amount of work connected with it—the careful foresight necessary to provide for all contingencies, the raising of

the funds, the arousing of other people to the enthusiasm absolutely essential to the success of the entertainment in every locality. It is safe to say that Mr. Lynch, Mr. Bilicic and myself in the South, and Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Soule in the North,

for several months, devoted far more time and thought to the coming excursion than to any other one thing. The perfect success of the whole proceeding was and is our exceeding abundant reward. And in the large number of letters received there is not one but which, in some form or another, expresses the idea, "It was the greatest trip of my life."



San Francisco
With glimpse of the Palace Hotel.



Fort Point and the Golden Gate.



Hotel Vendome, San Jose.



Starting for the Nineteen-Mile Drive,
Del Monte.



MR. GEORGE H. BOWKER,
CAPTAIN NEW ENGLAND TRAIN.

Mr. George H. Bowker, joint proprietor with his brother James, of Hotel Hamilton, Holyoke, Mass., and Winthrop Hotel, Meriden, Conn., is one of the most widely known hotel men of New England. For a dozen or more years he has attended the annual meetings of the H. M. B. A., and was the unanimous choice of the Los Angeles Convention for First Vice-President. Honors sit well upon Mr. Bowker's shoulders, and we venture the confident prediction that he will carry off the vote for President at the next election.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TRIP.

EARLY in February, Walter Barnes, the honored secretary and treasurer of the H. M. M. B. A., issued the following circular:

Under instructions of the Board of Directors of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States, the Secretary begs leave to make the following announcement relative to the Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Association, to be held at Los Angeles in April:

It has been decided that Chicago shall be the point of rendezvous for all members desiring to go to California, and the train or trains bearing the excursionists will be made up in the depot of the Santa Fe system in Chicago. The start will be made from Chicago, April 10th, at 5 o'clock P. M., running through direct to Los Angeles by the Santa Fe road, arriving there Monday, April 13th.

Tuesday, April 14th, the annual meeting of the Association will be held in Los Angeles.

(Here follows a synopsis of the itinerary as arranged by the two Hotel Associations of California.)

The above itinerary may be slightly altered, but the foregoing is substantially the official program of the trip to California and return.

The transportation rates made for the occasion are as follows: A train of five sleeping coaches and baggage car will cost \$1.00 per train mile; the Pullman coaches (regular rates of which are \$45.00 per day) have been contracted for at \$25.00 per day per coach; arrangements for meals both on diners and at eating houses are being completed at an approximate cost of 75 cts. a meal. On this basis, the distance being over 6000 miles, the cost for a party of one hundred will not exceed \$125.00 per person, or about one-third the regular cost of such a journey, inclusive of the California program of entertainment, which offers many advantages for seeing California not enjoyed by the regular tourist.

As the elaborate program being arranged by the California hotel men demands a knowledge at the earliest possible date of the number to be entertained, and as the transportation committee must know the exact amount of accommodations to be arranged for such a lengthy trip, it is deemed absolutely imperative that all those going must send to the Secretary not later than April 1st a deposit of \$25.00 on account of transportation as a guarantee of fulfilment of agreement. This deposit does not apply to



A Pair of Bostonians.

such members as are arranging with the New York or New England delegations who proceed to Chicago in special trains made up in Boston or New York. All others will be required to make the deposit specified.



Col. George A. Keeler of the American House, Boston, while not one of the oldest hotel men of that historic city, is one of the best known, active, and most progressive. He was enthusiastic over the California trip from the very start, and worked hard to make the enjoyment of the New England delegation complete.

purpose of organizing the delegation to attend the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the H. M. M. B. A. in Southern California met in November, 1895, through the courtesy of Col. George A. Keeler, in the American House, Boston. Mr. George H. Bowker, Vice-President of the H. M. M. B. A. for Massachusetts, was elected Chairman, and asked to appoint the members of the General Committee. He did so, and the following was the able working committee of his choice:

Geo. H. BOWKER, Chairman. F. S. RISTEEN, Treasurer. WM. W. DAVIS, Secretary.

Geo. H. Bowker, Vice President for Mass., Hotel Hamilton, Holyoke.

O. G. Pelren, Vice-President for N. H., Eagle Hotel, Concord.

The invitation of the California Associations is tendered to members of the H. M. M. B. A., and the privilege of this excursion is therefore limited to active, associate and honorary members and their immediate families.

The program that has been arranged by the California hotel men will give our members a rare opportunity to see California, the wonderland of America, in a manner that will never again be accorded them, and at a remarkably small cost.

The result of this circular, and the many articles which appeared in the hotel press, was the rapid organization of several delegations, a brief history of each of which is here given, mainly from the pens of the captains of the respective trains.

THE NEW ENGLAND DELEGATION.

THE first meeting held in New England for the



The Boston "Merry-Go-Round."

L. H. Humphreys, Vice-President for R. I. E. G. Sweet, Vice-President for Maine, City
Narragansett Hotel, Providence, Hotel, Portland.

J. H. Bowker, Vice-President for Conn., Winthrop Hotel, Meriden.

W. H. LaPointe, Young's Hotel and Parker House,
Boston.

J. G. Hickey, United States Hotel, Boston.

H. H. Barnes, Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

Geo. A. Keeler, American House, Boston.

J. W. Smith, Hotel Bellevue, Boston.

G. A. Damon, The Thorndike, Boston.

A. T. Brownell, Parker House, New Bedford.

F. S. Risteen, Copley Square Hotel, Boston.

C. W. Parker, New England House, Boston.

Wm. W. Davis, Norfolk House, Boston.

On Thursday, February 13, 1896, a meeting of the General Committee was held at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, and, on his election as Captain of the New England Train, the following sub-committees were appointed by Chairman George H. Bowker:

RECEPTION—Wm. H. LaPointe, J. H. Bowker, L. H. Humphreys.

TRANSPORTATION—F. S. Risteen, H. H. Barnes, G. H. Bowker.

HOTELS, CARRIAGE AND BAGGAGE—Wm. W. Davis, A. T. Brownell, C. W. Parker.

SUPPLIES AND DINING CAR—Geo. A. Keeler, O. C. Pelren, J. G. Hickey.

ITINERARY, BADGES, ETC.—J. W. Smith, G. A. Damon, E. G. Sweet.

On the 26th of February the following circular was sent out to the members of the H. M. M. B. A. in New England:

To the New
England
Members of

Hon. F. S. Risteen, proprietor of the stately Copley Square Hotel, Boston, Mass., was born at Jacksonville, New Brunswick, in the year 1840. When sixteen years of age he came to Boston and entered into business. In 1878 he leased Hood Cottage Hotel at Nahant, Mass., and conducted it successfully for five years. He then leased the Rose Standish House, Dawners Landing, Hingham, Mass., and, leaving it for a season, went to the Point of Pines near Boston, returning to the Rose Standish the next year. Then he leased the Clarendon, Boston, and managed both hotels, until, in 1891, the Copley Square Hotel was completed, which he at once secured as proprietor.

In 1872 Mr. Risteen was elected Common Councilman for the City of Boston from Ward 10, and was reelected in 1873. During the years 1874-75-76 he was Assistant Assessor. For ten years, from 1876 to 1888, he was one of the Board of Directors for Public Institutions. In 1883 he was elected State Senator from Suffolk County, and was reelected in 1891.

He was accompanied to California by Mrs. Risteen and their charming daughter, Miss Susie.

the H. M. M. B. A.—GENTLEMEN: Your Committee appointed last November to make arrangements for the trip to Los Angeles, Cal., to attend the annual meeting to be held there April 14th next, report as follows:

If a sufficient number indicate on the enclosed postal card their intention of participating in this trip, a special train of vestibuled cars, consisting of three sleepers, one dining, one buffet, and one baggage car, will leave the depot in Boston of the Fitchburg Railroad, Causeway Street, on the ninth day of April next at about 10 o'clock A. M. (the exact time and other particulars will be issued in a later circular to



The Boston "Merry-Go-Round."

those who have notified the Committee of their intention to participate in the trip), arriving at Chicago about 3:30 the following day, where they will be joined by other specials from New York, Chicago, etc. From Chicago they will go via Santa Fe Railroad to Los Angeles. Returning via Southern Pacific, Rio Grande Western Railroad and Denver & Rio Grande Railroad from San Francisco to Denver, thence via C. B. & Q., to Chicago, it is expected the train will reach Boston the third day of May.



Wm. H. LaPointe was born in Prescott, Ontario. He received his education at St. Mary's College in Montreal, and from college entered business, associating himself with a wholesale grocery house in that city. From there he took a position as purser on the Great Western line of steamers running between Ogdensburg and Lewiston. At the age of twenty he left Canada for the States and located in Springfield, Mass., as clerk of the Massasoit House, going from that city to New York where he was employed in the Westminster and Everett Houses. When George Young was at the head of the famous house named after him, Mr. LaPointe was induced to go to Boston to become night clerk at Young's. When Hall & Whipple succeeded Mr. Young in the management of the house Mr. LaPointe was promoted to the position of head clerk, and as such he has continued ever since, now being in his twenty-fourth year of continual service. As the business and fame of Young's grew, Mr. Whipple decided to associate the heads of important departments in a certain percentage of the profits of the house, and three years ago he finally adopted this advanced idea. In this way Mr. LaPointe became a member of the firm of J. Reed Whipple & Co. with a salaried interest not equalled probably by any other clerk of the same position in this country.

At the recent annual meeting of the Massachusetts Hotel Association Mr. LaPointe was unanimously elected president of that association.

will be accommodations for only eighty; those who intend to go should make early application for tickets to avoid disappointment.

The cost of tickets, which will include all necessary expenses, except hotel bills while in California, (and these will be very moderate), will be \$172 each—\$50 of this amount must be paid in advance on or before the 20th of March to the Secretary or Treasurer of the Committee, for which a receipt will be given. This is necessary in order to secure the train, etc., which must be guaranteed and paid for in advance. The remainder can be paid to the Chairman of Transportation Committee after April 5th, at which date tickets will be ready for delivery. It should be understood that this \$50 advance payment will be forfeited should the member paying it decide not to go, unless there are enough go to pay expenses, in that event the money will be returned.

As this train is intended to accommodate members throughout New England, and their ladies, (and there



W. W. Davis was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1862, and entered the hotel business in 1888. He has been manager of the Norfolk House, Boston—of which Mrs. Charles A. Jones is proprietor—since 1889. Interested in all that pertains to the welfare of his city, he was elected a member of the Boston City Council in 1894, and the Massachusetts State Legislature in 1895-96. He was toast master at the third annual banquet of the Massachusetts Hotel Association, and is well liked by the whole fraternity of his State.

If you require tickets for the ladies of your family please notify us so that suitable accommodations may be made for them on the train, and send names so they may be included in the itinerary.

No tickets will be reserved until the advance payment is made. Efficient Committees have been appointed to look after all matters on the train, hotel accommodations, baggage, etc.

All baggage should be at the Depot at least one hour before the time set for leaving. Committee on Hotel, Baggage, etc., will send to each member signifying their intention of going, tags suitably marked, to which the owner will please add his or her name.

Members living outside of Boston who desire to do so may join the party at Fitchburg, Greenfield and North Adams, where brief stops will be made.

Any further information desired can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Wm. W. Davis, Norfolk House, Boston.

As this is expected to be the greatest and most enjoyable trip of the Association since its organization, and the most extensive preparations are being made by the Southern and California Associations to give us a very warm reception on our arrival there, it is to be hoped that as many New England members as can will avail themselves of this very favorable opportunity to visit the land of



Mr. C. A. Higgins, the A. G. P. A., of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, is a well-known figure in railway circles. As a passenger man his ability was early recognized in his important promotions. He is also an author of more than ordinary ability, having written the best description of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River yet in print, a Guide Book to the Pacific Coast, and an excellent and tasty booklet of 150 pages entitled "To California and Back," which is issued by his department. His presence on the New England train was a great acquisition, and by many courtesies he added greatly to the comfort of the travelers.

fruit and flowers at the season of the year when it may be seen at its best.

Transportation Committee, { F. S. RISTEEN,
H. H. BARNES,
GEO. H. BOWKER.

For the Committee,
WM. W. DAVIS,
Secretary.

Immediately upon his appointment as chairman of the transportation committee, Hon. F. S. Risteen, of the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, made arrangements with Mr. Walter Burns, division superintendent of the Wagner Palace Car Company, that the New England party should travel in a solid Wagner train through to the Pacific Coast and return. Mr. Burns promised the best cars and the best service it was in the



James G. Hickey, manager of the United States Hotel, Boston, was one of the promoters of the Massachusetts Hotel Association, which was organized at the hotel he so ably manages May 7, 1891. He was then elected its First Vice-President, and has been on the Executive Committee ever since. Born in Lancaster, Mass., November 2, 1857, he has been in the hotel business since 1876, occupying his present honored position for the past thirteen years.

power of his company to command, and nobly he kept his promises. It is well to record this fact, for some railway men make more promises than they keep.

The long anticipated day arrived, and under the charge of Mr. Hulbert, a special representative of the Fitchburg Railway, and the superintendent of the road, the start was made. Everything was in good order, the commissary department had been well attended to, and the trans-continent itinerary carefully arranged.

It was a delightful run to Troy. The "Delaware & Hudson" took the train from Troy to Binghamton, and here, the "Erie" taking hold in a masterly way, they made a fine run, catching up a little time they had lost, and depositing the train in Chicago on time. The superintendent of the Erie, and Mr. Jordan, Eastern passenger agent, accompanied the train, and doubtless to their personal endeavors its rapid progress was due. In Chicago the New Englanders were met by Chairman L. E. Howard, of the board of directors of the H. M. M. B. A.,



"Radcliff Party of the Boston Special."

Mr. Walter Barnes, the secretary and treasurer, and Mr. F. W. Rice, one of the directors, and also editor and proprietor of the *Daily Hotel Reporter*. Here several of the hotel fraternity, who were unable to find accommodations on the Chicago-California Special, took quarters with them, and raised the sum total of their passengers. From this point until Los Angeles was reached the train was in charge of Assistant Traffic Manager C. A. Higgins, of the Santa Fe, a thorough railroad man, a cultured literary gentleman, and one who made it his especial pleasure to look after the welfare and comfort of the party.

Soon after leaving Chicago, Capt. Bowker received a telegram from Mr. D. B. Robinson, vice-president of the Santa Fe System, announcing that Col. L. C. Clowry, vice-president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, had extended the free use of the Western Union Telegraph wires to the entire delegation while on this trip. At Kansas City, Mr. C. B. Horton, of the Western Union, boarded the train and made another official announcement to the same

effect. With characteristic hospitality and "Boston-tea-party-like impetuosity," Mr. Horton was invited to join the party, and the pressure brought to bear upon him was so great that he accepted the invitation, and made the entire trip to California and return. Mr. H. J. Pettengill, district superintendent of the Postal and Cable Telegraph Company was a member of the party, and he also extended the same courtesy of the freedom of the wires of his company to the entire party.



"NEEDLES."

As the New England train stopped at The Needles, Ariz., Frank Abbott Wise had his attention attracted by a little dog in the hands of a squaw. He enquired its age and found it was but two weeks old. Bargaining was begun and soon concluded. New England was too much, or her silver and gold, for the Mojave squaw and she bartered her dog for coin of the Republic. He was at once christened "Needles" by Chaplain Thomas Henry, in the Buffet Car of the New England train, and his health drank with appropriate ceremonies, and, lest he should at any time go "mad," the Chaplain "took his straight" as a preventive of hydrophobia. Needles at once became a great favorite and was petted and caressed all the way through California and on the return trip, and now has a large number of friends in his Eastern home. He is the mascot of Hotel Russwin, New Britain, Conn., where his owner, Mr. Wise, is the manager.

spent in admiring the Rocky scenery of New Mexico and Arizona, and the ride across the desert was of such a character as to fill the hearts of all with thankfulness when Barstow was finally reached on Monday evening.

The warmth and cordiality of their reception was all that could be expected, and is comprehensively recorded elsewhere.

The following were the members that composed the New England delegation:

On leaving Chicago on Friday evening, April 10, the weather was quite mild, so that the first stretch of country, through Illinois, was very pleasant traveling. The next day, in Missouri and Kansas, it was quite warm, but on Sunday morning the New England bonifaces woke up in a snow-bank on the borders of Colorado and New Mexico, the engines finding it hard work to propel their train over the Raton Mountains. This was the last train through for twenty-four hours, and to this day Capt. Bowker and the rest of his party insist upon it

that Providence was especially kind to them, because of their general good conduct on the journey, and that it must have been far superior to that of the Colorado delegation, which was snowed up in the same location for twenty-four hours.

Sunday was



Albion T. Brownell, proprietor of the Parker House, New Bedford, Mass., was born August 31, 1853, at New Bedford, and was educated in the public schools of that city. At seventeen he entered the office of W. A. Robinson & Co., Sperm and Whale Oil Refiners. In 1880 he engaged in business as a Paint Manufacturer, which he still continues. On May 1, 1893, he succeeded his uncle, the late H. M. Brownell, as proprietor of the Parker House. This well-known Hotel was established in 1841, and is one of the most popular and best known of the Hotels of New England.



JAMES H. BOWKER,
PRESIDENT CONNECTICUT HOTEL ASSOCIATION,
And Proprietor Winthrop Hotel, Meriden, Conn.

It is hard to say which is the more popular in New England, James H. Bowker or his brother George, both are so well, and so favorably known. Always in the forefront whenever anything that promotes the welfare of the hotel fraternity is to be considered, Mr. James H. Bowker has well earned the honors that have been conferred upon him.

Mr. Wm. H. LaPointe, Young's Hotel and
Parker House, Boston.
Mr. Geo. H. Bowker, Hotel Hamilton,
Holyoke, Mass.
Mr. Chas. E. Gassett, Melrose, Mass.
Mrs. Chas. E. Gassett.
Mr. Wm. W. Davis, Norfolk House, Boston.
Mrs. Wm. W. Davis.
Mr. L. C. Thayer, Revere House, Boston.
Mrs. L. C. Thayer.



Mr. George W. Morse was born in Newbury, Vt., in 1856, and removed with his father, when but seven years old, to Plymouth, N. H., where they together conduct the Pemigewasset House. His experience in the hotel business ranks high, from the fact he has devoted his whole life to this kind of work. His initiatory steps were taken at the Pemigewasset House, as clerk, serving in that capacity eight years. From Plymouth he went as clerk to the "Egmont," Fernandina, Fla., and was afterwards head clerk at the "Thousand Islands" House, at Alexandria Bay, N. Y. He has been connected with the Brunswick, N. Y.; four years at the "Vendome," Boston; two years at the "Windsor," Montreal; three summers at the "Profile House," White Mountains; and for two years he was at the "Tremont House," Boston. Mr. Morse is a valuable assistant to his father, a genial fellow in every way, and a jolly companion to those with whom he made the trip to California.

Mr. S. A. Davis, Norfolk House, Boston,
Mass.
Miss M. C. Davis.
Mr. Joseph Robertson, Coolidge House,
Boston.
Mrs. Joseph Robertson.
Mr. Henry W. Patterson, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Henry W. Patterson.

Mr. Orra Paige, The Hesperus, Magnolia,
Mass.
Col. Geo. A. Keeler, American House,
Boston.
Mr. J. W. Smith, Hotel Bellevue, Boston.
Mr. G. A. Damon, The Thorndike, Boston.
Mrs. G. A. Damon.
Miss Damon.
Mrs. Chas. A. Jones, Norfolk House, Boston.
Mr. Albion T. Brownell, Parker House, New
Bedford.

Mrs. Albion T. Brownell.
Hon. F. S. Risteen, Copley Square
Hotel, Boston.
Mrs. F. S. Risteen.
Miss Risteen.
Miss Stella O. Libbey, Correspondent,
Boston Transcript.
Hon. Foster E. Swift, Wilson House,
North Adams.
Mrs. Foster E. Swift.
Mr. Chas. W. Parker, New England
House, Boston.
Mr. S. J. Moulton, Boston.
Mrs. S. J. Moulton.
Col. Thomas H. Johnson, Russell
House, Salem.
Mr. S. B. Newton, Quincy Market,
Boston.
Mr. F. Smith, The Boylston, Boston.
Mrs. F. Smith.
Miss Noble.
Mr. Geo. W. Morse, Pemigewasset
House, Plymouth, N. H.
Mr. C. M. Ballard, Fall River, Mass.
Mrs. Chas. M. Ballard.
Mr. Jas. H. Bowker, Winthrop Hotel,
Meriden, Conn.
Mr. John J. Conway, Winthrop Hotel,
Meriden, Conn.
Mr. Geo. W. Clark, American House,
Pittsfield, Mass.
Mrs. Geo. W. Clark.
Mr. H. J. Pettingill, Melrose, Mass.
Mrs. H. J. Pettingill.
Mr. Chas. F. Proctor, Boston.
Mrs. Chas. F. Proctor.

Mr. V. W. Halbert, E. P. A., Fitchburg
Railroad.
Mrs. V. W. Halbert.
Mr. Frank A. Wise, Hotel Russwin, New
Britain, Conn.
Mrs. Frank A. Wise.
Mr. Silas P. Fales, Boston.
Mrs. Silas P. Fales.

Mr. Geo. A. Devnell, Ocean Bluff Hotel,
Kennebunkport, Me.

Mrs. Geo. A. Devnell.

Mr. James G. Hickey, United States Hotel,
Boston.

Mrs. James G. Hickey.

Mr. E. C. Stimpson, Ocean Bluff Hotel, Ken-
nebunkport, Me.

Mrs. E. C. Stimpson.

Mr. Asher Hyneman, Boston.

Mrs. Asher Hyneman.

Mr. John L. Damou, The Thorndike, Boston.

Mrs. John L. Damou.

Mr. A. H. Whipple, Rockland House, Nan-
tasket Beach.

Mrs. Geo. Hosea, Boston.

Mr. H. C. Chapman, Bangor House, Bang-
or, Me.

Mrs. H. C. Chapman.

Mr. O. B. Rand, Hotel Hamilton, Holyoke,
Mass.

Mr. C. L. Sleeper, Boston.

Miss Sleeper.

Mr. Geo. H. Rimbach, Crawford House,
Boston.

Heber Bishop, M. D., Copley Square Hotel,
Boston.

Mr. G. S. Blaisdell, Boston.

Mr. Casper Berry, Hotel Worthley, Haver-
hill, Mass.

Mrs. Casper Berry.

Miss Berry.

Mr. Geo. E. Sherman, Hotel Dinsmore, Wal-
pole, N. H.

Mr. C. E. Mayo, Winsor Hotel, Holyoke,
Mass.

Mr. Thos. W. Henry, Cornetist, Boston.

Mr. E. Watson Arnold, of Skinner & Arn-
old, F. H. Market, Boston.

Miss Chapman, daughter of H. C. Chapman
of the Bangor House, Bangor, Me.

Mrs. T. H. Ames, The Cotochesck, Oster-
ville, Mass.

Miss Lovell, The Cotochesck, Osterville,
Mass.

THE CHICAGO DELEGATION.

FROM the full and complete accounts written by Manager H. J. Bohn, of the
Chicago Hotel World, I extract the following history of the Chicago
Delegation :

During the seventeen years' existence of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association many special trains have been gotten up to attend the annual meetings, but never until this year has there been one that carried one hundred and twenty-five people, traveled in round figures seven thousand miles, and been absent from its starting point nearly thirty days. The preparation, contracting, equipping, and assignment of this train and its accommodations and its operation and service for so long a journey, filled as it was almost exclusively by hotel men and their "wives, sisters and sweethearts," can hardly fail to be interesting to our readers, while at the same time the story may prove useful as a practical experience in the matter of carrying and caring for large parties on a long trip.

In February the secretary of the Association, under instructions from the board of directors, issued the official announcement of the annual meeting to be held at Los Angeles in April. This announcement among other matters stated that a special train would leave Chicago for California about 5 o'clock P. M., April 10th, to carry all members and their families desiring to make the trip. The approximate cost of the trip for railway and sleeping car expense was given as probably not exceeding \$125, and a requirement for securing accommodations on the train was the depositing with the secretary by April 1st the sum of \$25 for each person. This stipulation did not apply to the special trains arranged for in New York and Boston, where a fixed sum was assessed in advance of departure, sufficient to cover all possible cost. The arrangement that had been made with the railroads for haulage was \$1 per train mile for a maximum of five sleeping coaches—i. e., \$1 was charged for every mile each train was hauled, and the cost would be the same for a train of one coach as for one of five. Parenthetically it may here be remarked that this exceedingly low rate was fixed a year ago from the California end of the line as a condition of securing the convention for that State, and since that time large parties have been refused at more than double this rate. As needs

no explanation, however, the cost of the trip depended very materially upon the number of passengers. And here was where the shoe began to pinch the committee in charge of transportation matters. To contract for a train to cost over ten thousand dollars "without visible means of support" for such a train was not an enviable task. While a deposit of \$25 not only held in reserve to be used or refused accommodations for a 7000-mile journey, it also



made an agreement on the part of the committee that such accommodations would be furnished to the depositor, and with a tacit understanding that the cost would not exceed \$125.

So long as the number of those who might take in the trip was very problematical few deposits were made, so that up to a few days before April 1st— notwithstanding the urgent announcement in the Chicago hotel papers for weeks previous for those expecting to go to announce themselves—there were in the secretary's hands but eleven deposits. This was certainly an unpromising outlook on which to arrange for a \$10,000 train. At this juncture the *Hotel World*, believing that many intended going, but would not put up a deposit until the last moment, on its own motion, sent a "double-header" postal card to the thirteen hundred active and associate members of the Association, asking if they expected to go to California, and if so, on which of the special trains, and soliciting a prompt response on attached reply postal. These postals were mailed from the *Hotel World* office March 25th and the returns were sufficiently prompt and definite, so that in the issue of this paper of March 28th a list of nearly one hundred names was published of those expecting to make the journey, and the list closed with our announcement: "The present outlook is that the delegation on the Chicago special will be large enough so the pro rata expense of the trip will be below \$100," this sum meaning, of course, mileage and sleeper fare. This announcement and the expiration of

the time limit of April 1st apparently brought matters to a focus quickly. With April 1st the committee's obligations, according to the secretary's official circular issued in February, to furnish accommodations, ceased, but up to the morning of April 6th there was still a little

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MRS. ALVIN HULBERT.

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MR. H. J. BOHN,
(CAPTAIN CHICAGO TRAIN)
Of the *Great World*, Chicago, and his son Harold Jay Bohn.

room on the train, and the announcement in the *Hotel World* of April 4th that a full trainload was assured, and that any one expecting to go and was yet unprovided must get "quick action" and even then run the chance of not securing the same, was a warning not spoken "through the hat." On Monday night, April 6th, the assignments of the train accommodations were made for all deposits on hand, and it was found that the train of five sleepers was absolutely filled from end to end—every berth being assigned.



J. B. Schlosser was born in St. Vith, Rhenish Prussia, near Aix les Chappelle, in 1841. He entered upon his career as caterer, and has professionally served in many of the principal hotels in France, Germany, and England. Coming to America in 1864, his large experience was of great value, and immediately gained him a responsible position. He was the Superintendent of the Duquesne Club for fourteen years, leaving there to open his new "Hotel Duquesne." In 1889 he opened the Hotel Schlosser in Pittsburg. His different enterprises are all closely allied with Pittsburg's progress, where he has been most of his time since coming to America.

trip by the Harvey people, the service of that company did not permit of withdrawing two diners for this trip. Had it been possible and had it been arranged to add another coach and two diners it meant a slow train across the continent, far in the rear of the other specials, and as subsequent events proved, the train would have been snowbound thirty-six hours in the Raton Mountains, and thus disrupted the entire program. Still another question was the attaching of the special car of the Colorado delegation at La Junta, for which permission had been given, but which fortunately was subsequently attached to the regular. The disposition of this special car, which was not settled until the tenth day of April, owing to the indecision of the Denver people, was another of the "burning questions" which robbed the committee of sleep and peace. From these few comments, touching only a few of the questions that arose at a late hour, owing chiefly to the dilatoriness of parties in making engagements, it may be inferred that the committee on transportation did not have a bed of roses for some time in anticipation of a trip to the land of roses.

The question might be asked why were not additional cars attached? For a number of very good and unanswerable reasons. A train of five fully loaded Pullmans, a baggage and diner, make a heavy train across the continent, where two immense ranges of mountains must be crossed. Contracts with railroads cannot be made on the spur of the moment and abrogated the next day. Agreements and promises must be kept. When the railway officials were informed that one hundred had contracted for accommodations, the dining car question loomed up. When but a few days before only eleven deposits had been made, this question was not in sight, but when the railroad and dining car people were advised that 120 assignments for the train had been made, the possibility of feeding that many even on a big forty-seat diner was a serious question. Abrogating the agreement with the Harvey system for a diner and engaging instead two Pullman diners at \$40 per day each, meant an increase of train expenses of over \$2000 for the trip. On the other hand, not to mention the agreement with and preparation for the



W. H. Naething is an Associate Member of the H. M. M. B. A., and was born at Boonville, Oneida Co., N. Y., April 28, 1851. He is now proprietor of the Oyster and Chop House, 33 Cortlandt Street, New York.



Mr. W. H. WORTH was born on Nantucket Island, and his father and uncles were whaling captains. As a youth he followed fine sign painting, eventually becoming a musician, which profession he followed for ten or a dozen years, playing with leading theatrical combinations and theater orchestras. A dozen years or so ago he married a lady who had been keeping one of the handsomest small private hotels in Boston. Shortly after Mr and Mrs. Worth moved to Chicago and leased a marble front house on Washington boulevard, where a small family hotel was opened. Year by year this house has grown, now taking in five houses, building annexes and additional stories, until it is decidedly the best and most profitable family hotel in the west division of the city. He was secretary and treasurer of the Chicago Delegation. At New York last year Mr. Worth was elected a member of the board of directors of the H. M. B. A., and has attended every meeting during the year.

The train that the excursionists found at Dearborn-street Station awaiting them on Friday afternoon, April 10th, was one of the handsomest ever sent across the continent. It consisted of five Pullman coaches, a baggage car and a diner. The Pullmans were direct from the shops, and glistened like burnished steel. Each coach had a drawing-room at either end, and each coach was an exact duplicate of the others. The names of the coaches were Zetes, Euripides, Acastes, Anchises and Socrates, Greek enough to suit the most classically inclined. Mr. Coffin, who was in charge of the Chicago-Colorado special two years ago, was again selected to look after the Pullman affairs of the excursion, and he had carefully chosen five porters for the train, about whom it is pleasant to remark not a single complaint developed during the long tour. The Santa Fe Railway Company was represented by Mr. J. M. Connell, the



THE PARTY IN CAR "EURIPIDES," CHICAGO-CALIFORNIA SPECIAL, H. M. M. B. A.

SITTING—C. B. Miller, Geneseo, Ill., Mrs. Miller, Gracie Birdsall, Harold Jay Bohn, Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. F. W. Taylor, Superior, Wis., Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Holly, Mrs. Bohn.
STANDING—H. J. Bohn, Chicago; B. S. McLure, Wheeling, W. Va.; S. Murray Mitchell, Philadelphia; Charles Webb, Hagerstown, Md.; Mrs. Mitchell, F. P. Holley, Bradford, Pa.; W. H. Worth, Chicago; Miss Maud Reed, Superior, Wis.; J. W. Humphrey, Jr., Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. Birdsall, Horace Birdsall, Davenport, Iowa; T. A. Barker, St. Paul; Mrs. Almy, E. E. Almy, Rochester.

Chicago city passenger agent of the road, while for the H. M. M. B. A. and the excursionists the train was in charge of Mr. H. J. Bohn as chairman of transportation for the trip, whose control of the train was subject only to the requirements of the operating department of the road, and Mr. W. H. Worth was secretary for the transportation committee. No other members of the committee or the board of directors were in the party.

In the departure of this special train, the first feature that attracted the eye of the practical railway men was the expedition and ease with which the excursionists were directed to their train quarters. Secretary Worth had arranged an alphabetical handbook in which appeared not only a book account for every passenger, showing the amount of deposit and amount yet to

be collected subsequently, but also the number of the car and number of section to which he was assigned, so that on the passenger's arrival on the train all that was necessary for the secretary to know was the name, when in an instant he was told the number of his car and section. So accurately was the train loaded in little more than fifteen minutes that not a



George W. Cornelius was born near Camden, Wilcox Co., Ala., in 1861. He was educated in the schools of Pennsylvania, his father for several years being principal in the district of Cornelius at Philadelphia. Mr. Cornelius resided for a short time in San Antonio, Tex., then in the Pan Handle region, finally coming to Richmond, Ky., where, for four years, he has been manager of Hotel Lyndon, one of the handsomest hotel structures in the State.

single change in berths or sections had subsequently to be made. Another feature that called forth not a little surprise on the part of the railway men was that such a heavy special should not only leave promptly to the minute on time, but that it should do so at 4 o'clock, when up to within a few days before the time had been widely advertised as 5 o'clock. This change came about through a request by the chairman of transportation for the Chicago train. The three specials had been by the railway people scheduled in the order, New York, Chicago, Boston. As the Chicago train was the one arranged for under the auspices of the Association and was open to the membership from all points it was thought proper that it should "start the procession," but New York had early made the request to be scheduled first, and the request was granted. However, on the request coming from Chicago, made for the committee through the courtesy of the Santa Fe road, Gotham gracefully permitted the change, and the schedules

of the two trains were "flipped," without changing the three schedules across the continent, which had been fixed and could not be varied without much expense, labor, and danger. But this made the Chicago train start an hour ahead of its long advertised time. Liberal bets were offered by railroad men that the train would leave some of its people. When the train therefore pulled out at 4 o'clock on the minute and the chairman and secretary shortly after learned that not a person had been left, it was subject for congratulation. The success of this change in the program was due to the thorough and careful manner in which every party who had engaged accommodations was notified promptly of the change by mail, wire, and telephone.

The Chicago special was found well equipped for the journey. Mr. L. E. Howard, manager of the Transit House, had superintended the arrangements for commissary, and as a new feature no contributions of commissary supplies were solicited, the expense of the supplies being charged as one of the train expenses, and therefore the usual "acknowledgments" to supply concerns on "itineraries" and in printed reports were unnecessary.



William Wendell Reed was born in Mansfield, O., July 15, 1867. He was the son of William Wallace Reed, who was also a hotel man of repute, and therefore, received an early and excellent training in the hotel business from his distinguished father. On the death of the latter, he took charge of the business, becoming a partner of his step-mother, at the age of eighteen. Later, he embarked in the hotel business for himself, and is now proprietor of two hotels, the "Hays" at Warsaw, Ind., and the "Winona" at Eagle Lake, Ind., a noted summer resort.

Mr. Reed was accompanied by his wife on the trip to California.

Drawing-room A of car Euripides was converted into an office for the train and placarded as such. Here the committee had provided all the likely wants of a party on a thirty-day trip, such as stationery, pens, ink, pencils, mucilage, rubber bands, dating stamps, movable rubber type, pins, needles, thread, buttons, and a score of such other little "wants" as often arise on long journeys. The first thing distributed on the train was the itinerary booklets, very prettily embossed and printed by the Fountain printing-house, containing sixteen pages, fully outlining the journey. The most convenient and useful feature of the itinerary was the arrangement under the name of each car the names of the occupants of the car, giving the section, number and drawing-rooms in which each was assigned, so that it served as a ready means of identification.



LOUIS SEELBACH, proprietor of Seelbach's European Hotel, Louisville, Ky., was born in Frankenthal, Germany, April 12, 1852. Upon leaving school he came with an older brother, Charles, to America, locating immediately in Louisville. For five years he was connected with the Bell House, and there became familiar with all departments of hotel work. At the expiration of that time he went into business for himself on a small scale. His affairs prospered, and in 1881 he moved to his present location, where he is conducting a prosperous business. In 1888 he married Miss Marie H. Durbeck, daughter of Capt. J. G. Durbeck. Two sons have been born to them, Louis Jr., aged six years, and William Otto, aged four years. Mrs. Seelbach accompanied her husband to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Bennett [Asso.], and Miss Bennett, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Naething [Asso.], New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Badger, Burdick House, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Munroe [Asso.], Hotel Munroe, Joliet, Ill.

Messrs. Kernohan, Ogden and Speer [Asso.], Pittsburg. Mr. Wallace Miller, Mrs. E. M. Palmer, Miss Marie Wellings, Bancroft House, Saginaw, Mich.

Mr. Arthur B. Lewis, Hotel Doxey, Anderson, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hoyt [Asso.], Chicago.

Dr. Walter B. Stewart [Asso.], Joliet, Ill.

Mr. Geo. A. Partridge, Tampa Bay, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Udell, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Murray Mitchell, Aldine Hotel, Philadelphia.

Mr. A. W. White, Phenix Hotel, Peoria, Ill.

The following is the full list of those who comprised the Chicago delegation:

Messrs. J. C. Fox, St. James Hotel, and Frank J. Collins [Asso.], Bradford, Pa.

Mr. George G. Corzelius, Hotel Glyndon, Richmond, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Reed, Hotel Hays, Warsaw, Ind.

Messrs. J. G. Bennett, Doolittle House, and J. D. W. Case [Asso.], Oswego, N. Y.

Mr. J. E. Hahn, Livingston Hotel, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. L. H. Crowley, Mansion House, Troy, N. Y., Mrs. Crowley and the Misses Crowley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sweeney, Grand Hotel, Janesville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Pember [Asso.], Janesville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Miller, Geneseo Hotel, Geneseo, Ill.



MRS. LOUIS SEELBACH.

Mr. Dwight L. Fuller, Dickinson House, Corning, N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Worth, Hotel Worth, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Holley, Riddell House, Bradford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Seelbach, Seelbach's Hotel, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. McLure, Wheeling, W. Va.



Mr. Elmer E. Almy is proprietor of the New Osburn House, Rochester, N. Y. He is a young man, having been born April 28, 1852 in the city which still claims him as a resident, but he has served a varied apprenticeship in the hotel business, having begun his career in the Reed House, Erie, Pa., and afterwards holding positions of responsibility in the Lafayette and Continental of Philadelphia, Grand Pacific of Chicago, and St. James, New York. In 1881 he came back to his birthplace and has remained in Rochester, at the New Osburn ever since. He is a social man and has allied himself to many organizations, including the New York State Hotel Association, the Rochester Chamber of Commerce Blue Lodge Chapter Commandery, Mystic Shrine, B. P. O. Elks, and other fraternal orders. Altogether he is a popular and genial gentleman, whose character and experience eminently fit him to be an ideal hotel-keeper. Mr. Almy was accompanied to California by his wife, a most charming, beautiful, and accomplished lady, whose kind and genial manner won her many friends in the Golden State.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wormley, Hotel Eldon, Eldon, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Heinly, Aetna House, Danville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Heinsohn and (Mrs. H., Jr.), daughter, Kirby House, Muncie, Ind.

Mr. Chas. W. Webb of J., Hotel Hamilton, Hagerstown, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemp and Master Kemp, Tremont House, Wabash, Ind.

Mr. Elmer E. Almy and wife, New Osburn House, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. A. L. Bliss and wife, The Buckingham, Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bohn, Master Harold Jay Bohn, *Hotel World*, Chicago.

Mr. H. Birdsall, wife and daughter Grace, St. James Hotel, Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Lem Northam, wife and Mrs. W. B. Judd, Joliet, Ill.

Mr. H. W. Van Orman, Doxey House, Anderson, Ind.

Mr. C. C. Horton and wife, Clarendon Hotel, Zanesville, O.

Mr. Harry W. and Charles M. Sommers, Kimball House, Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Fred Hotop and wife, The American House, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mr. Fred S. Avery, Avery House, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

J. M. Connell, Master Joe Connell, Santa Fe, Chicago.

Mr. R. J. Tousley and wife, Hotel Julien, Belvidere, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Humphrey, Jr., Humphrey House, Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Manchester and son, and Mrs. Frazier, Ballingall House, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Githens, Richmond, Ind.

Mrs. Wm. J. Friday, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Clemens Brinkmann, Burke's Hotel, Chicago.

Geo. W. Sweeney, Livingston Hotel, Rochester, N. Y.



MRS. ELMER E. ALMY.

Mr. S. T. Donthirt, Occidental Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Hortense H. Brooks (niece of Mr. Donthirt), Columbus, O.

L. O. Wilson, Centralia House, Centralia, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Winter [Asso.], Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dellenbach, Hotel
Victoria, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Barker, Metropolitan
Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. W. V. Turpen and daughter, The Bearss,
Peru, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Watson, Stubbins'
European Hotel, Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Ewins, The Savoy, Kansas City,
Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Stoddard [Asso.], Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Jno. S. Sweet, Hotel Strautel, Green Bay, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Schlosser, Schlosser Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Warden, The Warden, Newark, O.

Mr. Fred J. Bailey, The Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. F. L. Taylor and Miss Maud Reed, Hotel Euclid,
Superior, Wis.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Williams [Asso.], Chicago.

A summary of the foregoing shows that the trainload consisted of 67 men, 53 ladies, and 5 children, not including Mr. Connell and his little son, and Mr. C., being the representative of the Santa Fe, was the only adult on the train—excepting the train employees—who was not required to pay full fare, thus making not a

Fred S. Avery comes of hotel stock, both his father and uncle being hotel men. His first experience was at the old Cook House, Ann Arbor, Mich., where he handled cigars, mail, and packages. His father built and until very recently owned the Avery House, Mt. Clemens, the leading hotel at that widely known health resort. Fred, however, has not confined himself to Michigan. For some years he was clerk of the Wellington in Chicago. A few seasons ago he was chief clerk of the great Hotel Lafayette at Lake Minnetonka, Minn. Later he was manager for two years of the West Superior Hotel at West Superior, one of the largest hotels in Wisconsin. Last year Mr. Avery was proprietor of the Avery House at Mt. Clemens, and is now the popular manager of the new-named, but well known, Hotel Victoria, at Pittsburg, Pa.

unencumbered with husbands. In assigning the accommodations of the train some days previous to departure the committee had no small task, and the chairman and secretary labored over the problem until 3 A. M. of April 7th, and after seven hours of ceaseless figuring succeeded in so assigning every section and drawing-room as to comply with every written request that had been made at the time deposits were mailed to the secretary, a feat that was aided by good luck that does not often happen when assigning over 120 people to five cars. Four people who had made deposits failed to take the accommodations. For one of the absentees a Chicago H. M. M. B. A. member took the berth as substitute and three forfeited their deposits.

To say that it was a jolly, happy crowd that made up the party is putting it mildly. Among 125 men, women and children, it is needless to say there are always a few—say half a



Charles Webb of J. is the proprietor of Hotel Hamilton, Hagerstown, Md., and is one of the solid hotel men of the country. His hotel is one of the old style substantial structures so much enjoyed, when compared with the flimsy, pretentious buildings so often erected. Mr. Webb entered heartily into all the fun and frolic of the California trip, but withal kept his "weather eye open for pointers."

doren people—who are troubled with dyspepsia and a feeling of fear that they will not get their share of the fun and good things a-going, but surveying this trainload of people in the light of the past—after the eventful trip—from the point of view of one who came constantly in contact with the entire party it can be unhesitatingly said that probably never before was there



Frank P. Ewins is one of the most active, energetic, and successful "little" men of the hotel industry. In his small body there is concentrated an extraordinary power to move his ordinary 200-pound body and his brain force is equal to the task of directing and controlling all this energy. He was born at Chambers, Ill. In 1881, when twenty-one years old, he engaged in the farm machinery business in Bloomington, Ill. In 1887 he removed to Kansas City and engaged in the hotel business. In April, 1889, he organized a stock company, known as the Ewins-Dean Hotel Co., with himself as president, D. J. Dean, vice-president and treasurer, and C. H. Childs as secretary. The company owns the Hotel Savoy at Kansas City, and the Hotel Ashwell at Pittsburg, Mo.

gave out during the service of dinner, and later in the night a fire broke out in kitchen of dining car. I then saw that the party could not be served to California with the dining-car kitchen in such condition, so I had another dining car put on the train in Kansas City, and from there to California I served the party three times daily in the dining-rooms of both cars, using only the kitchen of the car that we got at Kansas City. From Chicago to California I served about 1000 meals and used about \$800.00 worth of eatables, not to mention what was drunk. After arriving at Los Angeles, I was met by a committee from the Southern California Hotel Association and informed that they would purchase all supplies on my car, and they asked me to make a requisition for everything I needed to serve from 150 to 175 people for five days. I made such requisition and received everything I ordered, and, in

so large a crowd of tourists on one train who for so long a period kept thoroughly good-humored, jolly, healthy and happy. And why should they not have been good-humored and happy? Everything "came their way." They toiled not, neither did they spin—except in the dance—yet Solomon in all his glory never traveled in half so great state, nor was he presented with the key to the Golden State! But this is ahead of the story.

That part of the first evening not spent in the dining car, was put in in "getting acquainted," which was not a difficult task, as the social mood held full sway. The dining car, which was handsomely decorated with flowers, was in charge of the superintendent of the Harvey dining-car system, Mr. M. S. Callahan, a gentleman of exceptionable ability. Unfortunately, shortly after starting dinner a mishap occurred to the range, which somewhat interfered with the service, but one of the finest of course dinners was served, and the following morning at Kansas City Mr. Harvey's lieutenant, Mr. Benjamin, appeared on the scene, and succeeded in substituting two 23-seat diners for the one 40-seat car, and during the journey thereafter on all the roads the train had two diners in service.

Mr. M. S. Callahan thus writes about the dining-car service of the Chicago special:

We started from Chicago with one dining car and a crew of 10 men to serve the Chicago train of 120 people, but our range



Charles S. Averill was born at Plattsburgh, N. Y., August 11, 1850. His father was a hotel man, keeping good houses in little country towns, and Mr. Averill's schooling of hotel keeping started at the Cumberland House, Plattsburgh, N. Y., in 1866. From there he went to the Osborne House, Auburn, N. Y., from which house he left to take possession of the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., September 10, 1867, where he is at present located, as one of the proprietors. Mr. Averill has already won for himself a warm place in the hearts of hotel men, for he is most able in his profession.

addition, wine was put aboard, so that, for each meal I served, every one had all he wanted. My dining cars were cut out of the train at Orange, about sixty miles from San Bernardino, on the way to Coronado, and were sent back to Chicago from there.

Mr. Bohn thus concludes his interesting narrative:

One of the first pleasant surprises after leaving Chicago was the announcement that the Western Union Telegraph Company extended the free use of its wires to the H. M. M. B. A. during the trip for all personal, social, and business messages, and this liberality subsequently supplemented with the same courtesy by the Postal and the Canadian Northwest Companies added one of the finest features to the trip. En route west many facetious and amusing telegrams passed between the three special trains. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were not in the least monotonous, the novelty of crossing the Kansas plains and the New Mexico and Arizona plateaus and deserts, with Indians galore and other strange sights, together with the diversifications on board, readily whiled the hours away.

THE OHIO AND INDIANA DELEGATION.

ALL the arrangements for this delegation were made by Mr. D. C. Shears, manager and vice-president of the A. G. Corrie Hotel Company, which owns the Grand Hotel at Cincinnati, O. A special sleeping and dining car was chartered, the "Cleopatra," and on Monday morning, April 6th, at eight

o'clock, the party left Cincinnati, over the Queen and Crescent Route, for New Orleans. The following were those on board:

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Shears, Miss Effie G. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Stacy Hill [Asso.], Miss McKennell, Grand Hotel, Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Akers, Forest City Hotel, Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l Pentland, Neil House, Columbus, O., and Miss Nellie Pentland.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baur, Terra Haute House, Terra Haute, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Orman and Master Harold Van Orman, Hotel Wescott, Richmond, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Coulter [Asso.], Miss Coulter, Frankfort, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Watson, Union Depot Hotel Vincennes, Ind.



Mr. Charles Baur, proprietor of the Terra Haute House, Terra Haute, Ind., is one of the best known young hotel men in the United States. He is a great student of hotel literature, and is determined to keep abreast of the times in all that pertains to his chosen profession. At the invitation of the Terra Haute Frouting Association, in July 1895, he fed twenty thousand people at one meal. A gigantic undertaking not most successfully carried out. Mrs. Baur has accompanied her husband on several of the past H. M. M. B. A. outings and was with him this year in California.

Miss Gussie Knill, Huron House, Port Huron, Mich.



MRS. CHARLES BAUR.



D. C. SHEARS, Chairman of the Ohio and Indiana Delegations, and captain of their special, is a man of considerable prominence in the hotel world. He was born in the old and famous Clifton House at Niagara Falls, Canada, September 8, 1849. His father, George P. Shears, was proprietor of the hotel, and had been for twenty years. This house is so well known historically that further mention is unnecessary. When a youngster he was sent to Phillips Academy, Niagara, Ont., where he spent four years, leaving before graduation to go with his family to Wisconsin, where his father entered the malting business in Kenosha under the firm name of 'King & Shears.' Here he graduated from the Kenosha High School, and on the return of his parents to Toronto, Canada (where his father became the proprietor of the Rossin House), he attended the Toronto University. From there he entered the City Bank of Montreal, where he remained until he joined his father in the management of the Rossin House this being his first active hotel experience. The Rossin House was sold to Mr. Irish in 1870, and here Mr. Shears severed his business association with his father, the latter going to Pepin, Wis., for the remainder of his days, and the former to the Hotel Madison in Toledo, Ohio, which he conducted for three years; then to the Townsend House, Oconomowoc, Wis., a summer resort, which he conducted for one season; then to Columbia Hall, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.; then to the Palace Hotel, Cincinnati, of which he took the management in 1884, where he remained for two years; then to the Hotel Emery, Cincinnati, which he conducted as proprietor and manager for seven years. On the expiration of his lease there he joined partnership with Mr. A. G. Corrie (late of the Gibson House), and leased the Grand Hotel of Cincinnati for a period of twenty years, and he is now the active manager and vice-president of The A. G. Corrie Hotel Company, conducting the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Barrows, and Miss Lottie Barrows, Spencer House, Marion, Indiana. Mr. Geo. G. Lippincott, Hays House, Fostoria, O. (Proprietor of The Churchill, Alpena, Mich.)

At New Orleans Mr. S. F. B. Morse, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Railway, took the delegation for a delightful ride through the city. The ladies were especially remembered by beautiful floral gifts from Mr. J. G. Schriever, traffic manager of the company. Mr. A. G. Blakeley, proprietor of the new St. Charles Hotel, delightfully entertained his brother hotel men and their ladies in a manner which showed that the words "Southern hospitality" have lost none of their force, and the Morgan Steamship Company placed a steamer at the disposal of the party, that they might enjoy a ride on the river. The twenty-four hours' stay at New Orleans, therefore, was a delightful precursor of the sixteen days of sight-seeing and feasting that the California people had arranged.



Mr. Edward Watson was one of the "solid" men of the party. Solid in build, solid in brain, solid in business, solid in integrity and character. He is associated with his father in running the Union Depot Hotel, Vincennes, Ind., as proprietors and managers, and in addition is in the forefront of many prominent enterprises. He is closely identified with some of the leading commercial and financial enterprises of the city, being president of the Board of Trade, and together with his father is a director in the First National Bank. He is also a director in the Vincennes Gas Company; vice-president and director of the Enterprise Stove Company; president of the Hartman Manufacturing Company; president of the East Lake Ice Company and the Vincennes Spoke and Manufacturing Company, and is also a stockholder in the Water Works and the Bell-Armistead Manufacturing Company.

nessed to the "Sunset Limited" of the Southern Pacific on Friday morning at 12:35, and was sent whirling toward the "Land of the Sun-down Sea." Close to Tucson they passed near the wonderful old mission structure of San Xavier.

This was erected long before the better known missions of California. Yuma, on the banks of the great Colorado River, which here showed no signs of the wild and mad race it had had through the canyons of the north on the way to the sea, was quickly passed, but time was given to take a few glances at the Indians who make this their headquarters. All were

Leaving New Orleans by the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, stop was made at San Antonio, Tex., where the members of the delegation were royally entertained at the Hotel Menger by Mr. G. Kampmann. Here the party had its first taste of Mexican dishes, being induced to visit a genuine Mexican restaurant for that purpose. After getting one or two tastes, the major portion of the party were content to watch Mrs. Stacy Hill and Capt. Shears, who were determined to have a thorough experience in the eating of Mexican dishes. They had a "hot time," and freely mingled their tears with those of the onlookers, the latter being caused by the laughter which convulsed them from watching the "burning heroism" of the resolute pair.

Once again on board, the "Cleopatra" was har-



The Ohio and Indiana Delegation on the Car "Cleopatra."



WILLIAM J. AKERS, an Englishman by birth, has been connected with hotels and railroad restaurants all his life. He at one time controlled twelve hotels and railroad eating houses. He is now one of the proprietors of the Forest City House of Cleveland, Ohio, and the Saegertown Mineral Springs Hotel and Bottling Works of Saegertown, Pa. He is the President of the "Cleveland Hotel Keepers' Association" and the "Ohio State Association." Last year he was the unanimous choice in the Republican Convention for Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio but was defeated. He has been for many years virtually the head of the "Independent Charities" of Cleveland, and is commander in chief of A. S. R. Masonry of Northern Ohio, trustee of the Ohio Masonic Home, and president of the Cleveland Masonic Temple Association. He was for many years a prominent member of the Board of Education and the Public Library Board, and a director of the city prisons. He is also the president of the Cleveland General Hospital. Mr. Akers was accompanied to California by his talented and amiable wife.

interested when passing Salton, as they remembered the great scare that went out through the country when in 1891 it was expected that a new sea was being formed by the overflow of the Colorado River. At Indio, one hundred and twenty miles east of Los Angeles, the party saw what had been done, and what others might do, in the converting of the desert into a perfect garden. With irrigation, growth of almost every kind is possible. Trees, shrubs, flowers, of



The Sunset Limited.

every clime, grow with very little trouble; and the pure dry air of the desert renders this one of the most helpful places for the consumptive that has ever been found on the American continent. Already its fame has spread as a health resort, and many apparently hopeless invalids have reason to bless this salubrious spot for the renewed health which they enjoy. Twenty-one miles further east, and Palm Springs Station is reached, where, five miles away, under the shelter of San Jacinto's granite sides, is one of the most exquisite, alluring, and enchanting valleys, not only in California, but in the world. Near by is the famous Indian spring, "Agua Caliente," which hot water and sand high in the air, like a geyser, ily to the surface. This not another in the world is turies it has been a place and many of the white race, by nervous troubles, mental have found renewed health its waters and the restful charming valley. The water contains magnesium, sod and free carbonic acid. in the valley, kept by Dr. ber of the Southern Cali who, with his genial wife, those who are fortunate hidden Paradise. Fortu who come into the mater Not only does she under the science, of keeping an nurse and "carer" for the sick. To be in her presence when ill, is to be soothed and comforted, and many a solitary invalid, away from home and friends, has been allured back to life, health, and happiness by her constant solicitude.



MRS. W. J. AKERS.

It is a peculiar spring, from rise, sometimes spurting but generally bubbling eas-spring is phenomenal, and known to exist. For cen- of healing to the Indians, who have been prostrated exhaustion or overwork and vigor in the virtues of accompaniments of this is about 100° Fahr., and ium, chlorine, iron, sulphur, There is an excellent hotel Welwood Murray, a mem- fornia Hotel Association, delightfully entertains all enough to discover this nate, indeed, are the invalids nal care of Mrs. Murray. stand the art, and practise hotel, but she is a natural

While the desert is exceedingly hot in summer, in winter it is one of the most delightful of places. Near by is the celebrated Palm Canyon, where a large number of these ancient giants



A Palm Garden on the Colorado Desert.

keep up a constant struggle for life. Following this Canyon by a winding and circuitous trail, hardly known to the white man, the Cahuilla Valley is reached on San Jacinto's huge shoulders, where lives the heroine of that portion of "H. H.'s" romantic "Ramona," where the slaughter of Alessandro occurs. To those who assert that the whole story



Winter Home on the Desert.

is fiction let me here give a fact or two. The story, as a whole, is a romance, but, in detailed fact, much of the story is true, with this understanding, viz., that while many of the incidents related are facts, they did not occur to one and the same individual. Now it is perfectly true that an Indian who lived with his wife in a hidden portion of San Jacinto mountain,

did, in a fit of "loco," take away "Jim Farrar's" horse from a corral in San Jacinto, leaving there his own horse—an act that should have shielded him from the charge of theft, for both he and his horse were well known at the place—and that when "Jim" found it out in the morning, he followed the Indian, and ruthlessly shot him dead "on sight," and then, giving himself up, was ostensibly tried and discharged on the ridiculous plea of "self-defense against the attack of an Indian horse thief."

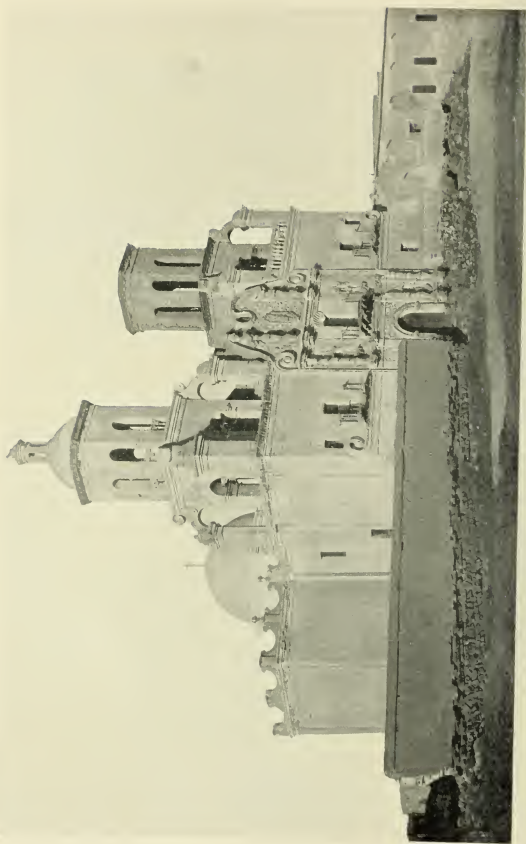
The wife of this Indian still resides in Cahuilla, but she is by no means the beautiful female so graphically and enthusiastically described by the great novelist in her remarkable and powerful romance.

From Palm Springs a visit can be made to Salton Sea, where the men work in the open air, in summer time, with the thermometer at 140° and 150° Fahr.

On the mountain sides may be clearly traced the shore line of the old sea which once occupied this basin, several hundred feet above its



View in Palm Canyon.



San Xavier Mission near Tucson, Arizona.

present level, and, hewn out of the solid rocks, in some few places, are the "fish traps" of the Indians of those days, who are supposed to have used them either for catching fish at high tide, or as receptacles for holding them when caught.

Leaving this interesting region and rushing along by Banning, Beaumont, and through the San Geronio Pass, Colton was reached, fifty-eight miles from Los Angeles. Here Chairman George W. Lynch, and Secretary A. C. Bilicke, with several others of the Southern California Hotel Reception Committee, met the party with flowers, badges, and "itineraries," and helped them while away the rest of the time until Los Angeles was reached, on Saturday evening. From that time until the complete gathering of the clans on Monday the Ohio and Indiana delegations enjoyed themselves in the "Queen City of the Angels," and afterward took their place with the rest of the party, and helped swell the grand total, as the H. M. M. B. A. made its triumphal march through the Pacific Coast.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION.

THE way the New Yorkers undertake matters connected with the H. M. M. B. A. excursions is too well known to need any lengthened description in this volume. Suffice it to say that the committees that were appointed did their work as they always do, and the Pennsylvania Railway was called

upon to supply the finest train they had ever fitted up and equipped, so

that the excursion to the Pacific Coast and return could be made in the most luxurious and comfortable manner possible. All but two of the cars on the train were magnificent compartment cars. The train had a combined baggage, smoking and buffet car, the latter equipped with a prodigality that made visions of delirium tremens haunt the midnight hours of the leaders of the Prohibition Party, and the commissary department of the dining car was attended to in the same elaborate and eminently satisfactory manner.

Simeon Ford, of the Grand Union Hotel, New York, and vice-president of the H. M. M. B. A. for New York, was unanimously elected train captain and poet-laureate, and succeeded in discharging his duties with such amiability that he was offered the position of chief clerk in quite a number of hotels, should



Mr. Robert Rennert is one of the most noted and wealthy hotel men in the United States. He is a striking example of a self-made man. His career as caterer and hotel and restaurant man began many years ago in Baltimore in a restaurant. He is one of the very few men in this country who owns as well as operates a great metropolitan hotel, and he not only owns and operates it but built it "from turret to foundation stone." The Hotel Rennert at Baltimore is, probably, the most carefully built hotel structure in this country, for every inch of it was built by day work, and Mr. Rennert himself paid every dollar of it and kept his eye on every man during construction. He has been phenomenally successful and is classed with the millionaires. Personally a quiet, unassuming man, with firm character stamped on his features. His daughter, who accompanied him to Colorado two years ago, went with him to California, and by her bright, friendly cheerfulness added much to the pleasure of the party.

he ever be discharged from his present position at the Grand Union. The following were the members of the New York delegation:



Mr. Seaton Ford, chairman of the New York Delegation, and captain of their special, is one of our best known politicians in America. He is secretary of the New York City Hotel Association, and proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel of that city. Mr. Ford was the power behind the throne in the hotel for some years before his name appeared as proprietor, when the late W. D. Garrison was manager. Not long after the death of Mr. Garrison, and after assuming the management of the hotel personally, Mr. Ford attracted attention to his public utterances in the New York dailies on some hotel topics, and soon after made a substantial fourty speech at a meeting of the Hotel Association at Delmonico's. Since then he has been in great demand as a speaker, and is probably the only hotel man whose speeches are invariably reported and by newspapers and other journals. Mr. Ford would unquestionably have distinguished himself on the stage, the platform, or as a business orator, had he preferred one of these professions to being a plain clothed hotel keeper. When the politician is dead in manner, speech, and appearance, his wit and knowledge are not sufficient to a successful career. He possesses what so few professionals of any "art" can possess—natural humor, and it is much more natural, unforced. He is a man of rare good common sense and business ability. Members who attended the annual convention in New York last May will remember Mr. Ford as secretary of arrangements for that annual entertainment, when he stuck right to his job, early and late, at the Fifth Avenue headquarters. It is safe to predict that, in the near future, Mr. Ford will be one of the prominent politicians of the U. S. A. D. A.

Train Captain, Simeon Ford. Conductor, John Larkin. Steward, C. H. Gray.
Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Yard, Monmouth House, Spring Lake Beach, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brockway, Ashland House, New York.



E. L. Merrifield is the proprietor of the well-known Continental Hotel of New York. Few, if any, New York City hotel men have attended as many annual meetings of the H. M. M. B. A. as has Mr. Merrifield. He has made a fortune out of his Broadway hotel in the past twenty years. He was many years President of the New York City Hotel Association, and has always taken a lively interest in hotel organizations. Dignified, portly, and distinguished in appearance, he is Mr. Ford's foil, and together they make an excellent pair. Mr. Merrifield was accompanied to California by his daughter and Mr. Elias Merrifield.

Judge F. W. Downs [Asso.], Binghamton, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ashman, Miss Cochrane, Sinclair House, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brockway, Ashland House, New York.
Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Ryan, Lafayette Place Hotel, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. John Bradshaw [Asso.], 111 W. Seventy-second Street, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Dunlap [Asso.], Miss F. Dunlap, 111 W. Seventy-second Street, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Ford, Grand Union Hotel, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Hall [Asso.], 211 Centre Street, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Todd, The Marlborough, New York.
Mr. Horace H. Brockway, Jr., Ashland House, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burnett, 178 W. Eighty-first Street, representing Santa Fe R. R., New York.
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cook, Nassau Hotel, Princeton, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fanning, Attorney N. Y. City Hotel Ass'n, Hotel Empire, New York.
Mr. Tilly Haynes, Miss Clara Randall, Mrs. Carrie H. Jenkins, Broadway Central Hotel, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Loughead [Asso.], 121 S. Eleventh Street, Philadelphia.
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Tierney, Miss M. G. Kennedy, The Arlington, Binghamton, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Wood [Asso.], 116 W. Houston Street, New York.
Mr. John Burke [Asso.], 52 W. Broadway, New York.

Mr. C. P. Diefendorf, Auditor of Adams Express Co., 1 W. Thirtieth Street, New York.
Mr. F. Draz [Asso.], 36 E. Fifty-seventh Street, New York.
Mr. John T. Devine, The Shoreham, Washington, D. C.



Francis Draz is a member of the firm of Charles Graef & Co., Importers of the celebrated Pommery "Sec," the famous Apollinaris Water, as well as the popular Hock Wines of Henkell & Co., Mayence, and Clarets of Jounu Freres, Kappelhoff & Co., Bordeaux. He is an associate member of the H. M. M. B. A. He has been connected with Graef & Co. since 1877, and, though traveling extensively, has never visited the Pacific Coast before. Mr. Draz writes: "I remember, with more than usual pleasure and satisfaction, the few weeks which it was my good fortune to spend in hospitable and delightful California, and am sorry for those friends whom circumstances deprived of this enjoyment."

Mr. T. Jennett [Asso.], 212 E. Seventeenth Street, New York.
Mr. J. E. Keogh [Asso.], Hotel Bennett, Binghamton, N. Y.



H. H. BROCKWAY.

Men in the hotel world are more widely known than the proprietor of the Ashland House—Horace H. Brockway. To-day he is not merely prominent in the hotel line, but conspicuous as well in other spheres closely allied with the financial growth of New York. Born at Sutton, N. H., on November 24, 1836, he went to Cleveland, Ohio, at the age of eighteen years and started in to learn the hotel business under his brother, who kept the City Hotel of that place. Four years later he rented the Commercial House and ran it on his own responsibility. After two years of success there he leased the City Hotel from his brother and conducted it throughout the war. In 1867 Mr. Brockway's broadened ambition took him to New York. He leased the Ashland House and has conducted it ever since. In addition to his hotel Mr. Brockway has numerous other important interests. For many years he has been treasurer of the Hotel Association of New York City. He is treasurer and a director of the Garfield Safe Deposit Company, a position he has held for the past eight years—all which James H. Breeding of the Gibsey House and Hiram Hitchcock of the Fifth Avenue Hotel are directors. He is also president of the Laundrymen's Association of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and vicinity. He is treasurer and a director of the Official Hotel Red Book and Directory Company, a director in the Standard Tag Line Company, vice-president of the New York Hotel Association; and a member of the New York National Trade and Transportation. Mr. Brockway is, moreover, a member of the Old Guard, and was quartermaster under Major George McLean for ten years, and an active Mason for twenty-eight years, being for ten years past master in Palestine Commandery. He is a director of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York City, and also president of the Mutual Knight Templar Association for the past thirty years.

Mr. C. F. Larzelere, *Daily Hotel Reporter*,
Bay Ridge, L. I.

Mr. E. L. Merrifield, Mr. Silas Merrifield, Miss Merrifield,
Continental Hotel, New York.

Mr. Mortimer Foster, Hotel St. Andrews, New York.

Dr. William McKay, (Physician in attendance), 40 E. Tenth Street, New York.

Mr. H. J. Rockwell has a name that is prominent in the annals of New York State hotel history for thirty or more years past. At Lake Luzerne, Troy, and Albany the Rockwell hotels have been conducted by three generations of the family. At present, in addition to a summer hotel, H. J. Rockwell & Son conduct the Kenmore at Albany, the leading hotel of the city. Mr. Rockwell has attended many of the association's conventions, accompanied by his charming daughter to whom he is devotedly attached. Mrs. F. Rockwell also accompanied Mr. and Miss Rockwell on the California excursion.



Mr. C. H. Gillespie
[Asso.], Chicago.

Mr. John Hesdorfer
[Asso.], 42 E. Seventy-third Street,
New York.

Mr. J. M. O'Brien
[Asso.], 213 Washington Street, New
York.

Mr. H. J. Rockwell,
Mrs. F. Rockwell,
Miss Rockwell,
Hotel Kenmore,
Albany, N. Y.

Mr. John Hearsey,
V. P. for New
Mexico, Parker's
Hotel, Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Mr. Chas.
Reed
[Asso.],
Yonkers
N. Y.



Mr. G. F. Hall, the president of the Hall Steam Power Company of Center Street, New York, is an associate member of the H. M. M. B. A., and was accompanied to California by his estimable wife.

Mr. D. N. Thayer, Hotel Mail, 1335 Broadway,
New York.

Mr. John O'Neill and Miss Madeline O'Neill,
O'Neill's Restaurant, 360 Sixth Avenue, New
York.

Mr. W. C. Abbott, (a visitor), 576 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

Mr. James J. Ryan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. W. E. Mason, New York.

Mr. E. N. Huggins, Poland Springs House, Maine.

Mr. Jas. Wheelock [Asso.], 338 W. Fifty-sixth
Street, New York.

Mr. Robert Rennert and Miss Rennert, Hotel
Rennert, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Thomas Maddock, Lafayette Place, New
York.

The following is Captain Ford's own narrative of the adventures of the New York delegation:

When, at the meeting of the H. M. M. B. A. held at Delmonico's, New York, in May, 1895, we listened to the resistless eloquence of Messrs. Lynch and James, as they conveyed California's invitation to hold the convention in 1896, we were charmed, we were interested, but we said to ourselves, "These fellows are a long way



Mr. D. N. Thayer is the editor and publisher of *The Hotel Mail*, 150 Nassau Street, New York. *The Hotel Mail* is a recognized authority upon hotel matters in the Empire State and elsewhere, and, consequently, its editor was a welcome addition to the New York delegation.



JOHN HAYNES, proprietor of the Broadway Central, New York, and of the United States Hotel, Boston, is among the best known hotel proprietors in the world. He is well known in Europe as well as in the United States for his many years in the business; his unqualified integrity, and striking originality have attracted much attention. He built the Haynes Hotel at Springfield, Mass., and was some years a member of the Legislature. About 50 years ago he took hold of the United States Hotel, when it was very much run down, but after expending vast sums of money in modernizing the house, refitting and refurnishing, business began to come and the hotel has long been one of the most profitable in Boston. Within the past five years Mr. Haynes has expended this operation with what was the Grand Central Hotel, New York. It was a great pleasure to the Californians to have Mr. Haynes one of their guests, and the kind words spoken by him about California by those who were fortunate enough to make his acquaintance will long be remembered.

from home, and absence makes the heart grow fonder, and a tendency to wander from the truth is to be expected from the wild and woolly Westerner," etc., etc. Still we all cherished a desire to see California, and the invitation was so heartily given and the speakers seemed such good fellows, even if they did lay it on a little thick, that we accepted the invitation with alacrity.

It's easy enough to promise to go away a year hence! A trip of 8000 miles didn't seem like much of an undertaking in May, 1895, but as May, 1896, approached many of us began to weaken at the thought of leaving home and creditors.

Early in the spring a committee was appointed, known as the "Transportation Committee," to which was given the entire charge of the trip. This committee consisted of Mr. Jas. H. Breslin, chairman, with Messrs. B. H. Yard, H. H. Brockway, E. L. Merrifield and myself, gentlemen who filled their positions to overflowing.

The committee arranged with the Pennsylvania Railroad to take entire charge of the transportation from New York out and return, and at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 9th, the members of vania Railroad Station, Jersey City, which was to be their awaited them, everything in the minute, the train pulled realized that, at last, we were journey to the Golden Gate. beautiful one, all the cars man shops, and lighted with six cars, to wit: a combination diner, two compartment and an observation car. with the compliments of the accompanied us as far as our return, and was again journey home.

At ten o'clock A. M. to out of the depot, and we off on the long anticipated

The train was a very being fresh from the Pull electricity. It consisted of tion baggage and buffet car, cars, two regular sleepers, This latter was attached, Pennsylvania Railroad, and Chicago, where it awaited attached to our train on the

Mr. Samuel Carpenter, the Pennsylvania Railroad, courteous and obliging to tions with the railroad, ex party at least part of the way, tism, put a quietus on his ant, ably represented him, Chicago and met us there

We were also favored F. Burnett, of the A. T. & ing wife, who took the entire to the pleasure and comfort

As soon as we left the ranging their various belongings, realizing that the train was to weeks.

As we neared Philadelphia, a vague and painful rumor began to circulate that "Jim" Breslin was going to abandon the party at that place. Cornered and cross-examined he confessed, literally with tears in his eyes, that he could not leave his many duties, but must return to New York. He had not dared to tell us before, fearing that the news might cast a damper on us and deter others from going. Now arose the sound of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! To take the trip without dear old Jim—the prince of good fellows and merrymakers! Who would now beguile the tedium of the trip? Who would remark cheerily when time hung heavy on our hands, "Well, boys, my regards"? Who would "make glad the wilderness and make the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose"? Who would be able to cope, in point of eloquence, with our Western brethren?



Mr. John Burke is a member of the firm of P. W. Engs & Sons, one of the oldest houses in New York, having been established in 1808. The reputation of the firm was made by dealing only in the best brands of whiskies, wines, etc., and its label and guarantee are now accepted without question. Mr. Burke is an associate member of the H. M. M. B. A.

the party met at the Pennsylvania City, where the special home for twenty-five days, readiness for the start.

the minute, the train pulled realized that, at last, we were journey to the Golden Gate. beautiful one, all the cars man shops, and lighted with six cars, to wit: a combination diner, two compartment and an observation car. with the compliments of the accompanied us as far as our return, and was again journey home.

Eastern passenger agent of who had been exceedingly the committee in its negotia-pected to accompany the bnt his old enemy, rheumaplans. Mr. Lord, his assist-however, and went as far as again on our return.

with the company of Mr. E. S. F. R. R., and his charm-trip with us, adding much experienced by the party.

depot all hands took to ar-ange to be our home for nearly four



EDWARD M. TIERNEY is one of the proprietors of the Arlington Hotel, Binghamton, N. Y., and for three years has been the president of the New York State Hotel Association. He was born in Susquehanna, Pa., September 11, 1858. As a boy he was a bright student, and left school with high honors. When twenty-one years of age he entered into business in his native town, and in 1885 he engaged in hotel life as a partner of T. J. Brosnan of New York. They leased the old "Seaside Home" at Rockaway Beach, L. I., and ran it successfully for two years. In 1888 he entered into partnership with Mr. J. W. Kennedy, and together they erected the magnificent Arlington Hotel, which they still own and manage.

He has been unanimously chosen president of the Binghamton Board of Trade, and is also prominent in numerous of internal and benefit organizations. Pleasant and affable in manner, able in his chosen profession, a fluent speaker, and possessed of good executive ability, Mr. Tierney has done good service to the hotel fraternity of his own State and throughout the United States, and on his visit to California he added to his already large circle of warm and sincere friends.

It was with sadness that we left him at Philadelphia. Never did that sad city seem so sad before. His leaving us was a great reverse. Even the train went out of the Philadelphia depot reversed. We never ceased to regret his absence, and our thoughts were ever with him.

At Philadelphia we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Loughead. Mr. Loughead presented us with a pretty little pamphlet containing the names of the party and a number of songs. The list of names proved very useful, but somehow we never sang the old songs. Perhaps because so many of us had our voices injured years ago by yelling "Front."

Through the courtesy of a friend of the hotel men, each member of the party was also presented with a bottle of Little Liver Pills. This delicate attention was greatly appreciated, and our hearts were touched, to say nothing of our livers. Most of us partook but sparingly of these delicacies, however, and later we freely bestowed them upon the poor untutored savages of the Mojave Desert, who ate them with avidity. Perhaps it was as well that we returned by a different route.

At Chicago, to our great surprise and joy, Mr. and Miss Rennert of Baltimore joined the party, bringing our number up to seventy.

We left Chicago at four o'clock P. M., Friday, via the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, and as we left the Windy City we felt that we had really cut loose from the effete East, and that we were bound for the Land of the Setting Sun. About this time one or two sombrero hats made their appearance, and one of the youngest members of the party burst forth in a cartridge belt and a large navy revolver. This gave us a pleasant feeling of security, for we knew that if held up by bandits on the way, he would protect us. Fortunately, however, he was not called upon to shed blood, but his warlike appearance seemed to excite considerable alarm among the natives.

We were surprised to find how soon we settled down and accustomed ourselves to our new conditions. After the first twenty-four hours on board, the train seemed like home to us, and there was no suggestion of fatigue or ennui. Cards soon made their appearance, and the seductive seven-up and the insidious draw-poker made the days seem only too short. By means of these innocent and diverting games most of the gentlemen made the expenses of the journey out of each other. In the absence of the observation car the gentlemen used the buffet car as an observation car, and from time to time all made pilgrimages thereto in order to view the beauties of the scenery through the excellent glasses provided by the Pullman Company. The ladies beguiled the hours by reading improving books, viewing the scenery, making calls upon each other, and in occasional snatches of conversation.

At every stop all hands would rush out of the cars, engage the natives in talk, buy everything of a portable nature in sight, and send telegrams. The fact that the Western Union and Cable Telegraph Companies had placed their lines at our disposal, free, greatly stimulated our anxiety to communicate with the loved ones at home. One more such trip, it is thought, would bankrupt both of these companies.



John O'Neill is proprietor of the restaurant that bears his name, 360 Sixth Avenue, New York. He is a bluff, hearty, jolly, good fellow, and made a host of friends on the California trip. He was accompanied by Miss Madeline O'Neill.

Saturday was very warm all day, and most of us got into our thinnest apparel, and, when we turned in for the night, open windows and sheets only were in order. Toward morning many of us dreamed that we were in search of the North Pole and of being afloat on icebergs, and when we arose in the morning we thought our dreams had come true. We found ourselves slowly toiling up the mountains in a regular blizzard. The air was filled with blinding



H. FIRTH WOOD.

Two pleasant members of the New York Delegation were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Firth Wood of New York. The entertaining dramatic and other recitals given by this charming couple were much enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to hear them.

snow, the wind blowing sixty miles an hour, and the train moving with difficulty. The knowledge that the Chicago hotel train was just ahead of us, and the Boston hotel train just behind us, did not add to our peace of mind. We didn't so much mind running into the Chicago train, but the thought of the Boston fellows bunking into us from behind was repulsive to us. Fortunately we got over the summit without accident and began a rapid descent into summer weather, and by noon we were in the midst of the blistering desert of New Mexico. The way in which we changed our clothes during these twenty-four hours would have done credit to a lightning-change artist.

The balance of Sunday and all Sunday night we were running through the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, and the dust and heat were very trying. We were greatly interested, however, in the strange villages we passed through and their queer inhabitants. At every stop the station platform was thronged with Indian women and children—some begging and some selling strange wares of pottery, bows and arrows, etc.

Toward evening, however, we began to ascend the last range of mountains separating us from our destination, and when we reached Barstow we were met by our California hosts with a royal welcome. Coming from the desert wastes, the sight of the beautiful flowers which they had brought with them as their first offering to us was most welcome and refreshing.

Monday night we reached Los Angeles, and it was difficult to realize that we had traveled over three thousand miles. All of the party were well and no one complained of fatigue. In fact, many of us who had started feeling somewhat under the weather found ourselves quite rested and rejuvenated. Particularly was this the case with Brother A. L. Ashman, whose health was not of the best when we left New York, and who took the journey contrary to the advice of many of his friends. We had not fairly started on our way before Brother Ashman began to grow coltish and skittish, and before we crossed the Missouri he was feeling like a two-year-old. From this out he was never headed, but was first at meals, first at cards, and first in the hearts of his countrymen (and countrywomen, too).

It was well that we were in good physical condition, for when our California friends took hold of us, they kept us on the jump. We never had a dull or idle moment from the time they took us in hand, until, on Monday, the 27th of April, we bid farewell to our hosts and their wonderful State, after sixteen days of constant and delightful entertainment and unequalled sightseeing.

Our journey home was even more interesting than the trip out, and when on Sunday, May 31, at 6:30 P. M., we landed at Jersey City, on time to the minute, we all voted that the trip to California was the greatest of all the great trips which the H. M. M. B. A. had ever taken.

Mr. Ford has since repeated this last statement, but added to it: "Yes, it was indeed a grand and glorious trip, but I wouldn't take such another for \$10,000."



MRS. H. FIRTH WOOD.

THE COLORADO DELEGATION.

THE organization of this delegation was effected by Mr. George D. Edwards, of the *Denver Hotel Bulletin*, and Mr. Stannis P. Clark. A circular letter was sent out to the Colorado members of the H. M. M. B. A., and as the result of this, and personal solicitation, the following party was organized:

Mr. and Mrs. Ecker, Oxford Hotel, Denver.
Miss and Miss Jessie Ecker, Oxford Hotel, Denver.

Mrs. Carey, Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ontario.

Mrs. Smith, Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Clark, Green Mountain Falls Hotel.

Mrs. H. B. Stephens, Albany Hotel, Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fords, Fords' Hotel, Buffalo Park.

Miss Niblock, Grand Hotel, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mrs. and Miss Hempstead, Denver, Colo.

Mr. Addison Lowry, Columbian Hotel, Trinidad.

Mrs. D. C. and Miss Edwards, Toronto, Ontario.

Mrs. and Miss Curtis, Chicago.

Mr. Uri B. Curtis, Chicago.

Mr. Geo. D. Edwards, *Hotel Bulletin*, Denver.

On Saturday, April 11th, at 1:30 P. M., the party left Denver by the Santa Fe. From the very start Mr. George D. Edwards was recognized as Train Captain, but when I asked him how he was elected, he didn't know. It was simply so, and that ended it, because every member of his party said so. The Pullman car "Venezuela" was placed at their disposal, and a merrier, more light-hearted gang of fourteen persons never left Denver. At Colorado Springs

five more joined them, and on reaching Pueblo the "Venezuela" and a first-class passenger coach were constituted a "special" and sent on ahead of the regular train to La Junta, in the endeavor to head off the great Chicago-California Special, to which the "Venezuela" was to be attached. The engineer understood his work, and the special fairly flew, arriving at



On the New Mexico Plains.

La Junta ahead of time, and one hour before the Chicago train, but there the delegation was informed that, owing to several unforeseen contingencies, their car was not to be attached to the Chicago Special, nor to any other of the hotel specials, but to the regular "California Limited." The next few incidents of the trip I quote from the pen of the editor of the *Denver Hotel Bulletin*:

This train was behind all the H. M. M. B. A. specials and was to arrive at La Junta by midnight. Midnight, however, saw the Boston and New York specials only roll in. At 2:45 on the morning of April 12th, the great long train with its two large engines pulled in. At 3:15 our car was safely attached. Unfortunately it was 5:15 before the train moved out of the depot at La Junta, owing to an accident to the diner, which necessitated its being cut off. These two hours were fatal to us. By this delay we were detained thirty hours more. Wind and rain from the south gave us a dismal send-off from the station we had learned to know so



GEORGE D. EDWARDS,
CAPTAIN OF THE COLORADO TRAIN.

Those fortunate persons who attended the recently annual meeting of the U. M. W. A. in Colorado will remember the vacancy of the general entertainment committee for those extensive festivities. The gentleman was Mr. George D. Edwards, publisher of the *Denver Daily Hotel Bulletin*, and his courteous attention and arduous work on that occasion will not be forgotten by those who met him. Mr. Edwards is a business gentleman who has published the *Denver paper* for a number of years. He is secretary of both the *Denver and the Colorado Hotel Associations* and is highly esteemed by Colorado hotel men. Active, energetic, vigorous, and ever willing to lend a hand in the forefront where hotel interests are concerned.

well. This rain and wind turned to wind and snow, and by the time Trinidad was reached at 7:30 a blizzard was raging such as seldom honors Colorado with its presence and the like of which had not visited this locality for over twenty-five years. From Trinidad on up the side of the Raton range of mountains we worked our way till a distance eight miles east of the tunnel on the summit was reached, when the train came to a standstill. We were then fourteen miles from Trinidad, eight miles from the tunnel which would have saved us had we reached it, for on the other side of the range but very little snow fell.



Here on the side of the mountain, exposed to the full fury of the storm, with banks of snow eight and ten feet high hindering our progress ahead and three feet of snow on the level, hindering our going back to Trinidad, we remained from nine on Sunday morning till four in the afternoon. During this time Mr. Ecker's lunch basket and the small buffet of the "Venezuela" supplied the beleaguered, hungry passengers and crew of the entire train. Still the storm raged on, and it looked as though we would require an army of men and an August sun to get us out. But at four o'clock an engine was sighted working its way up the hill to our rescue, and with this engine

were some fifty shovellers, who soon made way for our train through the snow, and at five o'clock we were safely side-tracked at Trinidad.

Here we found another train "stalled" and the ill-fated dining car which caused us to lose the two hours which made it impossible for us to get through the drifts that piled up at the eastern approach to the tunnel. At noon on Monday the welcome sound of "all aboard" came from the lips of the conductor, and once more we climbed the mountain-side, and this time succeeded in getting safely through. The storm had ceased the night before, and one hundred men working for eighteen hours had tossed the snow out of the way.

From there on we had no trouble at all, and though thirty-six hours behind scheduled time, we were still early enough to enjoy the grandest time and accept the greatest hospitality ever bestowed by man upon his fellow-man.

In response to a query forwarded by Editor Bohn of the *Hotel World*, Mr. Samuel Ecker, proprietor of the Oxford Hotel, gave the following account to that excellent paper of the way in which the Denver party fed the passengers of the other portion of the train that was "snowbound."

Before leaving Denver it was decided that we should each contribute toward a lunch. However, as it turned out, I was the only one in the party that kept the contract. I supplied what I thought would be a lunch for my own party and one or two friends, as I had no love for George M. Pullman's patent medicine chest, such as we had in our buffet. Owing to ex-President Thayer's foresight and generosity our lunch remained untouched until the morning after our departure. Mr. Thayer extended a hearty invitation, through his brother, Mr. Charles Thayer, to take supper at Pueblo, which, you may be sure, every member of the party did.

Upon "turning out" the next morning after leaving Denver, what was our surprise to find our train standing stock still and a blizzard raging such as I had seldom witnessed before. While we were expecting to be roasting on the plains of Arizona, we found ourselves snowbound and freezing on Raton Mountain Pass in our own State. Fancy a snow storm on the 11th and 12th of April stopping a train. Not only did it stop the train, but it drifted so hard and deep that it was with difficulty the train was hauled back four miles from where it stuck to a siding, so as to leave the track clear for snow plows, should any come along.

Our car, "Venezuela," had a party of eighteen, all of whom partook of their Sunday morning's breakfast from our lunch basket. As we expected every minute that the train would be backed down to Trinidad or that the two hundred men who were shoveling to open the cut to the tunnel would succeed in their mission, we paid no attention to the passengers in the train, as regarded their being provided with meals.



Watching the Colorado Delegation go by.

But the storm was too severe, and all day we remained sidetracked on Raton Mountain, four miles from the tunnel and fourteen miles from the city of Trinidad, with a blizzard piling the snow around the cars and threatening to cover them up. About lunch time Mr. and Mrs. Dean of Chicago came back to our car and informed me that there were twelve Pullman passengers, besides quite a number of first and second class passengers, on the train, and that the dining car had been cut off at La Junta, so that they were without anything to eat. I immediately sent word forward that we should be pleased to care for as many as possible and give what we had. This invitation brought passengers, train crew, and engineer and firemen, so that we provided every passenger with at least one good square meal that day. It is safe to say that we served fifty meals to our fellow passengers and the train crew.

About five o'clock Sunday an engine at the rear of fact that we were soon to uncomfortable position, for we had exhausted the lunch I had provided, so there over night, we should be hungry. Six o'clock found us at Trinidad with a dining car. This solved the question of the journey. The following day for the Land of the Setting Sun passed through the drifts high that had detained us to be two days late for the and Santa Monica. How we received when we did sated us for the inconvenience suffered en route, for we

Before leaving Trinidad anything we had done for the train crew by a tele division superintendent, thanks to me for having and crew as I had. I always

At Azusa the delegation was met by Mr. J. H. Holmes of Hotel Green, Pasadena, and of Raymond's Vacation and proprietor of the at Pasadena—now under the San Marcos at Santa wood Springs Hotel in this prompt welcome of the Denver party by Messrs. Holmes and Raymond is told by Mr. Raymond as follows:

We were sitting in the rotunda of the Hotel Green on the morning that the Denver delegation was due to arrive at Los Angeles, and on looking out of the window we saw a Santa Fe train standing at the Pasadena station. I said to Mr. Holmes, "Why would it not be a good plan for us to take that train and go out on the road as far as we can and meet the Denver folks?" He approved of the suggestion, and we immediately boarded the train. We found that we could go as far as Azusa before the train from Denver would pass us. We therefore got off the local train at Azusa and met the train from Denver there. The members of the Denver party were delighted to see us after their long trip across the desert and their



J. H. Holmes, manager of the Hotel Green, Pasadena, was born at Albany, Ohio, May 27, 1858. He entered the general merchandise store of his father at the age of fourteen. When he arrived at his majority he purchased the establishment. Soon after embarking in the mercantile line for himself he married Miss Mary M. Dewing, a cousin of Mrs. G. G. Green, wife of the owner of the Hotel Green, Pasadena. This was in the month of October 1879. In 1888 Col. Green, who was in Florida, telegraphed him to go to Pasadena and take charge of his interests there. Subsequently he was elected secretary and treasurer of the Hotel Green Company, and on June 1, 1891, he took the management of that hostelry.

day afternoon the whistle the train apprised us of the be rescued from our present and it was none too soon, buffet supplies and the that, had we remained have all gone to bed us sidetracked at the depot car in the rear of our car. meals for the balance of day at noon we were started Sunday once more, and soon of snow (eight and ten feet so long, and caused us to festivities at Los Angeles ever, the grand reception arrive more than compensations and annoyances we were royally entertained. I felt amply repaid for our fellow passengers and gram I received from the expressing his sincere cared for the passengers take a lunch with me now.

gation was met by Mr. Green, Pasadena, and of Raymond's Vacation and proprietor of the at Pasadena—now under the San Marcos at Santa wood Springs Hotel in this prompt wel-

previous detention by the snow storms in the Raton Mountains, and they soon opened a bottle of champagne and welcomed us in other ways. We explained to them that we had come out unexpectedly to meet them, and that we thought it would be a very pleasant arrangement for them to stop off at Pasadena, rest awhile, and take lunch at Hotel Green, and then go by electric cars to Los Angeles and Santa Monica. They were delighted with the proposition and placed themselves in our hands. After the lunch at "the Green" we accompanied them to Los Angeles, where they stopped at the Hollenbeck to register the names of the party and arrange for places at the Coronado banquet. Mr. Bilicke gave each of the ladies an elegant bouquet, and wel-

men with wine and ing there about an with the party by Monica. We were Santa Monica by Mr. members of the Re and marched with a The Arcadia, where members of the gathered on the beautiful bouquets,

For some delegation had expected and man Lynch, the at Santa Monica. ladies and bouton gentlemen had and once the flowers and quite members of the marched down to Pacific depot to of the train and come, but, as Mr. tive explains, the switched off, and come it ultimate nothing like as it would have come through ac in good order, "glass," "han

Anyhow, we were all glad to receive the members of the Denver party, and from that time on they mingled with the crowd and entered into the jollity and fun with a vim and energy which seemed all the greater for the hardships they had endured. As for Captain Edwards and Mr. Ecker, they punished the California provisions in fine style to make up for the onslaughts their buffet and lunch basket had had to encounter, and both returned to Colorado fully twenty-five pounds heavier than when they left.

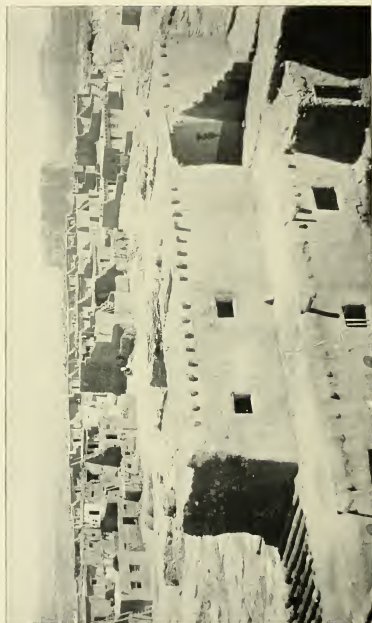


WALTER RAYMOND.

The first tourist hotel of any pretensions in California was The Raymond at Pasadena, built by Mr. Walter Raymond's father. Two years ago, unfortunately, it burned. Through that hotel, his connection with the Raymond and Whitcomb Excursions, and his hotel in Glenwood Springs, it is doubtful whether any hotel man in the world is better known than Mr. Raymond. His whole-souled good-heartedness, cordial geniality, and generous hospitality have rendered him popular wherever known. Mrs. Raymond accompanied him on the California trip, and with warm earnestness they worked together for the entertainment of our guests.

comed the gentle- words. After rest- hour we continued electric cars to Santa met on arrival at Lynch and other ception Committee, band of music to a large number of Association were piazza, with scores of to give us a welcome.

hours the Denver been anxiously awaited by Chair- author, and others Bouquets for the nieres for the been provided, band, with the a number of the H. M. M. B. A., the Southern await the arrival bid them wel- Raymond's narra- party had been therefore the wel- ly received was demonstrative as been had they cording to plan, "right side up," dle with care."



Acoma, from the Old Church, showing the Enchanted Mesa in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

WESTWARD HO!



SOMETIMES has the trip from the East to Chicago, or even to Kansas City, been taken and described that it is not necessary here to expatiate upon it. But there are some features of the ride through New Mexico and Arizona which are so peculiarly Western, and yet so little known, that every traveler to the Pacific Coast should be informed in regard to them.

From Kansas City to Albuquerque the ride is over the prehistoric inland sea which has yielded so many valuable fossils, and where, now, the plough, harrow, and reaper reign supreme. The Spanish Peaks and far-away "Pike's" tell of Colorado. The Raton tunnel leads into New Mexico, and the land of historic romance is entered. At Albuquerque the trains pass on to the tracks of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. The traveler has had views of Mexican adobe residences, Indian huts, and dashing riders of wild ponies, but now he comes in direct contact with a civilization far more ancient than he has any idea, and where a republican form of government, women's rights, and other "modern innovations" have had vigorous existence for many centuries.

At the A. and P. junction, where the main line of the Santa Fe diverges from the western direction and aims south, for Mexico, lies Isleta, a most pictur-

esque and interesting Indian pueblo. These Pueblo, or "town" Indians, must not be confounded with the wild Navajos, Hualapais, Mojaves, and other "nomad" Indians seen at the further stations of the journey. As the word "pueblo" implies, these people reside in "towns," composed of houses, and are not irresponsible, wandering bands of marauders. Industrious, intelligent,

provident, they are a living example of perseverant thrift to the scores of indolent, indifferent, improvident white people so generally found in our larger cities. For centuries, and perhaps tens of centuries—certainly hundreds of years before Leif Erickson, Columbus, and the Cabots descended upon our eastern shores—



A New Mexican Adobe.

these people tilled their fertile fields on the banks of the Rio Grande, built their stone and adobe houses, constructed extensive, elaborate, and successful irrigation works, and artificially watered their lands therefrom. It is a trifle sobering to the frantic modern American, who "spread-eagles" on the marvelous progress of this "great and glorious country," and instances "modern irrigation methods" as one proof of our advancement, to find in New Mexico, and, indeed, throughout the whole of the Southwest, a score or more of vast irrigation systems, some, of course, in total ruin, strating that the Pu region were advanced hundred, five hundred, and, reasonably possible thousand years ago. Indians, fruit-growers, house-builders, wool-staplers, dyers, potters, and capable in a score of valuable money-savers, too; ing in severalty large able cultivation, horses, and, occasion them have bank accounts and indite letters that sands of the "ex who so contemptu in their elegant Pull scornful expression

Yes, Indians in superior strain. early civilization, to them even now, rior" race has unfortunately in some modernize them. degree, temperate, in chaste, saving, industrious are terms not always

white people who vote, and change political dynasties, and yet these terms can truthfully be applied to the major portion of the Pueblo Indians for, at least, the 350 years they have been under the ken of the white observer. And they have a government, also, a republican system which is absolutely an "of, for, and by the people," and not "of, for, and by" the professional politician order. A Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Sheriff, Cacique, Council, and other officials are regularly and duly elected, and without pride, ostentation, or imposition, administer the affairs of the community.



A Pueblo Maiden at Laguna.

incontestably demonstrable Indians of this irrigationists, three hundred, a thousand, two or more. These are farming Indians, wine-makers, metal-workers, weavers, potters, capable of holding their own industries. They are many of them own-acreage under profit-bands of sheep, cattle. Some of counts, and can write would shame thoughtless white race pass them by mans, with the one — "Indians!"

Indeed, but of a very civilized with a very some of which sticks though the "superlatively—unfortunately—begun to Hospitable to the last the main cleanly, trious, intelligent, applicable to some

Such are the Pueblo Indians of Isleta, and of Laguna, another Indian town along the side of the railway which we have already approached, sixty-six miles from Albuquerque.

To be present at an Indian festival of any kind, with an intelligent and sympathetic eye, is to enjoy a series of sensations that would enliven the most *blasé*. Festivals are to be observed throughout al-



The Pueblo of Laguna, New Mexico.

most the entire year, but in September their "great" feasts of harvest thanksgiving occur. I was present this year at Isleta during a few hours of their festival, and I have seen it at Laguna, Acoma, and other villages. As a rule the whole community turns out. It is not a perfunctory performance in



The Thanksgiving Dance at Acoma.

which a few paid priests and neophytes appear. It is a national thanksgiving, in which every individual is expected to and does show great interest, and large numbers actively participate.

Stand with me on the top of one of these quaint and ugly, but certainly most comfortable,

houses, while one of the dances is going on. If you can see it without quickened pulses and aroused interest we are not "kindred souls." A hundred or more

men and women, dressed and fixed up for the celebration. The men with bodies naked, and smeared over with red and white paint, in rude but effective style; the loins girt with home-made and beautifully embroidered cotton kilt; depending from the waist, at the back, an elegant and well-dressed fox skin; anklets and armlets of fringed leather or pine sprigs; moccasins painted



One of the NATUX Rock Walls of Acoma, the City of the Sun-Worshippers.

red and yellow for the occasion; around the head a "banda" of gorgeous turkey-red silk; a bunch of eagle plumes in the hair; and around the neck a collection of shell beads, pieces of turquoise, silver beads and trinkets that fifty, a hundred, and even two hundred dollars

would often fail to buy. Barbaric splendor, truly, and yet attractive, picturesque, artistic, and effective, and that warms and excites one when seen for the first time.

The women decked in all the finery a year's almost miserly accumulation has gathered together. A home-made garment of indigo blue wool or cotton, well spun and woven, which falls below the knees; the lower portion of the legs swathed in well-dressed buckskin, to which are attached the dainty moccasins for feet that would have graced a Cinderella; over the shoulders as gay and gaudy a shawl or "mantua" as money can purchase, and the same wealth of beads and trinkets around the neck shown by the men; and, to crown all, an arrangement, most fearfully and wonderfully made of wood, leather, and feathers, and painted in barbaric colors, fixed upon the head. This "kacima" has a distinct and, to the wearer, intelligent bearing upon the dance, which, however, I have not space here to describe.



Two Acoma Water-carriers.

Now, then, see these men and women advance in perfect order, two by two, to the beating of a home-made "tombé," or drum, keeping time with a rhythmic swing, and the men in a peculiar, almost jerky, hop, the women in a steady, monotonous shuffling forward of the feet, in a dance of involution and evolution, long-continued, while a men's chorus, near by, sings



A Son of the Desert.

and gesticulates heartily and earnestly, and you have a picture of a Pueblo Indian festival dance. It is worth going many miles to see, and should never be neglected whenever opportunity affords one the privilege and pleasure of seeing.

But Acoma is, to me, the most interesting of all the Pueblo villages. It is the city of inaccessible cliffs.

The majority of reading Americans, at the present time,

know far more of Venezuela than of a large portion of their own United States. The southwest region of Southern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona are absolutely a *terra incognita* to 64,980,000 out of the 65,000,000 of population

claimed for "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Indeed, speaking of the City of the Cliff—Acoma—one American writer says in a book recently published by the Scribners: "It is a labyrinth of wonders of which no person alive knows all, and of which not six white men have even an adequate conception, though hundreds have seen it in part." And elsewhere he writes: "To outdo one's wildest dreams of the pic-



Pueblo Children out for a Ride.

turesque, one should explore the whole circumference of the mesa, which not a half a dozen Americans have ever done." This is, in the main, true.

I would not presume to say that I am acquainted with all the mysteries of Acoma, but I have made the circuit of the mesa several times.

And what is this city, built on such a picturesque site?

Acoma—pronounced Ah-co-mah, with the accent on the first syllable—is its strange name, and it is in New Mexico, but seventeen miles from Laguna. It

is an Indian Gibraltar, but, if it had

Gibraltar's British guns and British

soldiers it would be far more

"impregnable" than Gibraltar itself. It has been referred to more than once

by travelers visiting

New Mexico as "An

Indian Quebec," but it

would be immeasurably

more difficult for an

enemy to successfully

storm than would be the

noted Canadian stronghold.

Imagine a rock island, with

absolutely precipitous walls,

nearly four hundred feet high, standing, solitary and alone, in the midst of a beautiful, grassy valley, and with a town upon its summit, and you have the first rude conception of Acoma. It has rocky scenery surrounding it that surpasses a hundred-fold the Colorado "Garden of the Gods"; trails to dizzy heights that are, perhaps, the steepest the foot of man ever regularly trod; a church that has a history surpassing in interest, and covering more ground than any modern cathedral in the United States; a picture—an old master—that has been the occasion of a war, and the source of a dispute that it took the government of New Mexico to settle; a model republic; the home of a civilized people who were ancient before the crown of England was seized by William the Conqueror; self-dependent, self-contained, self-supporting, self-respecting, industrious, and virtuous, it is singular indeed that the Acomas and their peerless pueblo are unknown to the majority even of cultured, refined, and educated Americans.

In 1540, Coronado visited it, and, in turn, many other Spanish explorers, including Juan de Oñate and Espejo, the latter leaving us an account of the snake dance he witnessed there—a ceremony now obsolete, except with the Mokis.

Three miles before reaching Acoma, the road passes the Mesa Encantada—Kacima, as the Indians term it—a majestic single rock, some seven hundred feet high, and upon which tradition says the Acomas used to live. Ride around it and see how they gained access to its summit. There is not a single foothold for hundreds of feet. It is absolutely inaccessible. For scores



Indian Weaver.



From McNeil's Statue of Manuelito, The Navajo Chief.

of decades it has stood there, defying the curiosity of man, which would seek to peer into the mysteries of that cloud-swept, storm-beset summit. Your Acoma guide will tell you the terrible story why *Kalcima* is no longer the home of his people. The men and women—all except three—were busy at work in their fields at Acomita, when a fearful storm deluged the country, no doubt accom-



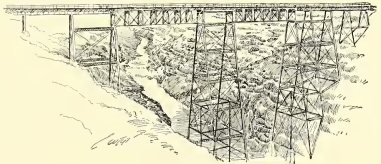
Standing on the Petrified Bridge.

panied by some other throe of Nature, and the sand being washed away from its base, the giant rock, into which steps for ascent and descent had been cut, fell crashing to the ground, leaving the ill-fated ones above to starve and die and the people below homeless.

There are several of these

detached "rock-islands" in the valleys between Laguna and Acoma, but *Kalcima* is the king of them all. Capped with a limestone, or possibly one of the earlier basaltic flows from Mount San Mateo, these detached portions resisted the degrading processes that have so marvelously denuded the whole plateau region, and thus left them, as memorials of Nature's marvelous working forces in the disintegration and removal of mighty layers of rock that appear as if they were originally laid for evermore.

From the pointed end of *Kalcima* we gain our first glimpse of modern Acoma. It is perched on the seventy-acre summit of its 350



Canyon Diablo Bridge.

feet high cliffs, all of which are carved and sculptured into forms of bewildering beauty and delightful enchantment. The genii of erosion have here indulged in Arabian Nights' entertainments of fantastic carving. Forms as wild as Alladin's palace was beautiful are here produced in endless variety and profusion. Yonder are a couple of top-heavy rocks, overlooking a natural bridge of vast

arch, which is surmounted by a round tower, and a gentle minaret of most delicate proportions. Surely this—to the left—must be a portion of the



Walpi—A Moki Belle—The Snake Dance.

American who wishes to *know* something of the wonderful of his own country.

Passing Laguna, the railway cuts through a vast lava field. For some time the San Jose River or creek runs near by, and from the car windows are to be seen the fields of the Acoma Indians, for they come down this far to care for their agricultural interests.

Crossing the Continental Divide on the Zuni Mountains, the wonderful cliffs to the right occupy the attention until the region of the Navajo Indians is reached. These are nomads—wanderers, for the main part. Now and again the careful observer may witness one of the most interesting sights of the plains, even as his train passes along, though such a glimpse is more tantalizing than satisfying. A woman seated before the rudest kind of a frame is engaged in making blankets. The

rock-hewn temple of the Great Rameses, brought all the way from Ipsamboul. Yonder, almost opposite the dizzying foot-trail, is a detached rock-column, hundreds of feet high, and around which the busy Indians have constructed corrals for their burros and cattle. On the further end from that by which the visitor approaches, is another, equally high, equally imposing, a veritable Pompey's pillar, that dwarfs the great Alexandrian column into inferiority.

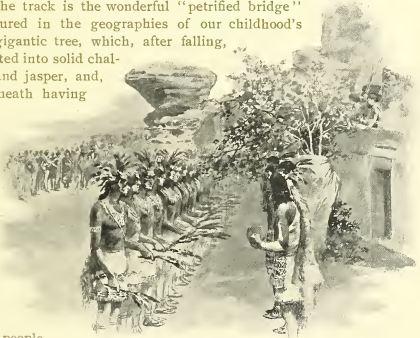
And so I could write for hours of Acoma and its surroundings. Nothing but a sight of it, however, will ever satisfy the longing of the



A Snake Dancer.

Navajo weavers surpass the world, not in the fineness of their textures, but in the durability and wild symbolism of their patterns. Those who saw my collection of Navajo blankets, when I lectured at Coronado, will remember these points and be interested in the photograph of the rude weaver shown on page 72.

As the train nears Holbrook we are in the region of the Petrified Forest. Six miles from the track is the wonderful "petrified bridge" which was pictured in the geographies of our childhood's days. It is a gigantic tree, which, after falling, has been converted into solid chalcedony, agate, and jasper, and, the earth underneath having washed away in the center, and formed the head of a small ravine, leaving the base and upper portion still embedded in the earth on the sides, it forms a bridge upon which a hundred people might stand with safety, and across which, I am informed, more than one person has ridden on horseback.



The Beginning of the Moki Snake Dance.

The whole region for many miles around about is scattered over with the fallen giants in a state of exquisite petrification. Agate, jasper, chalcedony, and other beautiful mineral forms, abound in bewildering profusion to one who wishes to choose for the enrichment of his cabinet. This forest is one of the nation's treasures, and, by Presidential proclamation, or whatever action is necessary, should be declared a National Park for the enjoyment and instruction of the people of the United States forever.

At Canyon Diablo the train crosses a bridge over a chasm, which gives its name to the place. This is a mere gash in the earth, compared with the gigantic Grand Canyon, later to be described, but as suggestive of the larger canyon is interesting to the passing traveler.

From Holbrook, Winslow, and other points on the line, the traveler who wishes for something new in the way of sensations will pay a visit to the Moki Indians, another, and the most western, branch of the Pueblo family. The Mokis are the performers in that most weird, mystic, thrilling, and, to many people, horrible, ceremony, the Snake Dance. Since the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. to California I have witnessed the ceremony again, having before seen it twice, at the villages of Walpi and Mashongnavi. This year the celebration took place at Oraibi. Men, dressed somewhat after the fashion described in the pages on

Isleta, circling around in a, to them, most solemn and sacred manner, carrying rattlesnakes and other dangerous species in their mouths, is a novel sight, and one that excites the nerves of the most hardened. I wrote the following account after the Walpi celebration of 1895, and, with slight variations, it adequately describes that of Oraibi in August, 1896.

Just at sunset on the evening of the ninth day, the assembled crowd of Americans, Navajos and Mokis was hushed into silence as the members of the Antelope order, painted and bedecked, marched solemnly upon the scene. The so-called "Sacred Rock," was covered with spectators, as were all the house-tops and available vacant spaces.

On one side of the dance plaza stood the snake "kisi," a small bower of cottonwood boughs, under which the snakes were kept, confined in a large olla. After making four circuits of the ground the "Antelopes" formed a line, half on one side, half on the other side of the kisi, with which all aligned. Then, Kopeli, the head of the "Snakes," followed by his band, amid the buzz of admiration and surprise from the spectators, strode into sight, made the sinistral circle four times, and then faced the "Antelopes." Every man was smeared body and face with red, black and white pigments, wore a kilt on which was painted a zigzag figure representing the plume-headed serpent, a fox skin hanging dependent from his waist at the back, a pair each of fringed anklets, red moccasins and arm-bands, and necklets of leather, shells, and turquoise.

Thus facing each other the "Antelopes" and "Snakes" sing a low, weird, humming kind of song, accompanying it with their guajes, or rattles, made of dried gourds, and swaying their bodies laterally in time to the music. One man who stood within three feet of me had a small rattlesnake coiled up in his mouth. Nothing but the ugly little head was visible, and now and again its mouth opened, revealing its forked tongue and allowing us distinctly to see the dangerous needle fangs through which the poison is injected.

This song ended, the "Snakes" divided themselves into groups of three respectively, the "carrier," the "hugger," and the "gatherer." The "Antelopes" remained standing in line as they were originally placed. Then at a given signal, the first group advanced toward the "kisi." The carrier sank upon one knee,



The Snake Dance at Walpi.

thrust his hand under the cover, and drew therefrom a snake, which he immediately placed midway in his mouth, holding it between either his lips or his teeth. As he arose he closed his eyes, and the hugger, placing his right arm around his neck, with the left stroked the writhing and wriggling reptile with his snake-whip to keep it from biting his companion. After advancing about three-fourths around the circuit the carrier threw the snake from his mouth, when the "gatherer" (who had followed close behind) at once stooped down, stroked

it with his whip, grabbed it a third of its length from the head, gave it a shake and then unconcernedly as possible handed it to one of the standing "Antelopes," who was awaiting it. In the meantime the same performance had been going on with minor variations by each group of three, and, by now, the whole area was covered with the dancers, moving along in their peculiar hippety-hop fashion, carrying one, two, three and even four of the hideous looking reptiles. Occasionally a snake roused to anger by his fall upon the hard rock, showed fight, and coiled and recoiled with inconceivable rapidity, resisting and defeating all efforts made to capture him, until one of the older and more experienced priests, with dexterous sweep of the whip, and rapid grab, put an end to the conflict and replaced the irritated "wriggler" in the kisi.

Standing by the "Sacred Rock" the women sprinkled each snake with sacred meal as the dancers passed by. This was the petition of the women especially. The sacred meal is the symbol of fertility, and this was their prayer that many and healthful children might be born to them.

For twenty minutes or more this fascinating, thrilling, and exciting performance continued, and then, two of the priests having traced a ring of prayer-meal about twenty feet in diameter



The Sacred Rock and Snake Dance Plaza at Walpi.

near the dance-rock, a signal was given, and altogether the dancers rushed to the circle and there threw down whatever snakes they held. Conceive the writhing, wriggling, horrible spectacle. Nearly two hundred snakes in one moving mass, surrounded by these half-naked and hideously "decorated" Indians. The antelope chief

shouted a prayer to the snakes, while the women emptied their platters of meal upon them; a second signal was given and the squirming mass was speedily snatched into the hands of the dancers, who immediately ran as speedily as they could to the valley below where they were reverently deposited. Racing back to the mesa each dancer partook of an emetic, kuelt down while it took effect, some of them aiding the emesis by thrusting their fingers into their throats, and then retired to the kivas, where, their fasting time ended, they feasted upon piki and other delicacies the women provided, until late in the evening.

The Mokis are a strange and fascinating people, and it is astonishing they are so little known.

Returning to the railway the majestic peaks of the San Francisco range of mountains denote the presence of the picturesque town of Flagstaff, from which stages run regularly, during the summer months, to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. In the chapter on Hotel del Coronado I have given a brief

resume of the lecture I delivered there, describing the marvelous wonders of this awful abyss. The San Francisco peaks form one of the most dignified and serenely majestic ranges of mountains in the world. For over two hundred miles from every direction they are to be seen, and, whether near by or far away, they are equally impressive, imposing, and attractive. Flagstaff is a pretty little town, and in summer a delightful place to find relief from the heat of the desert region of the Southern portion of the Territory.

Dropping down from the plateau, soon after leaving Flagstaff, the trains passed Williams and Ash Fork, the latter being the point of departure of the Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phoenix Railroad, which takes the traveler through a most picturesque country to Phoenix, the territorial capital.



The Chicago Party trading with the Indians at The Needles.

When the trains reached The Needles the Mojave Indians reaped quite a harvest from the members. Mr. Wise bought a dog, others bought bows and arrows, pottery, blankets, and baskets, and Mr. Bohn secured the snap shot, here reproduced, of his party trading and bartering.

With such stories of fact as these could I have whiled away the hours of the party as it came "Westward Ho!" had I been able to gather the listeners together, as the trip across this region, generally regarded as so barren and devoid of interest, was made. In wondrous fascination the road to California is almost as interesting as California itself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECEPTION AT BARSTOW AND ARRIVAL AT LOS ANGELES.



OUR promise was fulfilled. We did have a complete carload of flowers. There was a basket for every lady, a bouquet for every gentleman, and garlands for every car of the three Eastern trains, all provided through the liberal courtesy of Mr. Walter Raymond of Boston, Colorado and California. Even to the members of the California Reception Committee these flowers were beautiful and gratifying, and we can only imagine what they must have been to our Eastern guests, after their long journey across the plains and deserts. They were the beauty portion of our reception, or at least one part of it; for the true Californian regards the ladies of the Golden State as the most beautiful of all her glories and beauties, and some of her fairest daughters stood on the platform at Barstow to greet our incoming guests.

The special train afforded by the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe System) for the conveyance of the Reception Committee from Los Angeles and Barstow, comprised a baggage car, a tourist sleeper, in which the band was



Freighting Borax from Death Valley to Daggett.

From "The Traveler," S. F., Cal.

quartered, and the handsome Pullman palace car, San Vicente. The train was in charge of Conductor Hoase, and the following railway men were along to take care of the hotel men and their coming guests: W. B. Beamer, superintendent;



MISS LYNCH.



MISS FARNSWORTH.



MISS SOULE.

CALIFORNIA'S
FAIREST
FLOWERS.

H. K. Gregory, assistant general passenger agent; C. F. Lane, superintendent of machinery and car department; I. L. Hibbard, train master; H. Isaacs, division baggage agent of the Southern California Railway, and C. A. Warner, traveling passenger agent for the Southern Pacific.

Chas. Moxam, representing the Western Union Telegraph Company, and R. R. Haines, manager of the Postal Telegraph, were also with the party.

The following ladies and gentlemen of the Reception Committees were on the special:

San Diego—Geo. W. Lynch, Miss Kendall; Los Angeles—A. C. Bilicke, F. O. Johnson and wife, Thos. Pascoe, H. W. Chase and wife, Charles H. Smith; Coronado—E. S. Babcock; Riverside—Senator Streeter; Santa Barbara—Walter Raymond and cisco—Gen. R. B. Soule, wife J. C. Kirkpat Montgomery, Pasadena — J. G. Wharton Farnsworth.

We had a out to Barstow, icke caused little by dis following tele quarters in Los

No. 1.—Com vaded Pasadena Green "blind except Lynch. ous. A. C. BIL

No. 2.—Car taken on at Ray dena, Committee very dry. Chase, having talking the lead. Chase the face, and hanging out. We ICKE.

No. 3.—Lynch has disappeared. Think he is lost on the desert. A tribe of Hualapai Indians now on his trail. If no news from him in one hour send Chief Glass and the whole detective force on special train.

No. 4.—Lynch has just shown up. Walked out to meet the Chicago train. Train just pulling in. Will leave here at 5:30 and be in town about 10:30.

As the trains finally rolled into Barstow on Monday evening, April 13th, there were cordial handshakes by those who were acquainted, and many a merry "How-do-you-do! Glad to welcome you to California!" rang through the cars as the flowers were rapidly distributed.

It was hot at Barstow, so not even the most carping critic could question the



H. K. Gregory, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe Route), is one of the oldest and best liked railroad men in Southern California. For many years connected with the Santa Fe, he knows the needs of the traveling public, and his kind watchfulness over the H. M. M. B. A. while in his territory will long be remembered.

wife; San Fran- H. Warfield, K. and daughter, rick, Chas. O. B. Stanton; H. Holmes, James, Miss

little fun going and A. C. Bil- more than a patching the grams to head- Angeles:

mittee has in- and struck Hotel tiger." All sober Lynch very hilar- ICKE.

load of flowers mond and Pas- all hilarious but James, and Lynch match. Lynch in nearly black in James's tongue still live. BIL-

BILICKE.

BILICKE.



The California Bear whose hug welcomed the Ladies of the H. M. B. A. to California.

warmth of his reception, and then, to drown all questionings and salutations, the band vociferously played "Annie"—No, I don't know that it did play "Annie Rooney," because I never heard a band yet that did—anyhow, "The Band Played On!"



CHARLES MOXAM.

When the Western Union Telegraph Company so kindly extended the courtesy of its wires to the H. M. M. B. A., Mr. Moxam was sent to accompany the excursion during the whole of its stay in California. His constant watchfulness and promptitude gained him the friendship of every member of the party. For several seasons he has been the special operator on the bicycle circuit work.

each car in succession, and, in the words of Mr. H. J. Bohn, in *The Hotel World*:

Prof. G. Wharton James made a pleasant little speech to the group in each car, and each lady was then handed by Mr. Bilicke a beautiful metal gold inlaid badge made in the form of a California poppy, the State flower, and inscribed "California, '96," which will ever be treasured by the ladies as the "dearest little souvenir" of the event of '96. Each gentleman at the same time was presented with a metal badge, representing a bear in a crescent, the symbol of the State, and inscribed with "H. M. M. B. A." and "California, '96." At the same moment was presented to each lady and gentleman an itinerary book which far and away distanced anything of the kind ever given the association in the past. It is a little leather-bound volume of 100 pages, the binding handsomely embossed, and the pages profusely illustrated with the prettiest of half-tone plates of all the scenery and points of interest to be visited by the H. M. M. B. A. in California, with a description written by the facile pen of Prof. James. As Mr. Bilicke handed to each a badge, Prof. James in his felicitous way remarked, "This is your badge, which you will find a key to California," and as the itinerary booklet

If our friends from the East were as glad to see us as we were to greet and welcome them, the trains, as they rolled into Barstow, brought many happy and delighted souls. The three trains were about an hour apart, the Chicago-California Special being in the lead. Soon after its arrival it pushed ahead, with the following members of the Reception Committees accompanying it: A. C. Bilicke, G. Wharton James, Thos. Pascoe, Chas. Montgomery, Miss Kendall, and Miss Farnsworth. As the train sped along, the train captain and secretary, Messrs. H. J. Bohn and W. H. Worth, accompanied by Mr. A. C. Bilicke and the writer, entered



MRS. MARTHA G. DAVIS,
Proprietor Rowell Hotel, Riverside.

was presented "This will be your bible while in California—study it carefully and you cannot go astray." In addition was handed to each an abbreviated itinerary and time table for ready reference, thus enabling every guest to know at any moment during the California trip the entire program and the departing time of trains at every point.



CHARLES H. SMITH.

To attend to the press dispatches of an excursion such as that of the H. M. M. B. A. was an arduous and responsible task. No man could have been found to better fill the position than Mr. Chas. H. Smith, editor and proprietor (with Mr. T. J. Hammer) of the *Los Angeles Hotel Gazette*. The most complete report of the festivities was published in this excellent daily paper, and no person can be said to be well informed on hotel events in Southern California who does not read it daily.

was gone through as in the first, so that by the time the three trains arrived in Los Angeles the "itineraries" and badges had all been distributed, and the visiting members had become fairly well acquainted with some of their California hosts. The "itineraries" were at once studied, so that as the days of sight-seeing came along each member of the party knew what he was to see, and the especial claims it made upon his attention.

Each member of the various trains also received a handsomely engraved "Welcome" from Mr. Frank A. Miller of the Glenwood Tavern, Riverside, the president of the Southern California Hotel Association. It is herewith reproduced as a permanent "welcome" to all hotel men in visiting California.

The New York train came next, Mr. H. W. Chase and the following members of the California Reception Committee having charge of it: John C. Kirkpatrick, O. B. Stanton, J. H. Holmes, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Martha G. Davis.

The third and last train was the New England Special, Mr. G. H. Bowker, captain, with the following members of the California Reception Committees in charge: G. W. Lynch, F. O. Johnson, E. S. Babcock, Senator Streetor, Walter Raymond, R. H. Warfield, K. B. Soule, Mrs. and Miss Soule, Mrs. W. Raymond, and Mrs. F. O. Johnson.

In each of these trains the same program



GENERAL R. H. WARFIELD,
Proprietor California Hotel, San Francisco, and
Hotel San Rafael, San Rafael.

*Come to the Members of
The Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association.*

The people of Southern California unite with the Hotel Fraternity in giving you a most cordial welcome to the Pacific Coast.

The committee on entertainment will spare no effort to make your visit pleasant and in every way enjoyable. Our desire is that this may be numbered among the most pleasant and satisfactory of your Annual gatherings.

While you remain with us the land is yours with the fruits and flowers thereof and after your departure may you have only pleasant memories of your California visit.

During your stay if I can in any way contribute to your comfort or happiness do not hesitate to make it known. I wish to be considered at all times at your service.



Most Sincerely,

Frank C. Miller, President.

Riverside, Cal., April 13th 1896.

*Southern California
Hotel Men's Association.*



FRANK A. MILLER is not only one of the most prominent hotel men in the State, but he is well known in other business and theatrical circles as an active and successful business man and the manager of the Loring Opera House of Riverside, one of the trimmest and most comfortable houses on the Pacific Coast. He is a royal good fellow in every way, and fills the position of President of the S. C. H. A. with honor and credit to the Association. In the chapter on Riverside will be found a description of his hotel, the Glenwood Tavern.



At the Seventeenth Annual Meeting, H. M. B. A., Music Hall, Los Angeles.

CHAPTER V.

LOS ANGELES AND THE ANNUAL MEETING.



THE morning, La Grande Station, Los Angeles, wore quite a metropolitan air, when all the handsome cars of the three special trains were found there, and the visiting bonifaces began to make their appearance and wend their way up town. A few had gone up the night before to the different hotels, but there were many who were in bed and sound asleep when their trains arrived, and who wisely determined not to be disturbed until morning.

At about nine o'clock the office and corridors and reception-rooms of the Hollenbeck Hotel—which was the headquarters both of the H. M. M. B. A. and the S. C. H. A.—were crowded with jolly bonifaces, happy that their journey across the continent was over, and already sniffing the balmy breezes of the I am told that quite a number of them took “snifters,” but as I

Pacific Coast, am not well acquainted with Eastern hotel parlance, I suppose that these were unusually deep draughts of Pacific Coast air.

The Hollenbeck was elaborately decorated. Hundreds and hundreds of yards of red, white, and blue bunting,



The Hollenbeck Office, decorated for the H. M. M. B. A.

streamers and paper rosettes of beautiful coloring, all arranged in the most artistic manner, gave the exterior of the handsome building as pleasing an appearance as



The Hollenbeck Hotel, corner Second and Spring Streets, Los Angeles.

the ribbons and other adornments of a rosy-cheeked maiden at a country fair. But, handsome though the exterior was, it was the interior that attracted universal attention. There were so many potted plants that it was like a garden of flowers. The lobby presented a beautiful appearance. The walls were adorned with banners, flags, tissue-paper rosettes of rich colorings and palm leaves. Around the six or seven snowy white columns was climbing ivy, while in every nook and corner of the lobby stood a potted plant, fresh from the sunshine, and a dream to our friends from the far East.

The archway near the hotel office was adorned with climbing ivy and flags, and suspended from the apex was an immense badge of the association. It was fully four feet in diameter. In the small circle over the opened hotel register were the words "Welcome, California." Tissue-papers covered the chandeliers, and everywhere about the and delicate, rare and Everything spoke a

The reception-second floor. Here as elaborate as in the rooms was the flowing things that ministered

In all the corridors were the choicest varieties and cut flowers at most pleasing effects. that the Hollenbeck headquarters. Its Bilicke, had done far more than any other one man to make the great success it was, efforts too much praise Working constantly months prior to the I can most cordially tered by President Coronado banquet, he not desire to unduly any one person above

There is one man tled to praise for the

has done. I refer to Mr. A. C. Bilicke (applause), proprietor of the Young and vigorous, with a keen, active mind, and an industry that never tires, he has worked on this proposition day and night for the last several months. His own business has been neglected. Ever courteous, ever pleasant, always ready and willing, always thinking out something that would tend to your comfort, I feel, as chairman of the entertainment committee, that this recognition is but due and just, as his modesty is proverbial.

From the *Hotel World* of June 20, 1896, I make the following extracts in regard to Mr. Bilicke's personal and business career:



C. G. Bilicke, the father of A. C. Bilicke, was born in Prussia in 1829. He came to America in 1853, and to California in 1855. He entered the hotel business as proprietor of the Florence Hotel, at Florence, A. T., in 1875. Afterwards he conducted the Cosmopolitan, at Tombstone, A. T.; the Russ House, at Modesto, Cal., for seven years; the Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz, for two years, and for the two years last past he has been associated with his son, A. C. Bilicke, in the proprietorship of the Hollenbeck, in Los Angeles. His genial smile and merry jollity will never be forgotten by the visiting hotel men who were fortunate enough to meet him.

lobby were exquisite beautiful cut flowers. hearty welcome.

rooms were on the the decorations were lobby. In one of the punch bowl and other to the taste.

dors of the building eties of potted plants ranged to create the It was appropriate beck should be the proprietor, Mr. A. C. more than any other Hotel Men's visit the and to his personal cannot be given. with him for several arrival of our guests, indorse the words ut-Lynch, when, at the said that while he did mention the work of that of another—

above us all who is entitled great and lasting work he

Hollenbeck, Los Angeles. His own business has been neglected. Ever courteous, ever pleasant, always ready and willing, always thinking out something that would tend to your comfort, I feel, as chairman of the entertainment committee, that this recognition is but due and just, as his modesty is proverbial.



BENJAMIN HOLDICH YARD, eighth president of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States, was born January 1st, 1825, on the historic revolutionary battlefield of Trenton, New Jersey. He is the seventh son of Captain Joseph Ashton Yard, who served throughout the Mexican War as Captain in the 10th United States Infantry. Captain Yard also raised two companies in the late war for the Union. Captain Yard and seven of his sons were engaged in the Army and Navy at one time during the late war, including the subject of this sketch. Both great-grandfathers of Benjamin H. Yard assisted in the establishment of American Independence during the War of the Revolution. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was Major James Sterling, of the Burlington County (New Jersey) Militia, and his great-grandfather on his father's side was Benjamin Yard, who erected the Triumphal Arch at Trenton, N. J., on the occasion of the reception of General George Washington in 1780, when on his way to New York to be inaugurated First President of the United States, and whose brothers Benjamin Yard's were officers in the Continental Army.

Benjamin Holdich Yard received an ordinary school education up to his fourteenth year, when he entered the drug business in New York City with an older brother. Shortly after this Benjamin H. entered the United States service as Apothecary in the Navy, and afterwards served as Paymaster's Clerk. When the Confederate General, Robert E. Lee with his great army, advanced into Pennsylvania, Benjamin H., who was at his Trenton home at the time, awaiting, on account of lacking six months of becoming twenty-one years of age, his appointment as Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, at once enlisted in his father's second company, was made sergeant, and served at Harrisburg until the crisis had passed. On his return to his home he was drafted, but before being called upon to report at camp, orders came from the War Department cancelling the draft, as the need for soldiers had passed. After the war Mr. Yard was interested in a saw-mill in Southern Mississippi, was a Wall Street broker, a New York politician, a pioneer in the wood-pulp business up to the 1860 year office. In 1861 he became interested in the development of Jersey seaside resorts, and, finally meeting that veteran in the hotel business—J. C. Maltby—was taken into camp at the Beach House, Sea Girt, N. J., where he remained eight years. He opened Avon Inn, Key East Beach, N. J., in 1884, and managed it two years. Then he returned to his old chief—Maltby—who was very ill at the time and assisted him in the management of the Moonmouth House, Spring Lake Beach, N. J., for the years 1886 and 1887. In 1888 he leased the Indian Harbor Hotel, Greenwich, Conn., and conducted it successfully for seven years. The next venture was the leasing of the Hotel Arctur, Avenue, Long Island, N. Y., which Mr. Yard took late in the spring of 1890, principally to protect the hotel contracts which he had previously made himself responsible for. He is now in possession of the old and Moonmouth House, and if there is anything in friendship, coupled with proper management of business, he is likely to remain there so long as the present parties in interest have existence.

In the month of roses, in the turbulent year of 1861, just as our nation had plunged into awful civil war, far away from the seat of carnage—as far away as possible and still be in Uncle Sam's boundaries—away up in Oregon, was born a tow-headed baby boy, whom the fates decreed should become "a handsome and popular hotel man." He must have been born with a love for the wild and roomy westland, for he was "brung up" and educated there and has never ventured east except to attend an H. M. M. B. A. meeting.

Mr. Albert C. Bilicke received his education in San Francisco, and his *entre* in the hotel business was made as clerk in his father's hotel, a little hotel in a little town, but with a name as big as any of them, the "Cosmopolitan." The town was Florence and the territory Arizona. Three hundred miles from a railroad! The days of the stage-coach, in 1877, when in all that country there was little else than Indians, miners, cowboys and coyotes, with a few daring overland tour in now and think of run a town three from the toot of In 1879 Mr. his son went to Ariz., just be mining excite there, and built politau," which ite hotel with of eastern min made Tomb Mecca. Here ily remained fire came along tel, town, and ple out of exist

A seven ticeship in Ari Bilicke thought and having some mining turned to Cali and in 1885 business for chasing the the little town Here he re years, when he Cruz, the prin resort town of purchased a half Pacific Ocean

the most favorably known of the old California hotels of note. But the quiet and saintly old town of Santa was too slow to suit the young mau, and having an opportunity to sell out at a good advance he embraced it. In 1893 he went to Los Angeles and purchased lease and furniture of the Hotel Hollenbeck, which has not only proved profitable but which he has made altogether the most popular hotel of the beautiful and fast growing metropolis of Southern California.

In regard to his work for the H. M. M. B. A. entertainment the *World* continues:



K. H. WADE.

While in Los Angeles many of the members met Mr. K. H. Wade, General Manager of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe System). Mr. Wade has been at the head of the Southern California Railway ever since it began operations, and to his judicious management much of its great success is undoubtedly to be attributed. He was tireless in his endeavors to add pleasure and comfort to the H. M. M. B. A. while in Southern California.

ists sandwiched then. Just ning a hotel in hundred miles a locomotive! Bilicke pere and Tombstone, fore the great ment struck a new "Cosmo-proved a favor-the procession ing men who stone their the Bilicke fam-five years, when and wiped ho-all but the peo-ence.

years' appren-zona young was enough, been lucky in ventures, he re-fornia in 1884, launched out in himself by pur-Ross House in of Modesto. mained several went to Santa cipal summer California, and interest in the House, one of



Vice-President Stevenson and Party in the Reading-room, Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles.

That the enterprise conceived by him, and so largely arranged and carried out by him, should culminate so grandly and successfully, should be a matter for much personal pride on his part. His excellent judgment, methodical and strictly business-like way, speaking and acting without fear or favor, was a great factor in the success of such a program. He personally met, it is safe to say, every man and woman in the excursion party (and *sub rosa* it may be mentioned that the ladies are still puzzling over the problem how such a gentleman has so long escaped the snares of Cupid!), was ubiquitous, in fact, during the three weeks. His handsome sister was also a popular member of the California contingent, while all who met Mr. Bilicke's father at the Hollenbeck found him one of the most genial and interesting veterans on the coast.

Under the management of Mr. Bilicke the Hollenbeck has rapidly risen into favor. The most distinguished guests the Pacific Coast has had have made it their headquarters. The accompanying engraving shows Vice-President Stevenson and party in the Hollenbeck reading-room, which, in its appointments is peculiarly and distinctively Southern Californian, and invariably appeals to the tastes of

The
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The Pepper Trees, Hon. C. Silent's, Los Angeles.

visitors.
Hollen-
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Bilicke.

Nothing short of the best possible to be attained is his standard, consequently, the Hollenbeck is the chosen commercial, family, and tourist hotel of the largest number of visitors to Southern California. The cafe and restaurant, while connected with the house, so that it is run on both the American and European plans, is leased to Mr. J. E. Aull, Mr. Bilicke's California companion on the Colorado trip of the H. M. M. B. A. It is well conducted and in no way detracts from the high character the Hollenbeck, in every department, has won for itself. It is a prosperous house in every sense of the word, and in these times such a designation means much.

Here it was, then, that the H. M. M. B. A. made its headquarters, and here the crowd would stick on Tuesday morning, April 14th, when they should have been where the annual meeting was to be held. As this was called for ten o'clock, it took a good deal of rustling on the part of the author and a few others to induce



The H. M. M. B. A. on the Lawn at Judge Silent's, Los Angeles.

the members to assemble in the Music Hall, which had been kindly tendered for the occasion by Mr. W. H. Perry. As soon as the politicians had got in their work and the slates were made up, President Yard called the Convention to order, and intimated that the first order of business was to yield up one's portrait to the already ubiquitous photographer, who had put in an appearance and wished to experiment upon the Convention with his new flashlight apparatus. The picture was made, scaring quite a number of the members in the operation, and then every one settled down to transact the business of the day. Mr. H. J. Bohn was the acting secretary in the absence of Mr. Walter Barnes.

The general appearance of the members in Convention was good. There was a solid look about them. As the *Los Angeles Evening Express* expressed it :

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We have paid
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ble and loyal showing it is, and I doubt the existence of its equal. It is my sincere wish and earnest hope that our incoming president may be as agreeably surprised at the end of his term of office as I have been at the close of mine. Our Association is a glorious institution; its foundation was well laid and will prove enduring. All hail! to the men who



M. H. SHERMAN,
President Pasadena and Pacific Electric Railway.

Mr. Eli P. Clarke and the president of the "Pasadena and Pacific," General M. H. Sherman, were both much interested in the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. to Southern California, and in the most generous way possible extended the hospitality of their railway to the visitors. Connecting with the Mount Lowe Railway, they form a direct line from the summit of the Sierra Madre Range to the Pacific Ocean, thus making possible a snow ride in the morning, a fete of flowers in the daytime, and a swim in the surf the same afternoon, with abundance of time for each amusement, and for return to Pasadena or Los Angeles in the evening.

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zation. Only 40
the past year, as
year previous.
beneficiaries to
\$301,546. A no-

conceived and carried to a successful conclusion such an organization. The names of Scott and Rice will live in the memories of the members of the H. M. M. B. A. as long as the society has an existence.

From our humble beginning in Chicago, some seventeen years ago, and confined to but a few other States, it has thrived and spread its membership into nearly every State in the Union, until now its bounds are from Canada and Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Why its success?

There is no stimulant in the way of high-salaried officers; no soliciting agents nor commissions. There is a secretary and treasurer combined in the person of Brother Walter Barnes, who presents monthly a modest bill for stamps and clerical assistance. Who does the work of this large society? How is its life blood kept healthy and pulsating? I will tell you, my brothers. It is all done by a little band of self-sacrificing men consisting of the board of directors, a finance committee, and a secretary and treasurer, who meet monthly in the great city of whose unselfish to the interests of Association" is of every member's praise, and admit it! Month after month after the long years these faithful un have adminis of the H. M. M. and honorably. unselfish spirit whole Associa It is not so, and general princi expect it. And not refrain from members that loy our Association the time" are nec and essential for being, success,

The an Secretary and Barnes and rectorors were Both made a

Various were appoint the election of taken up, and Thayer of Col poser, E. M.

New York as seconder, and followed by a host of supporters, GEORGE W. LYNCH was nominated and elected by unanimous vote. On the announcement of the vote Mr. Lynch made a brief speech of thanks which was well received. Then followed the election of first vice-president, and, on proposal of G. Wharton James, GEORGE H. BOWKER of Massachusetts was unanimously elected.



ELI P. CLARKE,
Vice-President and General Manager Pasadena and Pacific
Electric Railway.

General Sherman and Superintendent Clarke are brothers by marriage, and they are truly brothers in work, in capacity, and in ability. To them Los Angeles owes its fine system of city electric railways, as well as the railway connecting the mountains with the sea. Since 1890 they have been striking and important figures in Los Angeles business circles, and the city is far more indebted to their tireless energy, far-seeing ability, and thorough work than jealousy is willing to admit.

Chicago, and devotion and love "Our Beloved richly deserving ber's gratitude, ration. Think of month through that have passed salaried trustees tered the affairs B. A. successfully Would that that pervaded the tion. But alas! to presume upon ples, we cannot at this time I can- warning the alty and love to "first, last, and all essary, requisite, its future well- and prosperity.

annual reports of Treasurer the board of di-read and filed. good showing. committees ed, and then officers was with E. A. orado as pro- Tierney of

A. C. Bilicke was selected as vice-president for California, and then, to expedite matters, the further selection of the vice-presidents for each State was left with the board of directors.

Walter Barnes was unanimously reelected secretary and treasurer.

The committee on nomination for board of directors reported the following names, which were adopted:

C. C. Hilton, L. E. Howard, F. W. Rice, Jewett Wilcox, H. J. Bohn, W. H. Worth, M. A. Loring, and E. S. Pinney, all of Chicago.

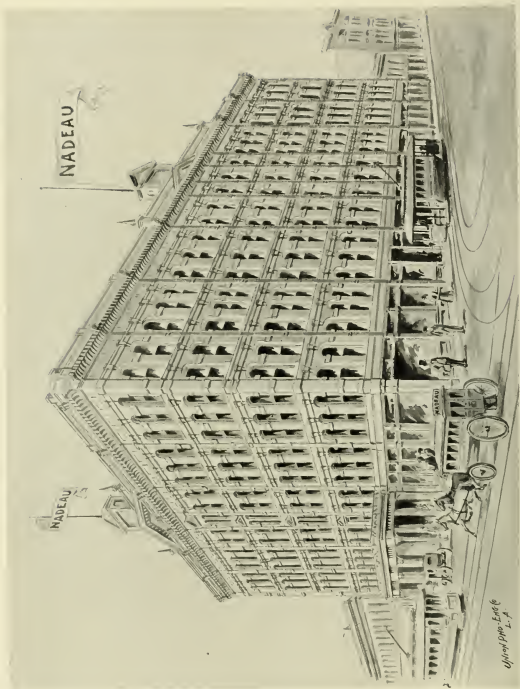
E. M. Tierney then offered a preamble and resolutions warmly commending the work of the Commercial Travelers' Home Association, which were adopted, when the Convention was declared adjourned *sine die*.



A cozy corner of Judge Silent's grounds, Los Angeles, May 15th, during the H. M. M. B. A. lunch. At left table in front are Mr. and Mrs. Almy of the New Osburn House, Rochester, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. McClure, McClure House, Wheeling, W. Va. At furthestmost corner at left is Mr. Donthirt, of Indianapolis, and a Chicago hotel paper man and his wife, and he is mixing business with pleasure, as he is writing the telegraphic reports of the meeting, just adjourned, to the *Hotel Reporter*, *Hotel World* and *Chicago Tribune*. Just to the right are Mrs. F. L. Taylor and Miss Maud Reed of West Superior, Wis. At the table further in front, where Mr. Hearsey of New York is about to take a seat, are Mrs. Friday and Mr. and Mrs. Schlosser of Pittsburg. Under the magnolia-tree on the right is a party of the New England delegation, including "the lady with the white fur cape."

While the gentlemen were engaged in Convention business, the ladies were being escorted by the essentially gallant portion of the California contingents to and fro in the streets of Los Angeles, on electric cars which had been placed at the disposal of the committee by the management of the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railway Company.

As soon as the Convention had adjourned, cars were immediately taken for



The Hotel Nadeau, corner First and Spring Streets, Los Angeles.

the grounds of Judge Charles Silent, where the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles had provided an elegant and *recherche* lunch. The grounds themselves are exquisite and beautiful, and for years have been enjoyed by visiting tourists.



Mr. T. D. Stimson's residence, Los Angeles.

The entrance avenue is lined on either side with graceful peppers, the rich clusters of fruit hanging temptingly dependent above the heads of those passing below. A most charming effect is produced by the climbing ivy which surrounds the trunks of these trees, and the perfect green of the grass beneath is worthy the richness of the Emerald Isle. Here, "under the spreading chestnut "

and other trees, palms, magno eucalyptus, or and hosts of other trees and were spread laden with cacias, cooling freshening confec with a large cious fruits. large tables for a number of



Looking down Broadway, Los Angeles.

surrounded by lias, acacias, ange, lemon, er semi-trop-shrubs, tables out of doors, toothsome delic- ices, and re- tions, together variety of lus- There were the crowd, and small tables for

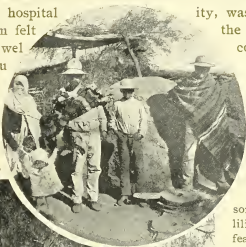
the "select parties," and I observed that already several of the younger members of the party had found their affinities. Judge Silent, with courtly grace



Westlake Park, Los Angeles.

and genuine California hospital came in contact with him felt and the sincerity of his wel-munching reigned su-ing-birds, larks, linnets, joyously or twittered welcome to the Eastern Bohn wrote in the

A lunch spread for four live oaks, pepper trees,



who is ubiquitous in California—began to get in his work, and the crowd was photoed en masse, in sections, in table parties, and every other way except décolleté, so that in the years to come many a picture over the mantel-piece in Eastern homes will be pointed to as "that one was taken of our party on Judge Silent's grounds at Los Angeles in 1896." Two or three of these pictures are reproduced in these pages, and I wish it had been possible to insert more. For the open air April picnic was a pleasure to all alike—Westerners as well as Easterners so enjoyed it that they stayed and stayed and still stayed. Some delighted in the ivy-wreathed trees, others the pleasant arbor, while the youngsters and the ladies spent much of their time in and around the flower garden.

ity, was ubiquitous, and all who the warmth of his handshake come. Mirth, music, and preme, while the mock-and sparrows carolled nervously their notes of visitors. As Editor *Hotel World*:

hundred people under great palms, and a score of other varieties of semi-tropical trees, and surrounded by blossoming roses and hedges of calla lilies, was a sight fit indeed to feast the eyes of gods and goddesses, and to the eyes that had but the day before been blinded by the alkali dust that served to hide the denizens of the desert, it was nothing less than a dream—a dream of good things to eat and more beautiful things to see. At this point the photographer—



From
"The Traveler's"
S. P. Cal

Sonoratown, Los Angeles.

It was a happy time, but at length the bugle call sounded "All aboard!" and one by one the visitors were placed in the elegant tally-hos, carriages and buggies that had been provided for

THE DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES.

The drive was confessedly a revelation to our visitors. They had expected the rich beauty of gardens laden with fragrant flowers, and natural surroundings of foothills and mountains that would delight and charm, but they were not prepared for the many elegant and elaborate residences, demonstrative of the great



Hotel Westminster, corner Fourth and Main Streets, Los Angeles.

wealth and architectural taste of the Los Angelesños. They expected to see more adobe and other pioneer structures, and far less of the striking and palatial residences that the drive revealed to them. But Los Angeles, years ago, passed the pioneer stage. It is now a cosmopolitan and metropolitan city, the second in size in the State, and the chief city of Southern California. Its growth has been phenomenal, and yet, with the exception of the short time of the boom, all progress has been steady, and but the natural result of the filling up of the surrounding country. It now boasts a population of upward of 90,000, and a few more years will see fully 100,000 people rejoicing in its name and protected by its government. This, for a city which twenty years or so ago was regarded as a "slow, adobe town," shows a progress as remarkable as it is rapid, for it is not an ephemeral growth—a growth of showy buildings and cheap frame houses. On the contrary, the business blocks of Los Angeles would



Two Palm-trees, Los Angeles.

not shame Chicago or New York, and in but few cities in the world can a series of residences so elaborate, costly, and elegant be found as line the aristocratic streets of Los Angeles to-day. In business centers the growth has been equally marvelous. The banks of Los Angeles have a larger clearance than those of any city of the same size in the United States, and, as the country districts around Los Angeles have grown, the wholesale and retail trades have advanced proportionately. Manufacturing has received great impetus from the utilization of the product of local oil fields, and the use of crude petroleum on their engines marks an era in the engineering department of our railways.

The parks of Los Angeles are at once its pride, delight, and health con-



The St. Elmo Hotel, Los Angeles.

server. With wisdom and foresight the city fathers early set apart the most advantageous sites, and now, at comparatively small expense, the poorest of its citizens can enjoy rural retreats, surpassing in loveliness the expansive grounds of European aristocrats, and revel in the beauty of flowers, which, in this genial climate, grow out of doors with only ordinary care, and that, in the old world and the Eastern portion of our own country, are seen solely in the conservatories of the wealthy. To speak of *millions* of calla lilies seems preposterous, and yet there are fields where millions grow each year. A walk down Figueroa, Adams, and neighboring streets in the western portion of the city, is to enjoy a succession of lovely lawns, fragrant hedge-rows, fairy fern beds, and gorgeous flower gardens, that never weary the eye or pall the senses.



THOMAS PASCOE,
COMMISSARY OF THE H. M. M. B. A. IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Commissary Department of the H. M. M. B. A. entertainment while in Southern California was under the sole charge and direction of Mr. Thomas Pascoe of the Hotel Lincoln. To supply all the demands made upon him by the captains of the respective trains during the ten days of movement in Southern California required not only energy and experience, but a great deal of finesse and executive ability. Mr. Pascoe personally did the work, personally deserves the honor and credit, and will, doubtless, personally be remembered by the visiting Hotel Men whenever the Californian trip is recalled. The constant requirements of his duties in this regard kept him so occupied (while others of the committee were personally entertaining the visitors), that he did not become as well known as he otherwise would have done. Hence, reader, take a good look at this portrait, remember the good meals you had, and then thank your stars for Thomas Pascoe. He is a royal good fellow, a hard worker in the interests of the hotel fraternity in California, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the S. C. H. A., and forward in every good work, shirking no unpleasant duty, but always ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the general community.

Several systems of electric, cable, and horse cars afford rapid and cheap transportation from and to all quarters of this rapidly expanding city, and the most modern scientific and practical methods have been followed in equipping and operating them. They are all under first-class management. In its hotels it



Hotel Lincoln.

is well supplied. The Nadeau is its oldest established first-class family, commercial, and tourist hotel. Located at the junction of all the cars of the L. A. Consolidated Electric Railroad system, there is no hotel in the city that affords better movement facilities in all directions. Within doors, two hundred large rooms, well furnished, according to modern ideas of convenience and luxury, and sixty suites, with baths and other comforts, invite the weary traveler to make this his chosen resting place. The Western Union Telegraph Office, barber shop, and Los Angeles Transfer Company, are all located in the same building or block. The Nadeau is conducted on both the American and European plans, as desired by its patrons. The cafe is on the ground floor, with entrances on First Street, and through the Hotel office. The Nadeau is an historic house. It has entertained more notables, both of the State and Nation, than any other hotel in the city, and, being the first modern structure, equipped with the latest devices and luxuries, it is at once a connecting link between the old, romantic past, when Los Angeles was a sleepy town of adobe structures, and the active, equally romantic present, when stirring scenes of progressive American life are transpiring within its shadows. Any hotel, however, is better known through the personality of its proprietor and manager than in any other way, and the Nadeau is no exception to this general rule. Colonel H. W. Chase is a man of marked personality, and a general favorite. He has won for himself front rank in the hotel and business circles of Southern California.

The Westminster is another of the first-class hostelryes of Los Angeles, the proprietor of which is Mr. F. O. Johnson.

One of the four delegates to New York in 1895 was M. A. Dudley, the proprietor of the St. Elmo Hotel. When in the Nation's metropolis Mr. Dudley worked hard for the gaining of the convention to California, and by his efforts endeared himself to the whole of his Southern constituency, and made a host of friends among the members of the H. M. M.



An Old Tiled Adobe, Los Angeles.

B. A. He is a man of active energies, long connected with leading hotels of the Pacific Coast as manager and proprietor, and has invariably made a success of everything he has handled. His experience at the St. Elmo is no exception to the rule, as he has materially improved the house since it came into his hands. He sets a good table, and, giving personal supervision to all the details in the management of his hotel, from kitchen to attic bedrooms, he wins the success he gains.



Mr. J. C. Manchester is the proprietor of the Hotel Ballingall of Ottumwa, Ia., and is known far and wide as one of the most successful hotel men in the West. He is ably assisted in the management of the hotel by his estimable wife and her sister, Mrs. Z. A. Fraiser. The office is in charge of his son, Edward Manchester.

The Ballingall is one of the favorite hotels in Iowa with the traveling men, all of whom know and appreciate first-class accommodations and cuisine. Mr. Manchester is a man of broad-gauge ideas, and has always been prominently identified with every public enterprise undertaken in Ottumwa for years past.

upon to provide for. This class of travelers wants a first-class hotel of unexceptionable location, surrounded by expansive lawns, trees, shrubs, flowers and fountains, away from the noise and bustle of the city streets, and yet near enough to the very heart of the city so that, without long riding or driving, they can enjoy their visiting and shopping, the theaters, churches, and concert halls. In this unique requirement Los Angeles is, as yet, unequipped. There is a movement on foot, however, which, it is to be hoped, will result in the early establishment of just such a hotel, in just such a location. A committee of Los Angeles citizens has been organized, with the object of raising a fund of \$100,000, to be contributed by the city as a donation to any person or company that will construct the desired hotel on a plan commensurate with the requirements. Such a structure should be of fine architectural appearance, appro-

The Lincoln, Mr. Pascoe's hotel, is one of the leading family hotels of Southern California. It is two blocks, only, from the Hollenbeck, and therefore near to the heart of the city, and yet is in a quiet location. Under Mr. Pascoe's proprietorship the Lincoln has become one of the best known hotels of its class in the southern portion of the State.

In its hotels, however, it must be confessed there is one thing yet to be desired for Los Angeles. Its family and commercial hotels in the city proper are equal to those of any similar city, but Los Angeles is different from any other city in the country in the large amount of winter tourist travel of the better class that it is called



pritate to the country, where every requirement of the modern traveler would be met. The site chosen is the place of pleasant memories to the H. M. M. B. A., viz., the grounds of Judge Silent, where the open-air lunch to the Association was given.

It is deemed that the time is now ripe for the realization of such a scheme, and that the opportunity offered is a good one to any individual or association who will take the matter in hand. Another project has been presented, which, if carried through, would be an advantage to the city. Directly opposite to Westlake Park, on the east, is the Wilshire Boulevard tract, upon a portion of which the proprietors desire to have such a hotel as I have named erected. Westlake Park is one of the popular resorts of the citizens of Los Angeles, reached by two lines of city railway, and kept in excellent condition by the Park Commissioners. It embraces a beautiful little lake, and is both attractive in itself and picturesque in its location, and is healthful in every respect.

These things and many others, which space forbids mention of, engaged the attention of the visitors as they were driven about the city, and, well satisfied and delighted with their introductory day in Southern California, some of them betook themselves to their trains and were soon whirled over the tracks of the S. P. R. R. to the Queen City of the Pacific Ocean, Santa Monica, whilst others remained behind to see a little more of Los Angeles.

Those of the delegation who stayed were variously entertained by the Los Angeles Hotel Men, but a large number of the party attended the entertainment given for the benefit of the Los Angeles Kindergarten Association. One of the vocalists on that occasion was Mrs. Hattie Lewis Raymond, wife of Walter Raymond, whose exquisite and sympathetic singing so captured the house that she was not only the recipient of burst after burst of applause and a most

hearty encore, but of a handsome bouquet with the compliments of the Southern California Hotel Association. The receipt of the bouquet was gracefully acknowledged in a letter written by Mrs. Raymond to Mr. G. W. Lynch, the president.





La Mita, Calhoun Valley, Los Angeles County. Residence of Hon. J. W. Mitchell.

CHAPTER VI.

SANTA MONICA.



THOSE who went down from Santa Monica on Tuesday night found a plethora of amusements and entertainments arranged for them, chief of which was a delightful hop in the ballroom of Hotel Arcadia, where the genial proprietor, Simon Reinhardt, made his guests most royally welcome.

Glad to be released from the cars, with anticipations of a good night's rest in comfortable beds, many of the gentlemen "tripped the light fantastic" with the lady visitors, or with the fair daughters of Santa Monica, who had been most cordially invited to grace the occasion with their presence.



Mr. Reinhardt, the manager of the Arcadia Hotel, began his business career in December, '99, when he secured passage on the first steamer that left New Orleans, the George Law, and arrived at San Francisco, on the steamer California, in March, 1890. After engaging in several enterprises he drifted into the mining business, in Nevada, where he made a handsome fortune, and retired in 1876. Stocks melted his fortune, but he has been as successful a hotel manager as he formerly was a miner. Mr. Reinhardt's cordial and sincere manner in the position of landlord has made scores of friends for the hotel.

which had been kindly tendered to the hotel men by Mr. E. P. Clark, vice-

Next day, bright and early, quite a number were to be found strolling on the beach, picking up shells, comparing the breakers of the Pacific with their dearly beloved Atlantic, and looking across to the far-away West in the hope of catching glimpses of China and Japan in the distant horizon. Others donned bathing suits and wildly battled with the seething waves, or rode triumphantly on the backs of dolphins, sharks, and whales to and fro in the Bay. Still others took plunges in the North Beach Bath-House, the use of which had been extended to the visitors by the courtesy of Mr. Roy Jones, the manager.

Soon after breakfast those who had stayed in Los Angeles over night came down in special trains of the Pasadena and Pacific Electric Railway Company,

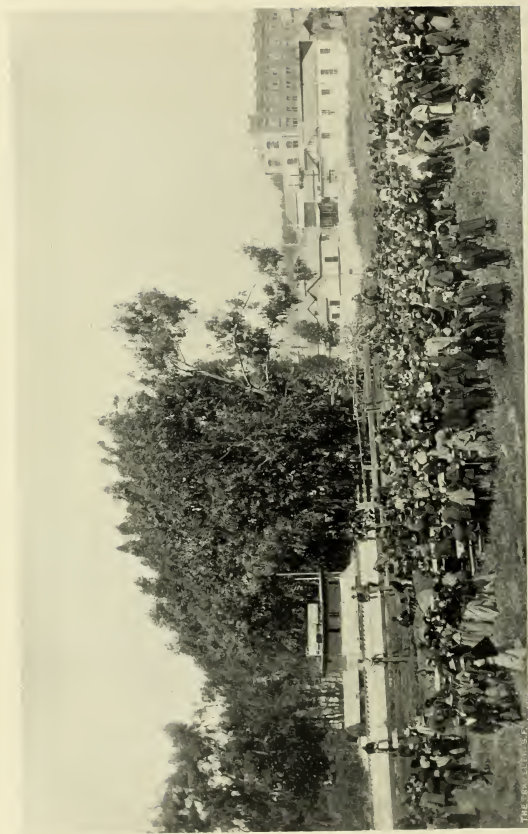


LITTLE
"ALL ABOARD,"

Who conducted all the trains through Southern California.

May Cordelia Lynch was born May 29, 1893, hence her name. She was the first child born at Redondo Hotel, Redondo, Cal., where her father, George W. Lynch, was manager for some time.

P. Clark, vice-



At the Barbecue, Santa Monica.

president and manager of the Company, who took great interest in the visit of the H. M. M. B. A.

This ride takes one through the beautiful Cahuenga Valley, where many fine residences of wealthy Los Angelesños are to be seen dotting the foothills. One of the most beautiful is "La Mita," the home of the Hon. J. W. Mitchell.



On the Diatom Bluffs at Santa Monica.

The barbecue was a genuine old time Californian affair, in a rough-and-tumble, help-yourself, happy-go-lucky style, and the fun of the thing was highly appreciated by the visit-

ors. The meats were barbecued in first-class style, under the direction of Mayor Carillo, an adept at such work. Beef and mutton were done to a turn, and many, after having had a liberal supply, like *Oliver Twist*, called for "more." The hot sauces of the Spaniard and Mexican gave piquant flavor to the meat, and the only thing wanting was something in the way of liquid refreshment to make the affair as complete as could have been desired. It did look rather strange to see Simeon Ford and Tilly Haynes walking about with a big beef bone in their fingers, gnawing away at the meat as if they had not eaten for a month, and "White Wings" Mayo covered himself with glory by the large number of ribs which he totally demolished.

Just before the Spanish Tournament began the school children of the city, under the direction of Principal Smith, gave a beautiful floral "Parade of Welcome" to the visitors. The graceful movements of the scholars as they went through their exercises, and the exquisite beauty of the flowers, made a charming sight.

In the afternoon when the Spanish tournament should have been "enjoyed," a fierce sea breeze "such as the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember," and "quite unusual, don't ye know," began to blow, and, although all was done that could be done to make the affair pleasant, Old Boreas was determined for once to give the "Atlantic shorers"



Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica.

a taste of their home breezes on the so-called "Pacific" shore. The ancient gentleman proved himself possessed of his old time vigor, and has since laughed most heartily at the roar he extracted from one of his Eastern enemies, who had

hoped, in coming to Southern California, to altogether leave his "blowship" behind him. This is what Mr. Kicker wrote in Murdoch's *Hotel Bulletin*, Boston. I acknowledge I was left, but hope "X Rays" will give me one more chance, when I will most certainly endeavor more fully to do my duty:

Of atmosphere there was no limit. Old Boreas and Prof. James were entered at the beginning and at Bar Los Angeles ran neck but at San Boreas got wind and sor was en, left at

A pro Spanish was giv

afternoon, Mayor Carrillo being in charge. The first of these was a ring tournament in which six riders each had seven chances of catching with a lance three two-inch rings suspended. A grandstand had been erected for the visitors. There were cash prizes. The scores out of a possible twenty-one made by the several contestants were as follows: Vicente Lugo, 11; Augustine Machado, 10; Juan Machado, 9; Jose Machado, 8; William J. Carlisle, 7; Chico Slert, 6. The three first named were the persons who secured the prizes.

Following the was an exhibition, which there was a jects from the ground run. The latter was nue in front of the Arcadia. The con Machado, Andreas ers named Augustine chado scored 2 picks gustine Machado, 3 sible 4, and Andreas of a possible 4. Both

The complimen aquatic sports, etc., by the North Beach was especially pleas the exquisite guitar provided by the or diving were performed and a clever perform Capt. Jack Williams, the Pacific Coast, who swam to and fro in the baths with hands and feet completely strapped. Much fun was caused when a great alligator plunged into



The North Beach Bath House, Santa Monica.

for a race, stow and geles they and neck, ta Monica, his second the Profes- badly beat- the post. gram of s ports en in the



Chas. E. Mayo was a well-known figure during the triumphal progress of the H. M. M. B. A. through California. His reserved, silent manner induced the "Henry" yell "Mayo, will you be quiet!" which still rings through the odorous air at Santa Barbara. Mr. Mayo made hosts of friends in California.

ring tournament there lassoing horses, after contest in picking ob- while riding past on a done on Ocean Ave- ever attractive Hotel testants were Jose Rangel, and two rid- Machado. Jose Ma- and 2 touches; Au- touches out of a pos- Rangel 3 touches out men received prizes. tary entertainment of given in the evening Bath House Company ing. In addition to and mandolin music chestra, feats in high by Mr. W. Maxey, ance presented by the noted life-saver of

the noted life-saver of

the water, and a couple of "Keeley" fishermen started out in a boat to fish. Frogs, clowns, imps, and snakes abounded, and the fishermen caught a great deal more than they expected, until at last, as the result of one terrible haul, one of the fishermen was dumped into the water, only to be swallowed by the alligator.

Tom Henry took this performance as something personal, and was feeling highly indignant, and might have caused a row, if he had not become so interested in the next event, which was a hundred yard



The Spanish Tournament.

swimming race by H. Jordan, W. Rice, and A. Splitstoesser. Then Mr. Maxey gave some fine trapeze diving, finally shooting headlong through a fire-hoop. The entertainment concluded with a tug-of-war, in which eight swimmers participated. Although the swimmers who provided this entertainment were all amateurs, their grace and swiftness were much commented upon by our Eastern guests, all of whom assured me that the work done was equal to any professional swimming they had ever witnessed. George Bowker confidentially informs me, however, that he has a gang of swimmers in training who will give the H. M. M. B. A. an exhibition in Boston in '97 that will altogether outrival and surpass that of Santa Monica in '96. I learn that the party is composed of Clems Brinkmann of Chicago, Tilly Haynes of Boston and New York, E. L. Merrifield of New York, and J. H. Holmes of Pasadena. The acrobatic performances upon the trapeze and the fire diving of this quartet of accomplished swimmers will be a great surprise to those who are fortunate enough to see them in the year of grace 1897.

The visit to Santa Monica was much enjoyed, and the visitors expressed many kind sentiments toward the City Council, the citizens, the principal of the schools and the scholars, and all who had made their day's entertainment so agreeable. They retired to their trains with regret, for, while they anticipated much pleasure and delight in Santa Barbara, they regretted leaving Santa Monica.



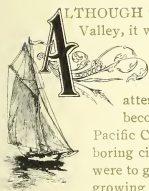
Senator Jones's residence.



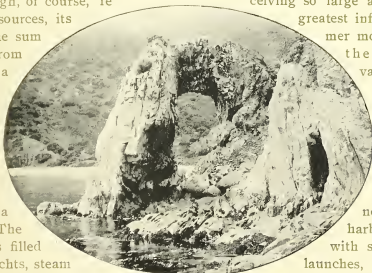
The Veehl (Penslope) - In Southern California Waters

CHAPTER VII.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.



ALTHOUGH the Association did not visit Santa Catalina or the Yosemite Valley, it will not be out of place to remind my readers of the existence of these rare spots of Nature's glorious workmanship. Santa Catalina is about twenty miles from the mainland, and in the few years it has attracted the attention of tourists and pleasure seekers, it has deservedly become the most noted island resort on the whole line of the Pacific Coast. To the residents of Los Angeles and all the neighboring cities it appeals, and if not a single outside visitor or tourist were to go to Santa Catalina, it would still have a large and steadily growing patronage. Situated as it is, within the flow of warm water from the South Pacific Ocean, and out of the line of the cold current which flows from the North and is diverted by Point Concepcion, 100 miles away from the Los Angeles shore, it is a warm sea-side resort in winter, as well as a delightful resting-place in summer. The "season" is all the year round, though, of course, receiving so large a patronage from home sources, its greatest influx of visitors is in the summer months, when the people from the interior cities desire a vacation. To see Avalon, the city of the Island, at this time, is to see an expansion of the town with hundreds of tents added to the comfortable and permanent private residences. The harbor, crescent shaped, is filled with pleasure yachts, steam launches, small boats and the lateen-rigged boats of the Portuguese fishermen. Indeed, this is the yachtng rendezvous of Southern California, and many fine yachts may here be seen ploughing the limpid waters and often followed by sea-lions and flying-fish. One of the finest yachts in Southern California waters is the "Penelope," owned by



Arch Rock, Catalina Island.

Wm. Lacy, Esq., an English gentleman of refinement, culture, and wealth, President of the Puente Oil Company, the Lacy Manufacturing Co., and other Los Angeles enterprises. It is a beautiful vessel, and when moving gracefully through the Pacific waters is worthy the brush of a master artist.

The Island itself offers many and varied attractions. Its history is fascinating. It was discovered by Cabrillo, the Spanish navigator, in 1542, who found it densely populated with natives. Vizcaino visited it, also, in 1602, and in the early days it was frequented by the pirates and others who preyed upon the rich galleons in the Philippine trade. Many stories might be told of pirates who have descended upon the peaceful mainland from this island.

The Indians have left many interesting memorials of their occupation. Here are the remains of several forsaken villages, and pottery, hammers, axes, wam-

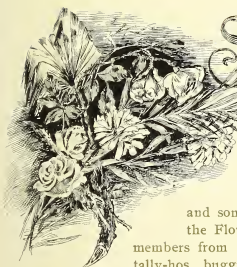


Avalon, from Sugar Loaf, Catalina Island.

pum, etc., have been dug up in large quantities. A quarry has been found of a peculiar soapstone, which is so soft as to allow of easy carving, and from this the aborigines, with their rude flint axes, cut their bowls and other utensils.

The hunter finds this a perfect field for his sport, for wild goats, quail and other game are abundant. A fine road has been constructed across the Island, and regular trips are taken in tally-ho or Concord coaches, thus giving to the visitor an opportunity to see, in all their wild grandeur and delightful picturesqueness, the lofty peaks, deep canyons, abrupt precipices, fertile slopes, combined now and again, in entrancing loveliness, with the pearly faced ocean, whose waters are so pure that the thousand and one strange inhabitants of the vasty deep are clearly and vividly to be seen.

CHAPTER VIII.



SANTA BARBARA AND ITS FLOWER FESTIVAL

IT WAS about eleven o'clock on Wednesday night when the three trains pulled out from Santa Monica, bound for Santa Barbara, and some time in the early morning they arrived at the Flower Carnival city. As the itinerary gave the members from nine o'clock until ten to do as they liked, tally-hos, buggies, and vehicles of every description were engaged and drives made wherever sweet fancy dictated through Santa Barbara and its beautiful suburbs. Some drove down to Montecito and Miramar; others went out on the beach, and a very large number went up and paid a visit to the old Mission. Brothers Ugolino and Philip received the visitors, and with their characteristic courtesy showed them about and told them some of its history: How it was erected on the 29th of April, 1782, under the protection of Filipe de Neve, Governor for the King of Spain of the whole of "Alta California," as it was then named. Padre Junipero Serra, the venerable founder of the California Missions, established this at Santa Barbara, celebrating mass, preaching, and doing his best to instruct the timid Indians in the principles of the Cross. Work was begun on the 30th of April on the erection of a chapel, barracks, and storehouse, Serra himself directing the work, which was constantly punctuated by his wise spiritual instructions to the soldiers. Serra hoped to begin the building of the Mission, but Governor Neve placed so many obstacles in the way that, finally, the venerable priest started for Monterey on foot, and on the 28th of August, two years later, passed away, in the seventieth year of his age, without seeing the establishment of the Mission building at Santa Barbara. It was not until the 15th of December, 1786, that the Mission was finally established. In 1789 the second church of the Mission was erected, and in 1793-94 a large adobe church, containing six chapels. In 1813-14 this church was taken down, and work on the present building begun in 1815. On the 10th of September, 1820, five years later, it was completed, and the whole country joined in general rejoicing and festivity on the occasion of its dedication. The old building has had a strange



SANTA BARBARA MISSION



and varied history. Owing to its prosperity it was always heavily taxed by the secular government, and the Indians dependent upon it for support have often gone hungry to supply these exacting demands. In 1853 it was erected into a hospice, as the beginning of what was to be an apostolic college for the education of novitiates, and in 1885, by petition, was made a part of "The Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," whose headquarters are in the city of St. Louis, Missouri.



One of the Turnouts.

The noble facade of the structure, the corridor with its imposing arches, the sacred burial ground, the mysterious garden, in which no woman's foot is ever allowed to tread, the interior of the old church, with its remains of the earliest crude decorations, the skulls and cross-bones over the doorway leading into the graveyard, the quaint old belfries—the one empty and deserted, the other with its bells in daily use—the ancient fountain and aqueduct with which the fertile fields have for so long been supplied with moisture, the ruins of the old water-works system of the padres, the wide and glorious sweep of valley, foothills, ocean, islands and cloud-capped mountains—all these form an aggregation that renders the Santa Barbara Mission attractive and constantly fascinating.

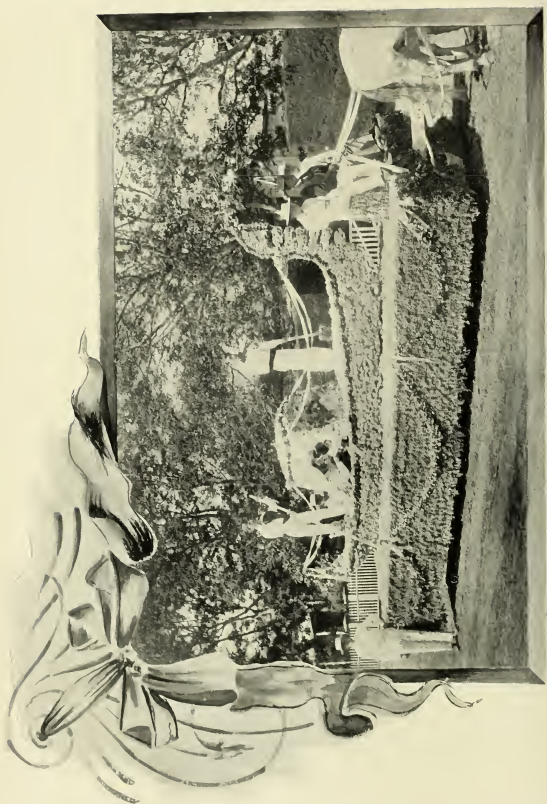
Long will Brother Ugolino remember the visit of the H. M. M. B. A., for its members are by no means stinted in their giving, and many a half dollar found its way into the good Brother's hand, after he had shown the visitors around the venerable building.

The hour of dinner approached, and those who attempted to find satisfaction in the Santa Barbara hotels soon discovered what a source of attraction the great flower festival is to people from all parts of the outlying country. From Los Angeles, San Diego, and all regions on the south, San Francisco, Sacramento, and all regions north, and from far-away Nevada and Arizona on the east, the people had come to see the gorgeous wealth of flowers, already associated with the name Santa Barbara, and the results of genius and skill in their artistic arrangement. The dining-room of the Arlington was crowded again and again. At the San Marcos Mr. Mullen and his



Waiting for the Parade.

aids were equally rushed, and all the other hotels had more than they could do to provide for the gastronomic wants of their guests. A year ago when I was at the San Marcos—before it was under Mr. Walter Raymond's management—I had rather an amusing experience on Flower Festival Day. I called for a cup of cocoa, and when it was brought I put in a little allowance of sugar and took



One of the Floats at the Santa Barbara Flower Festival.

a good generous gulp. In a moment my mouth was on fire and tears streamed down my cheeks. With a great effort I overcame my peculiar sensations and too manifest emotion, and taking a spoon passed my "cocoa" around, with a request that all present at the table would take a sip. The result was alike in each case; confusion and tears followed, but with Indian-like stoicism the cup was passed on to the next person, so that all had a taste. There was still part of a cupful left, so calling to the head waiter, I bade him tell me what this stuff was that his cook had served. With heroic courage he took a sip and dropped the cup to the floor in the astonishment that followed. It afterwards transpired that an extra cook, who had come in for the occasion, had taken a can of cayenne pepper from the shelf and had made my "cocoa" from it. With such treatment as this you may always be sure of a warm reception at Santa Barbara.

But now, unfortunately, the wind began to rise, as it had done the day before at Santa Monica. During the morning it had been beautiful and pleasant, but the presence of so many people from Chicago and Boston had put our weather clerk on his mettle, and the result was that during their stay we had several unpleasant afternoons from the wind in Southern California. The time had come for the parade, and

provided by Messrs. Gaty and Hotel and the citizens of comfort of our visitors, Bilicke ran to and fro, the wind delayed the promise of the flowers and It had compelled the own vehicles to withdraw them flowers had lost too much to allow them to appear. The band played and



A corner of the Arlington.

yet the procession did not come, so the bonifaces did what they so often leave their guests to do—began to amuse themselves. A passer-by was courteously asked what was the time, and upon his reply a hundred stentorian voices yelled, "Thank—you—kindly—sir!" The young bloods from Boston, led by Tom Henry and a few other Eastern bandits, called out to Mr. Gillespie, who was engaged in delicious conversation with one of Santa Barbara's fair maids, "Gillespie—will—you—sit—down?" With scornful indignation the Chicago gentleman responded, "Will—you—be—quiet?" For a few moments there was an ominous silence, and all hearts were fearful lest blood should be shed, but the equilibrium was once again restored when the Boston gang yelled, more fiercely than ever, "Gillespie—we—will—be—quiet—if—you—will—give—us—a—champagne—bath!" Soon after this Mr. Huggins was seen, unable to find a seat, holding on to a flagstaff, looking longingly in the direction the parade was expected to come. To arrange his salutation was but the work of a few moments, and through the air there rang—not "Excelsior"—but "Huggins—will—you—let—go?" The quietest man in the crowd

was Chas. E. Mayo. He generally sits or stands "dumb, silent, mute," quietly enjoying other people's fun. Imagine, then, the gross indignity he suffered when these New England roughs yelled at the top of their voices, "Mayo—will—you—be—quiet?" With such blood-curdling proceedings as this did these Bostonians instruct the inhabitants of the "wild and woolly West" in the culture and refinement of the Eastern shores, and, as a result, Tom Henry, in conjunction with his fellow shouters on that occasion, has been asked to write a *Manual of Manners* for the benefit of the Western cowboys, entitled *How to Set People at Ease While Waiting for a Floral Parade*.

And now the shout goes up, "They come! They come!" and in a few moments the outriders of the procession are in sight. Spirited blood horses, decorated and garlanded with flowers in a way that the wildest imagination could never have conceived, and ridden by horsemen who were almost buried in delicate flowers, headed the procession. Then came the officers and marines of the United States war-ship "Philadelphia." The muskets, with fixed bayonets, were all decorated with roses, and the "Philadelphia" band discoursed sweet music as the Navy boys proudly marched along. Then came the floats and the deco

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pants were literally overwhelmed with flowers, to find that from fifty to a hundred thousand flowers had been used in the decoration of a single carriage.

After the parade had been properly reviewed, the Battle of Flowers began. Every vehicle had large baskets full of flowers, and these were good-humoredly thrown at the people sitting in the tribunes. These—and there must have been fully fifty thousand people on the tribunes—in turn pelted the members of the parade with flowers from their baskets, and for a full half hour the air was filled with these sweet and fragrant missiles tossing to and fro. It is safe to say that millions upon millions of flowers were used on this occasion, and yet, in justice to the people of Santa Barbara, I am compelled to state that, owing to the wind, the procession was reduced to at least one-third, or one-quarter, of the proportions it would have assumed had not the afternoon wind so unfortunately interfered. The tribunes were gaily decorated with the national colors, and graceful palm leaves and floating pennants added brightness to the scene, while in two or three

places the street was spanned with great archways of pampas plumes and cedar branches. The brilliance, vivacity, and richness of the scene was a revelation to all who had never witnessed the festival, and, unsatisfactory though it was to the Southern California people, owing to the unpropitious weather, I am safe in saying that every one of our visitors felt that it had far exceeded their expectations.

But, halt! my pen; let some one else sound the praises of Santa Barbara's Flower Festival. You will have enough "blowing" to do, so let me give my readers a taste of what our visitors did in this line. Here is what Editor Bohn said:

Then came floats representing industry and art, then all sorts of equipages imaginable, filled with beautiful girls and handsome young men, each vehicle a perfect harmony of colors, altogether forming a moving rainbow of life and beauty such as cannot be described or painted. Passing and repassing in double and cross columns, showering flowers on the spectators who in turn throw them upon the paraders, until the street is strewn inches deep with the

bright blossoms that are crushed beneath the hoofs of the horses and of vehicles. The scene at Santa Barbara with the floats in the south-westward, the sun about April, and the scene indeed about the effect of the fair upon the East who the writer, three-score chilled by tact with world, and earned reprobation in California he



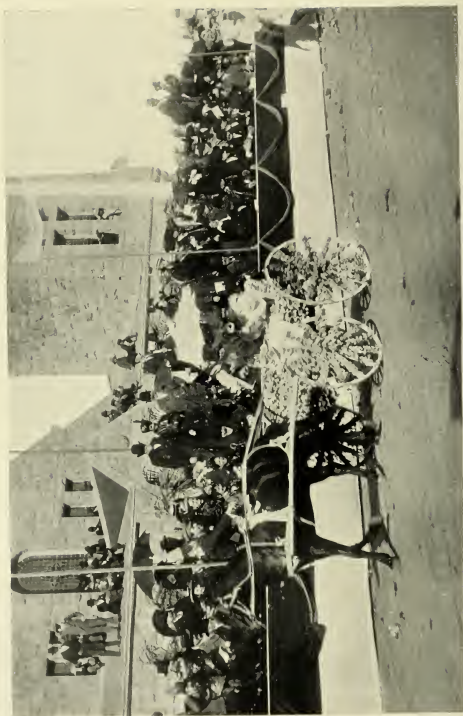
Harold J. Bohn at the Santa Barbara Flower Festival. A Future President for the H. M. M. B. A.

plained bitterly of the discomforts of the ride through the alkali deserts. This day as he gazed on this beautiful panorama—this marvelous painting wrought by nature and man—tears filled his eyes as he exclaimed, "Well! I never would have believed this—close your hotel one day, burn it the next, and come and see this!"

George W. Sweeney, in *The Union*, Rochester, N. Y., wrote as follows of the Santa Barbara festival:

It was the greatest and most beautiful sight I have ever seen. For miles along State Street tribunes were erected on both sides, gaily decorated, and filled with about 50,000 people, all shouting, laughing, and singing. The day was one of those perfect ones that happen in the East just once a year, but which fall due in this climate about every forty-eight hours. The grand parade was held in the afternoon. First came six gaily decorated horse-

soms that beneath the horses and of vehicles. The scene at Santa Barbara with the floats in the south-westward, the sun about April, and the scene indeed about the effect of the fair upon the East who the writer, three-score chilled by tact with world, and earned reprobation in California he



When Uri's Bouquet Was Caught.

men, followed by the officers and marines of the United States gunship "Philadelphia." Then came the military platoons, all weapons decorated with roses and other flowers. The marine band of the "Philadelphia," and bands from all parts of California, were scattered throughout the long line of march and played every conceivable air, patriotic marches and lively Spanish



Another Future President. Harry Dunn, of the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara.

and Mexican quicksteps. The feature of the parade was the floats. They were built on a scale of magnificence that was simply startling to the eye. They symbolized the great events of the nineteenth century, and especially the influences that have tended to the perfection of California. Not merely the Gringos, but Spaniards and Mexicans were typified in these historical tableaux on wheels. They passed by in such splendor that the effect was positively bewildering to the eye, each float outvying its predecessor in profusion of harmonious colors. Then came a battle of roses. Fifty thousand men, women, and children, ammunitioned with several rounds of red, white, and pink roses, made the assault. The air was heavy with sensuous odors, and a pall of rose-petals smothered the marching columns in the street below. The battle waged fiercely. The bombardment was continued until the ammunition was exhausted, and

when the air was free of the odorous clouds of flying petals the soldiers were marching on a roadway ankle deep with bruised roses. After the soldiers came hundreds of gorgeously costumed girls, boys, men, and women, the girls with roses twined in their hair. The horses and vehicles were all thickly matted with flowers, all harmonizing in color effects as perfectly as the hues and tints of a rainbow. Color, rich, roscid masses of coloring everywhere, below in the streets, and on the great arches of pampas plumes and cedar branches, and the double rows of bright pennants and graceful gonfallons on the tribunes decked with palms and bunting. It was one great bizarre combination of colors, all forming a spectacle that will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness this nineteenth century war of the roses. It was far more romantic and poetic than the red and white feud between the ancient houses of York and Lancaster.

Here, Captain Bohn of the Chicago train, determined to "Californiaize" his delegation, and struck with the straw sombreros, "cleaned out the town" on them, "bought up the market," and soon one hundred or more of the brave Chicagoans were decked in old-time Californian headgear to the great amusement of each other and also to those that constituted the outside crowd.

Mr. Bilicke's snap shots were very clever, and as a memorial of a tedious waiting time made jolly by exuberant good-heartedness some of them are herewith



The Old Mission Corridor.



C. H. Gillespie of Chicago is the Western representative of the H. M. M. B. A. of New York. In speaking of the trip to California the *Chicago* press for April humorously stated that Mr. Gillespie had gone to *chaperon* the New York delegation of the H. M. M. B. A. Mr. Gillespie succeeded admirably and also made many friends in California.

Seize the fleeting bouquet, was prepared for its coming, and the moment it fell at her feet she seized it and tightly held it so that Brother Curtis had to let go. The laugh was now on him, and that he appreciated it the engraving well shows.

When the evening came the Dance of Flowers took place in the Pavilion. I append herewith an eloquent description written by my noble and accomplished friend, Mrs. S. E. A. Higgins, whose truthful and graphic accounts of the Santa Barbara Festival have been enjoyed all over the civilized world.

THE DANCE OF THE FLOWERS.

The Dance of the Flowers originated with Mrs. Roland Hazard the wife of the President of the Association. It contains both Spanish and American figures, and has never been performed elsewhere. Two thousand people gathered at the Pavilion to witness this event. Under a rose-colored canopy all studded with gold and silver stars and edged with moss, that hangs like drapery to the irregular line of the electric lights, a bevy of

reproduced. Some funny incidents occurred, one of which was cleverly caught by the artist and reproduced in the accompanying engraving. Mr. Uri B. Curtis of Chicago, with boy-like cunning, tied a long string to a very fine bouquet of flowers, and amused himself and those sitting around him by throwing the flowers to the ladies of the parade as they passed by. Immediately they stooped to pick it up he would snatch it away, and laughing at their own disappointment the fair paraders would pass on, only to give way for some other person who was similarly "fooled." But, by and by, as the procession returned, one young lady, who remembered her vain attempt to



Oscar A. Ward, one of the fully assiduous of the New England delegation, was born in Holmden, N. H., July 2, 1851. His parents removed that same year to Claremont, where Oscar has remained ever since. After receiving an academical education he entered the employ of the Hon. Geo. H. Stowell, and for thirty-one years has been steadily connected with the business. Such a record is one that any man may be proud of.

butterflies flutter. They pause a moment, then take wing for further flight. There is light, warmth, and fragrance, and hither, as if borne on a breeze, come two little pink roses. A spray of rose leaves ornament the shoulders, they have green waists, and their skirts are pluffy pink puffs in large scallops. The little creatures keep time with the throbbing music



Jewett Wilcox is one of the most honored names on the hotel roll of the United States. Born at Madison, Conn., a steamboat clerk on the upper Mississippi; Captain; proprietor of the old St. Charles Hotel, Cairo, Ill.; manager of the Tremont, Chicago; manager of the Gardner House (now the Leland Hotel); proprietor and manager (with Foster E. Smith of North Adams) of Greyloch Hall, Williamstown, Mass.; manufacturer in Chicago for three years; manager of Hotel Lafayette at Lake Minnetonka, Minn.; manager of Hotel Rochester, Kankakee, Ill.; and general manager of the hotels and eating places of the Illinois Central Railway.

At the Washington meeting of the H. M. M. B. A. he was honored by being elected by acclamation as president, which position he filled with credit to himself and honor to the Association.

Such, very briefly told, is an outline of the hotel career of Mr. Wilcox. It was while he was manager of the Tremont that the first hotel Association in the United States was organized. He was the first president elected by the organization. During his California trip, Mr. Wilcox was accompanied by his estimable wife and his charming daughter.

in feet of bronze. In search of sweets two bees appear. They are stylish fellows, in suits of black, with a triple girdle of yellow around their waists. Their hooded heads have protruding eyes, and they scent the little roses and seek their acquaintance. The roses dance away, the bees follow. Bees, roses, and butterflies are but the prelude to the entrance of thirty-eight flowers; modest, stately, or striking as their nature may be. The representations are apt; a glance reveals their identity. A Cherokee rose, full blown, rests over a face that is frank and sweet. The pansy wears a cluster in her hair and in applique on the bottom of her skirt. The simple wild flower and the rarer bloom of hothouse are here.

The poetry of motion is wedded to music as they advance, in groups of four, and drop their offerings at the feet of delighted visitors. Then they retreat, separate in pairs, advance, unite in circles, cross over, all the while in graceful bewildering movement. The butterflies hover near this group or that. The little bees sip with a touch and away. The little roses peep forth occasionally. The scene is fascinating. You follow one figure to leave the rest. You are only conscious that they bow, they bend, they sway, and are gone. The audience recalls, and the flowers return with heavy ropes of smilax. One of the dancers bears a basket containing one thousand violets, another, a fan of freezias and coreopsis lanciolata. A second fan is composed of tritomas and orchids, bleuded with asparagus plumosas. One ring contains five hundred lilies-of-the-



The above has been termed "The Wilcox Group," for its chief figures are of Mr. and Mrs. Jewett Wilcox of Chicago.

valley, another, six dozen white carnations, and still other favors are in roses and maiden-hair. Again the entrancing movement in perfect harmony. Some of the time performed under the full glare of the electric lights, anon under the shadow of the calcium.



E. P. DUNN,
PROPRIETOR ARLINGTON HOTEL, SANTA BARBARA.

Under the control of Mr. E. P. Dunn, the Arlington of Santa Barbara has grown in favor and popularity. He is a hardworking, competent man, whose knowledge of hotel work is thorough in every department. With personal supervision he produces excellent results, and (except at Flower Festival time, when a man would need to be in fifty places at once to make everything run smoothly, and when all departments are gorged and jammed and crissled and crowded), no hotel in the Southern part of the State can be found where greater attention is paid to the comfort of the guests. Mr. Dunn began his hotel life as a clerk at the Holton House, Portland, Or., and has worked his way up, winning his laurels and position step by step, by hard and conscientious work.

Once more the delighted applause. Yes, over and over, as the tropical passion flower, embodying the spirit of inherited grace and romance, renders the captivating Spanish Cachuca, and thus reaches the climax in the finale of the evening.

But besides the Flower Carnival Santa Barbara possesses many and rare attractions. Slowly the queenly city is awakening to exercise her regal power. A queen, even, must keep up with the march of progress, and Santa Barbara is now enjoying electric cars, which whirl her wooers to every portion of her domain. This electric system has been put in since the H. M. M. B. A. visit. To wander about Santa Barbara is to enjoy a series of surprises. Quaint old adobes, elegant modern structures, quiet and alluring recesses where trees, grass and ferns combine in gentle loveliness, singularly exquisite outlooks on moun-

tains, valley all these, with the ro early aborig tion—many which occur tates, mor other uten —of the faith the devoted the pastoral early Califor the occupa mont, are Santa Bar derful at

The Ar tel is one of hotels of bara and of was the first elegant sea that now line from Coro Francisco, described as far back as Chas. Nord his excellent



This group is the "Burnett." I had hoped to have good portraits of the smiling countenances of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burnett of the New York delegation. But as I was unable to secure them, this snap shot must suffice. Mr. Burnett is the Eastern passenger agent of the Santa Fe Railway system, and by his uniform courtesy and kindness to the hotel fraternity of the Empire State has won his way into all hearts. Soon after their return from the Pacific Coast trip Mrs. Burnett went off for another vacation, leaving her liege lord in New York. Left thus to himself, one night as he wandered disconsolately toward his "old home," wondering what he could do to pass away the time, the thought came like an inspiration "get shaved." He did so and soon a hairless face gazed at him out of the looking-glass. On Mrs. Burnett's return he suddenly became bald-headed. These are the reasons Mr. Burnett does not grace our pages. He does not like his new pictures, and the old ones are not at hand.

As a slight token of the esteem in which he was held by the New York party, he was called upon, when in San Francisco, to be the recipient of a handsome gold watch and chain, and, equally agreeable, though, perhaps, less costly, several very flattering speeches from distinguished members of the Empire State's hotel fraternity. Mr. Burnett likes to be "watched" in that manner, and his look of satisfaction when asked the time testifies his appreciation of the gift his fellow passengers had bestowed upon him.

For Health, Pleasure, and Residence." Built far enough away from the ocean to be free from the moisture that comes from too close contact, it is yet near enough to reap all the bracing and tonic advantages of sea air. It is surrounded by a beautiful lawn, where trees and shrubs and flowers abound, and has broad piazzas where one may sit and read, or smoke, or swing in a hammock, comfortably enjoying the passing hours, forgetting, for the time, the troubles of every-day life.

At the close of the floral exercises the party left for beauteous Pasadena.

and ocean, combined mance of the inal occupa- signs of in the met- tars and sils dug up, ful work of padres, of simplicity of nia days, of tion by Fre- the keys to bara's won- tractiveness. lington Ho- the historic Santa Bar- the State. It of the many side hotels the Pacific nado to San and was well and praised 1882, when hoff wrote "California,



Pasadena and the Sierra Madre Range, from the Tower of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe's House.

CHAPTER IX.

PASADENA.



T WAS a pity the H. M. M. B. A. could not have seen some of the sunrises of the San Gabriel Valley. On the morning of their arrival at Pasadena it was most glorious. See! as the first dawns streak the sky. The river of morning's light plunges on, it approaches the rapids, uncontrollable and impetuous as war's fiercest

charger it leaps the mountain barriers, and, like a cataract of gold, floods the valleys and canyons and trees with light, chasing all night's darkness away, even the straggling rear guards of shadows. The Sierra Madre, the Puente Hills, the Verdugo Range, La Canyada, the Arroyo Seco, Los Angeles, Pasadena, the Santa Monica mountains, and even the ocean sprang out of their misty, dingy mantles into the vigor of active day, and it was good to see and enjoy and work—good, indeed, to live.



Marengo Avenue, Pasadena.

The Board of Trade, the citizens, and the ladies of Pasadena were determined that the H. M. M. B. A. should have the most kindly remembrances of their beautiful "Crown of the Valley" city. Accordingly, on their

arrival, they were greeted with an array of tally-hos, four-in-hands, carriages, and buggies, sufficient to take the whole party for the arranged drive around the city. Extensive bowls of liquid refreshment were on hand at the Hotel Green, at the Hotel Painter, and at Raymond Hill, provided through the courtesy of Messrs. M. D. Painter, J. H. Holmes, and Walter Raymond.



Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena.

As each member took his seat in the vehicle provided, the driver handed him an exquisite and elaborate bouquet. A bouquet had been provided for every person



Residence of Andrew McNally, Altadena, Cal.

who took the trip, and the drivers of the carriages in almost every instance were the owners, who had come out to do honor to their guests, so that they could intelligently describe the scenes passed, and answer the questions which naturally arose in the mind when passing through streets and avenues lined with the most handsome and pretentious residences. The drive comprised the active business streets and the most beautiful residence portions of the city. Throop Polytechnic Institute was thrown open, and its management and workings explained by Vice-President Parker, who received the guests in the absence of President Keyes. All expressed themselves as much surprised to find so well-equipped and excellently managed an institution of this kind in Pasadena, and the liberal generosity of "Father" Amos G. Throop, its founder, received the heartiest commendations. Father Throop,



The New England Four-in-Hand at Hotel Green, Pasadena.

for many years, was one of the foremost figures in Chicago. He was elected to the City Council at a critical time, and his financiering ability helped free the city from the debt that was almost strangling it. Throop Street was named in his honor, and Throop School is another mark of the high favor with which he was regarded in Chicago.

When he came to Pasadena to enjoy a well-earned rest from active labor, he soon manifested his great interest in the higher and better education of the youth of this rapidly growing section of country. The Throop Polytechnic Institute was built, equipped, and organized, and the last cares of the noble man's life were to see it firmly established and doing its work successfully. To train

the brain and the hand to work together is the chief aim of a manual training school, so that no movement shall be made, no blow struck, no line drawn, until

the brain has consciously determined "how" to execute it.

"Throop" is non-sectarian, and is under the control of a board of directors of Pasadena's leading citizens of all faiths and creeds. There are larger schools of similar character in the East, but in none are there more progressive and accomplished teachers, and better facilities for study and work than are offered here. As the visitors left Throop the handsome struc-



Throop Polytechnic Institute—West Hall.

ture, the Universalist Church, arrested their attention. This was largely the result of Mr. Throop's munificence, he having been one of the most tireless workers for its erection.

Within its walls is a large, sweet-toned organ erected in his honor and to his memory.

A block away is the imposing Public Library building, erected of rough stone. On every hand such buildings are seen, denoting Pasadena's rapid growth and prosperity. Twenty years ago the site of Pasadena was a sheep ranch. Ten years ago it was an infant compared with what it is to-day. Its progress



Throop Polytechnic Institute—East Hall.

has been wonderful, but its natural attractions are of such a character as to draw within its environs the wealthy, cultured, and refined home-seeker from

the East, who desires in Southern California to enjoy the remainder of his days in scenes of beauty, where a comfortable and healthful all-the-year climate makes no extraordinary demands upon his energy and vitality.

To this fact is largely accountable the existence of so many elaborate and ornate residences, located in such extensive and exquisitely beautiful grounds. Wealth, refinement, culture, here hold sway, for Pasadena has gathered to herself the best from all parts of the world. Hence there is no wonder that her *added* attractions, in the way of streets, avenues, residences, grounds, gardens, lawns, and conservatories, have so much heightened and enhanced her natural beauties and charms, and that all who come within her magic confines are charmed beyond the power of words to describe. Orange Grove Avenue, the Raymond Hill, California Street, Terrace Drive, and Marengo Avenue were especially delightful to our Eastern visitors, and when they saw bushes upon which fifty thousand, a



From Orange Groves and Roses to Snow in Twenty Minutes. Pasadena, Cal.

hundred thousand, and even more, roses could be counted at one time, their delight grew into amazement and astonishment at the prolific nature of the soil. As I wrote at the time:

The roses were in full bloom. Deep purple, all the shades of reds and delicate yellows to pure white. Their fragrance and beauty entered into our heart and brain, and healthfully intoxicated us as they have ever done since the Divine Inventor placed them on his lawns throughout the earth. No one but a God—all mighty, all wise, and all loving—could have invented the roses, for they fit every mood of every kindred and tongue upon the earth—young men and maidens, old men and babes are alike joyed by their sweetness and touched by their exquisite loveliness. The bees busily flitted about, happily droning their industrious song as they kissed the inner lips of the flowers and stole therefrom their hidden sweets; the whole

face of Nature was one gorgeous, flaming mosaic of beauty. Millions upon millions of flowers, in addition to the roses, distilled their sweetest fragrance and filled the eye with beauty fit for the contemplation of the angels of God. Immense fields and hedges of calla lilies; gorgeous poinsettas flaunting their red brilliancy in the face of the searching sunlight; bowers of geraniums; beds of sweetly nestling violets; arbors of delicately flowering heliotrope; banks of chaste chrysanthemums; gardens made radiant and gorgeous with stately fleur de lis, fantastically brilliant flowers of paradise, both contrasting charmingly with the peculiar Mariposa lily, and set off, or toned down, by the soft, delicate whiteness of the sweet alyssum, or the graceful marguerites.



The Raymond—as it was.

rich beauty of the flowers from the ground and held them up for the admiration of the on-looking world; and, more beautiful than all, the orange groves, with the golden apples, the green fruit, and delicate blossoms, appeared like a sea-green ocean, flecked with foam and dotted everywhere with balls of confined sunlight—a true gift of the gods to their especially favored children.

All were carried away by the exquisite singing of the birds, not only here, but throughout all California. The mocking-bird's song reminded so many of their Eastern songsters that pleasant associations mentally mingled with the flood of melody and made the sweet more sweet, adding the delights of memory to the thrilling ecstasy of song. But I would that all might have heard the birds around my home in Pasadena during the fruit season this year.

The thrushes and larks sang of the sweet nectar they had extracted from the luscious peaches and apricots, and the delicious sweetness of the fruit was made into far more delicious melody by these morning songsters. Had you seen the birds in the early morning as they perched on the boughs in front of the ripening fruit, each one choosing the exact piece to suit his taste—except here and there, where a loving couple contentedly breakfasted from the same juicy peach or apricot—you could have foretold the joyous sweetness of their song from their perfect enjoyment of the exquisite repast Nature had so bountifully provided for them. And, as they had received, even so, and far more abundantly, they freely gave.

These are some of the delights of Pasadena—the enjoyment of perfect country life, within easy reach of a metropolis' varied resources of entertainment



The Old Live Oak, Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena.

and civic life; or, at least, these were the things that particularly impressed our visitors while being driven around the city. On their return to their cars, however, a great and delightful surprise awaited them.

During their absence their cars were invaded by the Pasadena ladies. The sleeping-car conductors and porters at first had positively refused admission to the cars, and it was only by taking the most decisive steps and giving the largest possible assurances, that I was able to prevail upon these zealous officials (whose watchful care cannot too highly be commended) at last, to secure the admittance of the earnest and energetic ladies with their wagon-loads of flowers. There were six or eight ladies to every car, and with deft fingers, guided by artistic conceptions, these traveling cars were changed into perfect bowers of floral beauty. As Mr. James H. Bowker said to a reporter of the Meriden, Conn.,



At the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, New Year's Day.

Republican, "The whole interior, sides, seats, and ceiling, were literally covered with banks of the most exquisite flowers. Even the seats were filled with such masses of lovely flowers that we were obliged to remove whole armfuls of delicious roses, heliotrope, carnations, pansies, lilies, and violets, in order to find sitting room." I wish here to make a confession to the ladies of Pasadena, and it may be somewhat explanatory to all those who occupied drawing-rooms in the sleeping-cars. I assured the ladies who had charge of the car decorations that each drawing-room was occupied by a bride and groom, some of whom, it was said, had long waited to get married simply for the purpose of making this

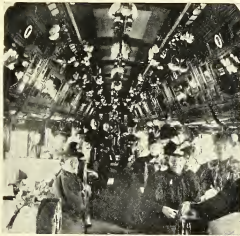


Hotel Green and its Park, Pasadena.

memorable trip to California more memorable as their bridal tour. My well-known reputation for veracity was such that the ladies accepted this statement *in toto*, and the recent untruth was extra taste and care the more dainty for these fortunate

On returning group photograph of Hotel Green by of Pasadena's republished photograph accompanying en

The Hotel Green dena, and indeed of ern California, in the during boom days by purchased by Col. well-known capitalist, and, two years ago, at an expense of \$300,000, was remodeled and enlarged to three times its original size, and then decorated, furnished, and equipped in a style commensurate with its architectural graces and imposing exterior. It is Moorish in design, and with the Hotel Green park on



A Kodak of Flower-garlanded car at Pasadena.

sult of the benefic discernible in the displayed, and in selection of flowers brides and grooms. from the drive a was taken in front Mr. W. H. Hill, one sentative and accomers, from which the graving was made. is the pride of Pasa- the whole of South- hotel world. Built E. C. Webster, it was G. G. Green, the



The H. M. M. B. A. at Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal.

the south and west sides, the graceful semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and flowering plants give color to the illusion that one is mysteriously transported to the



GEORGE C. GREEN, proprietor Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal., was born near Woodbury, N. J., in March, 1845. He graduated from the Seminary, Pennington, N. J., in 1864, and then took a medical course. On receiving his M. D. he practiced medicine for some years, and in May, 1870, married Miss Angie L. Brown, of Athens, O., where he was practicing his profession. In 1874 he removed to Woodbury, N. J., where he engaged in the manufacture of Boschee's German Syrup, and Green's August Flower. His investments have all proven fortunate and he is now a multi-millionaire. He has a most beautiful home at Woodbury, N. J., a summer home at Lake Hopatchong, N. Y., where he keeps his elegant yacht, and has a winter home, equally beautiful, at Altadena, Cal. To travel to and fro, with his family, he has his own private railway car, fitted up in most sumptuous style.

realm of romance, history, song, and tragedy so vividly portrayed in Washington Irving's "Alhambra."

But immediately one enters the portals of this hotel during the season all dreamy illusions vanish. The spacious and elegant office, ladies' and gentlemen's writing-rooms, and the expansive corridors are comfortably filled with a gay and glittering throng. Such a display as would grace the foyer of the Grand Opera House of Paris is the nightly scene. Ladies and gentlemen in the most stylish and modish evening costumes, harmonious in richest contrasts, display the genius of Worth, Redfern, and other artists in pose, color, and adaptation. Lowinsky's Orchestra, one of the best in the State, engaged by the Hotel Green for the season, discourses music—not the claptrap, catchy, noisy clangor of untrained pretenders, but the pure work of classical composers rendered by



Dining-room, Hotel Green, Pasadena.

musicians of culture and refinement, artists capable of satisfying the demand of critical hearers who are accustomed to "good" music rendered in satisfactory and accomplished style.

The table of Hotel Green is metropolitan in its adaptability to the wants of all its patrons, and the ordinary meals served to the members of the H. M. M. B. A. during their visit show the capabilities of both steward and chef.

Through his management of the Green, Mr. J. H. Holmes has taken rank with the best hotel managers of the country. Deserving of, and receiving, the perfect confidence of Colonel Green, the proprietor, he is absolutely free in his control



On the Trail to Martin's Camp, near Pasadena.

of the hotel, and his good judgment and critical tastes have so commended his management to the most fastidious hotel patrons, that The Green has become noted throughout the entire country as the most aristocratic and desirable stopping place Southern California affords. Mr. Holmes is one of the rarest of hotel men, as true as steel, free from all those things that detract from the high standard a gentleman should ever keep before him, and worthy all the honor and esteem that disinterested friendship would bring to him.



Hotel San Gabriel.

It is from Pasadena that the Mount Lowe Railway extends to the summit of the Sierra Madre Range, but a special chapter will be devoted to the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. to this enchanting spot.

Another mountain resort of fame and note in the Sierra Madre is Wilson's Peak, where C. S. Martin, a member of the H. M. M. B. A., has a large number of cottages and tents, together with dining-room, social hall and club-room. The ascent to Martin's Camp is made by mule or burro on a fine mountain trail, skilfully engineered up and over the

steep slopes and through masses of granite. In a number of places the trail goes through fine expanses of forest, where pines, firs, spruces, and live oaks abound. At the half-way house, the lover of forest scenery finds enough of interest to occupy his attention so long as he may care to remain. The whole ride from the time one leaves Pasadena until the summit is reached, is one of delight. At one moment the rider seems to be shut in with mountain slopes, up and down, and all around him, and a few moments later the way is opened out and exquisite vistas of the incomparable San Gabriel are spread at his feet, with wider outlook upon the foot-hills, the



A Pasadena Rose.

From
"The Traveler,"
S. F., Cal.



The Painter Hotel, Pasadena, Cal.

cities that dot the valleys from the mountains to the sea, the ocean itself, and the islands that bathe in its tremulous and shimmering waters. From the summit the view extends in almost every direction, and the outlook toward Mount



San Gabriel Mission.

San Antonio is over a vast chasm—the San Gabriel Canyon—which, in its abysmal character, amazes and almost terrifies those who gaze upon it for the first time.

The "Painter" is another of Pasadena's hotels that many members of the H. M. M. B. A. will remember with pleasure. It has grown more and more into favor since it was

built, instead of doing as so many hotels do, viz., begin well, and lose favor and patronage as the seasons roll by. The reason for this growth is apparent to all who—like myself—have watched the management of the hotel. Not only have the immediate wants of patrons been gratified in the most liberal and satisfactory manner, but, each year, extensive improvements internally and externally have been carried on. The grounds have been much beautified, and, within doors, a large number of private bath-rooms, daintily appointed, put in, in connection with single rooms and suites. In location there is no valley hotel in Southern California that can equal it. Over a thousand feet above sea level, and yet not more than twenty-three or twenty-four miles, in a direct line, from the sea, and within four or five miles of the Sierra Madre Range, it has a glorious outlook over valley and ocean and toward the majestic mountains; is perfectly free



The Eucalyptus Flower.

From "The Traveler,"
S. F., Cal.

from any possibility of malaria, and is most convenient of access to either ocean or mountains, by means of the Pasadena and Pacific Electric Railroad, which passes close by. The Painter controls its own water supply, having a



M. D. PAINTER, owner and manager of Hotel Painter, Pasadena, has brought to his hotel an increasing number of refined and wealthy patrons. This most successfully demonstrates his ability as a host. He is a member of the H. M. B. A. and the S. C. H. A., and, while modest and retiring, is yet a potent factor in controlling the business affairs of the latter organization, and influencing its members. He is a man who wears well, and his sterling integrity, high character and business sagacity have placed him in the front rank of Pasadena's citizenship. He is ably seconded in the management of the hotel and the entertainment of his guests by his estimable wife, a lady prominent both in the church and social circles of the city.

thorough system, connecting the rooms and kitchen with the sources in the pure mountain springs of the Sierra Madre.

Another Pasadena hotel which is rapidly growing in popularity is the Hotel Mitchell, owned and managed by Mr. W. H. Mitchell and his able and efficient wife. A year ago when Mr. Mitchell bought the property he immediately proceeded to enlarge, refurnish, redecorate and entirely renovate it. The result was eminently satisfactory. The hotel at once became popular with a large and increasing number of people, so that it is now the fashionable stopping place for many tourists and families. The building is a handsome structure of brick, substantially erected, and, standing on the corner, has perfect light in every room. The office and drawing-room are spacious and well furnished, and make most cheerful lounging and visiting places for the patrons of the hotel and their company. Mrs. Mitchell personally supervises the dining-room and kitchen, and the result is home-cooking of a high order and agreeable service. Being within one block of the Santa Fe depot, only a short distance from the Los Angeles Terminal and Southern Pacific depots, and the Pasadena and Pacific electric cars passing the doors, the visitor is afforded every possible advantage for speedy transit in every direction, whether to Los Angeles, the ocean at Santa Monica, San Pedro, Long Beach or Redondo, or to their delights are made accessible by the Mount Lowe Railway.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are aided in the management of the hotel by their son, who is thoroughly competent in every respect. The result is "home" hotel in word. Many years of hotel business have enabled Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell to determine and needs of all their patrons, and, knowing that a well-fed and well-housed guest, whose every want is anticipated, and, as far as is possible, met, is the best advertisement for any hotel, they combine their interest with that of their patrons by giving them all that money can purchase or earnest solicitation for their comfort devise. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are blessed with a beautiful and charming daughter, as well as the son before mentioned, and, as soon as matters can be suitably arranged, it is the intention of Mrs. Mitchell to accompany her daughter to Europe, where the latter will take an extended course in music.

It was with considerable regret that the time for leaving Pasadena came, and although each place visited received so large a share of kind and flattering words that it might well regard its reputation established for life in the minds of Eastern Hotel Men, it cannot be denied that Pasadena and its reception were more often referred to in terms of delight and endearment than any other place visited during the whole excursion.

About noon the H. M. M. B. A. specials left Pasadena for Redlands, on the Kite-Shaped Track of the Santa Fe Route.



Hotel Mitchell, Pasadena.



The Lake on Baldwin's Ranch.

CHAPTER X.

REDLANDS.



WITH such a surprise as awaited our visitors on entering their flower-embowered cars at Pasadena, it was no wonder that one enthusiastic brother sent the dispatch home, "We are now in Paradise. All well." But while this was all very satisfactory to Pasadena, it made the duty that was to devolve upon the people at Redlands far more onerous; for he who attempts to follow the hospitality of angels will find his task far greater than he who deals with those whose communications have been with ordinary mortals only. But Redlands satisfactorily met her responsibilities. A few moments' stop was made at Santa Anita, to allow a glimpse of "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch, his great nurseries, and the stables where his famous race-horses are kept, and here an advance guard of the Redlands local committee, consisting of the following gentlemen: Messrs. E. G. Judson, R. C. McGinness, Dr. J. S. Riggs, A. G. Hubbard, C. M. Brown, Dr. D. W. Stewart, Charles Putnam, R. H. Garland, and S. C. Haver, boarded the trains, and soon began to make our visitors desirous of seeing the famous young city of the eastern end of the San Gabriel Valley, and the avowed rival of Pasadena. Colonel J. T. Ritchey, an old Indianapolis member of the H. M. M. B. A., was one of the leading members in directing the Redlands hospitalities, and he showed his tact and wisdom in his selection of the men who came out to meet the H. M. M. B. A.



Bird's-eye View of Redlands.

specials. Whirling along through orange, lemon, and olive groves, and orchards of all kinds of deciduous fruit, San Bernardino was reached, where Max Erkes, smiling and genial, stood on the platform to shake hands and swap lies

with every Eastern man he could meet, and regretting that the limited time did not permit all the visitors to go and see the beautiful Stewart Hotel, of which he is one of the proprietors. Then, as the trains went around the upper circle of the Kite-Shaped Track, passing by Arrowhead and the Highlands Asylum, all eyes were turned to the majestic San Bernardino Range, where is located one of the most charming mountain resorts in the whole of California. This is Seven Oaks, a picturesque and primitive mountain retreat, ably managed by A. H. Pratt, where one may enjoy all the comforts and nearly all the luxuries of a well-appointed city hotel, although twenty miles from civilization. Here, close by the Santa Ana River, which abounds in mountain and rainbow trout, the fisherman may while away many a pleasant hour; finds the forests which adorn these mountain slopes well stocked with antelope, deer, lions, and other game, while occasionally black bear sport. Mine the track of the speaks of stern host Pratt is an ideal mountain good fisherman, being a and fine hunt er, and able to tell good stories to the satisfaction of everyone, when sitting around a campfire at the roaring night.

A large number of mountain lovers of mountain scenery from Los Angeles, Pasadena, Redlands, River-neighborhoods, and other cities, visits Seven Oaks each year, and it is attracting to itself a most desirable clientele.

entage who prefer its rustic hospitalities to the more commodious and luxurious city hotels where fashion too often, rather than comfort, dictates.

Lowering our eyes from the snow-capped peaks of the San Bernardino Range we were refreshed by the delicious green of the beauteous citrus groves through which we were passing, and in a few moments the cry went up, "All out for Redlands!" Here vehicles were provided so that every one might take a ride around the city. Streets and avenues lined with beautiful homes, where exquisite flowers bloomed in the richest profusion, led up to Smiley Heights, the *piece de resistance* of Redlands' artistic adornment. These heights were once a barren series of ridges and gullies, but owing to the princely munificence, courageous daring, and skilful planting of the Smiley brothers, whose hotel enterprises in the East are too well known to require any description here, the barren hills



At Seven Oaks. Pratt's Hotel.

have been converted into a series of the most lovely drives that can be found on the American continent to-day. From the Canyon Crest Drive to Outlook Point of Smiley Heights, a comprehensive view of from fifty to seventy-five or more miles may be had, over a cultivated landscape, varied and undulating, to the majestic barriers of towering mountains on every hand, and one may travel far before any such scene as this will again be presented to the gaze.

The drive over, every vehicle wended its way to the Casa Loma, "the House on the Hill," a new and unique hotel built in the Mooresque Spanish style of architecture, by Colonel T. J. Ritchey, who had arranged to give the H. M. M. B. A. a unique feast in the form of an Orange Dinner. In addition



Stewart Hotel, San Bernardino.

to the graceful pepper-trees, semi-tropical dates and palms, and rare exotic plants, flowers, and shrubs which surrounded the hotel, bunting and flags were liberally used, both inside and out, but the chief scene of attraction was a pyramid of beautiful oranges, the openings between which were filled with immense strawberries, and which oc-



On the way to Seven Oaks.

cupied the center of the rotunda. Under the pyramid were boxes of the largest and finest oranges that ever grew in California, and these were distributed *ad libitum*. The band discoursed sweet music, and a number of the "boys," owing to the influence of too much scenic beauty and glory, sang the already popular chorus:

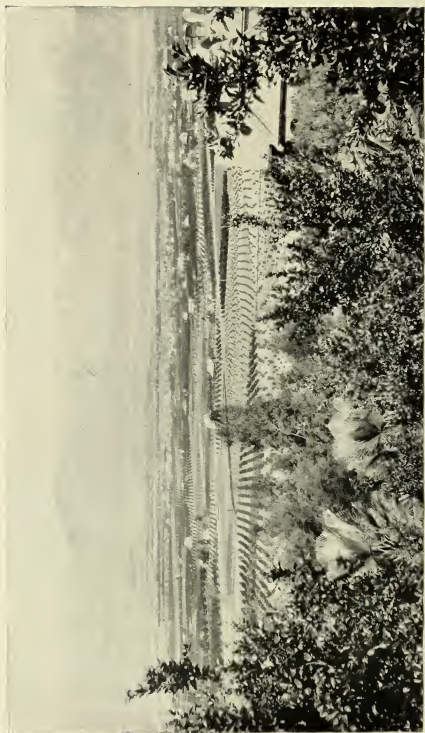
Hurrah! Hurrah! for California!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the H. M. M.
B. A.!

We'll have a grand and glorious time
wherever we may stray,
While we are in California.



The Retreat at Seven Oaks.

Then followed the Orange Dinner. Was it all composed of oranges? By no means! It was an ordinary dinner, served in ordinary style, but the shape, color, and fragrance of the orange were constantly being experienced when least expected. Tiny "biscuit" oranges were used instead of crackers, orange cider drank, orange-



Looking over Redlands from Canyon Crest Park.

shaped cakes eaten, orange-colored *this*, orange-flavored *that*, and orange-shaped, colored, and flavored *the other*, served in every possible manner and style, so that the dinner was appropriately named.

The service at this dinner was unique, a number of the young ladies of the Redlands High School having volunteered for the honorable duty. Beautiful and graceful in appearance, gentle and courteous in demeanor, kindly and affable in disposition, they justified the statement that the "girls of Southern California are its sweetest flowers." They found delight in ministering to the wants of their hungry guests, and the many kind words spoken by the members of the H. M. M. B. A. testified their keen appreciation of this gracious courtesy on the part of Redlands' young ladies. As the dinner drew to a close, President B. H. Yard of the H. M. M. B. A., in an



Redlands and the Mountains in Winter.

eloquent and appropriate speech, called for a hearty vote of thanks to the city of Redlands, to Host Ritchey, and to the high school girls, for the cordial hospitalities which had been extended. The ceiling suffered injuries from the cheers which were the result of this motion and its hearty acceptance. In spite of this damage to his property Colonel Ritchey most gracefully responded on behalf of the citizens, the young ladies, and himself. Some one then called for a speech from Simeon Ford, captain of the New York train, and the humorous speaker of the hotel fraternity of the world. He remarked:

Never before have I had the pleasure of being waited upon by high school girls, but have frequently waited upon them, and I am quite sure that I echo the sentiments of all New York people when I declare that, although our entire journey has been an ovation, Redlands is the best yet.

The Smiley brothers were then called upon, and as one of them rose to speak, the greeting he received demonstrated the effect his beautiful domain had had



The Casa Loma, Redlands.

upon the minds of those present. In a few gracious words he expressed his satisfaction at meeting the Hotel Men in California, hoped he might again meet them here, and bade all good speed for the remainder of their journey.

Then, after the concert given by the Southern California Hotel band, the Baptist Church Orchestra, Riverside and other musical talent, the party adjourned to take much needed rest for the pleasures, excitements and travel of the next day.

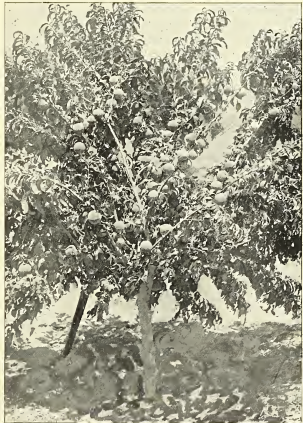
The beautiful Casa Loma hotel exacted much praise from the H. M. M. B. A. When it was explained that on the 26th of November, 1895, a large brick structure occupied the site upon which, *three months* later, this elegant and pretentious hotel was opened to the public, even New York confessed that "Southern California had a way of rushing things peculiarly Eastern." It was erected by Colonel J. T. Ritchey, formerly of Indianapolis, Ind., who is now its enterprising director, giving personal attention to its management.

As one steps inside the building he enters a fine "office" which should more appropriately be termed the "rotunda." It is a court, open to the ceiling, so that floods of vivifying sunshine can enter every portion of the interior of the house. The office is fitted up with the most elaborate appliances modern skill and ingenuity have so far designed for the safety, comfort, and luxurious convenience of hotel patrons. Every room in the house is fitted not only with the latest system of electric bells, but a telephone service, so that the occupant of the room may personally confer directly with the clerk, and state his or her wants in the ear of that all-important functionary.

From the sun tower of Casa Loma an extended view is had in every direction, and the visitor can gain somewhat of an idea of the wonderful extent of the orange groves of this favored locality. Redlands, Highlands, and Riverside are the main orange-growing settlements of Southern California, and the shipments each year are immense, and increasing rapidly, as more groves come into bearing. I am hoping, next year, to establish a commercial bureau of great importance to Eastern Hotel Men. I am satisfied



On Smiley Heights, Redlands.



In a Redlands Orchard.

that, if a few of the large hotels in each city or neighborhood will club together, I can arrange to make shipments of oranges and other California products direct from the ranches to the hotels, thus saving all the unnecessary expenses incurred by purchasing through commission men.



John Redman Richards, proprietor Hotel Windsor, was born at Lexington, Ky., March 6, 1853, and attended the Transylvania, now the State, University of that city. From 1878 to 1892 Mr. Richards was engaged as superintendent and compiler of city and state directories, having had entire charge of a number of large works. In 1893 he organized the Hotel Investment Bureau of Los Angeles and has been instrumental in the disposal of several large hotel properties. In 1895 he purchased the Hotel Windsor. Mr. Richards is a public spirited citizen, and always alive to the interests of the hotel fraternity. On his desk are to be seen nearly all the hotel papers published in the country. His office is always open to hotel men, and they can be assured of there meeting a cordial reception.

tageously in drives to and fro in the neighborhood. Not only are there the orange groves and Smiley Heights, but over the hills southward is the Yucaipe Valley, a fine grain-growing section; and to the east a score of entrancing mountain canyons, where fishing and hunting to any desirable extent may be had, and whose scenery is grand and majestic. In these canyons, also, the botanist, entomologist and geologist find profitable fields for study.

Another hotel which enjoys the scenic glories of Redlands is the Windsor, owned and managed by Mr. J. R. Richards, the proprietor and organizer of the Los Angeles Hotel Bureau. This is a good, reliable commercial and family house, which has always enjoyed the confidence of tourists and others. The patronage it received compelled its proprietor to build an annex, which adds a number of excellent rooms to his accommodation facilities. Under Mr. Richards' management the Windsor is doing well and receiving a large patronage. It is lighted by electricity, has electric bells in every room, and has rooms and suites with private baths and other modern necessities. With an extensive choice of fruit and vegetables, grown in this fertile neighborhood, the table is liberally provided in this regard, as well as in the more solid comforts that a well-directed cuisine affords. Making this hotel a stopping place, the tourist desirous of seeing the country can spend many days advan-



Hotel Windsor, Redlands.

CHAPTER XI.

RIVERSIDE.



THE crowd of our visitors was so large, it was deemed desirable that one train should go on to Riverside on Friday night, and, accordingly, whilst the Chicago, New York, Denver, Ohio and Indiana delegations were being entertained at Redlands, the New England delegation was enjoying the hospitalities of Riverside, and listening to the play, "Captain Impudence," or "Mexico," which a good company was rendering in the Loring Opera House. Mr. Frank A. Miller, president of the Southern California Hotel Association, and manager of the Opera House, succeeded in some incomprehensible way in working into the house all those of the delegation who presented themselves, and the result was that quite a representation

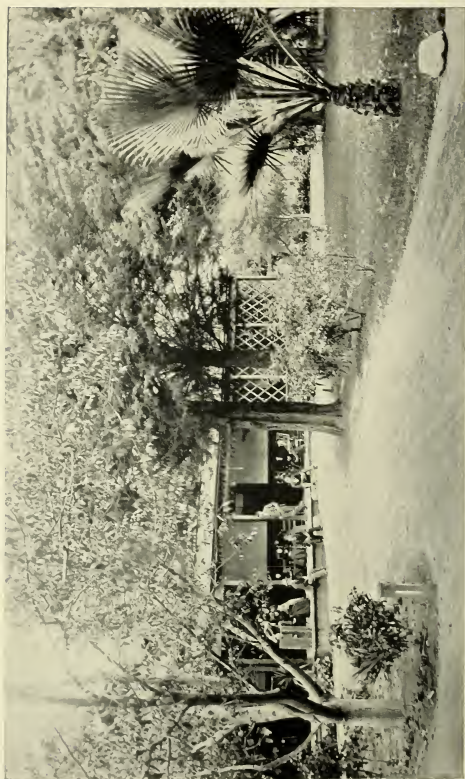
of the New England train graced the Opera House by their presence, where the legend, "H. M. M. B. A.—Welcome," across the proscenium, assured them of a hearty reception.

Many preferred to stay over night at the Riverside hotels, instead of in their cars, and Manager Richardson of the Glenwood Tavern, and Mrs. Martha G. Davis of the Rowell Hotel, found themselves busy in allotting rooms. Early next morning, as soon as breakfast was served, tally-hos, carriages, and buggies began to roll up to the hotels and cars, and soon the jolly crowd was making the streets and avenues ring with their merry voices. The watchword that morning, given out by General Tom Henry, was, "*Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?*" and there is a strong impression in the minds of many of the members that Tom had an advertising contract from the great English soap manufacturers, and was determined to fulfil it with faithfulness and vigor. The salutation was all right when confined to the New England people, who were "up" to Tom and his tricks, but when some of the dignified New Yorkers, Chicagoans, and Ohioans were greeted in this manner, the remarks were regarded as slightly personal, for a few jovially replied, "Use it yourself!"

As soon as Magnolia Avenue was entered, this world-famed drive engaged the entire attention of all within its precincts. For eight miles in straight line this double avenue, lined on either side with magnolias, peppers, eucalyptus, acacias,



A Riverside Home.



Glenwood Tavern, Riverside.

palms, and a large variety of rare and beautiful tropical trees, the avenue being divided in two parts, with another row of attractive trees in the center, and every foot of the ground on either side richly cultivated and converted into orange and lemon groves, all this was, in itself, a picture sufficient to enthrall the senses of the most fastidious. But when, added to the immediate surroundings, were seen the contrasting slopes of Pachappa, Roubidoux, and other near-by hills, with the snow-capped peaks of San Antonio, San Bernardino, San Gorgonio, San Jacinto, and Santiago, in the far-away distances—the effect was simply enchanting in the extreme, and absolutely indescribable. Even the world-traveled Charles Dudley Warner found it difficult to express the sensations and emotions he felt when sitting in the orange groves of Riverside, surrounded by every evidence of being in the semi-tropics, whilst half a day's journey away were snow-clad peaks gazing down upon him in dignified majesty and calm serenity.



Magnolia Avenue, Riverside.

While Riverside is not the oldest orange colony of California, it is generally regarded and spoken of as the "mother of orange communities," because it is here where the planting of the golden fruit was commenced on a pretentious scale, and while Redlands and Highlands are now producing as fine fruit as any that finds its way into the markets of the world, Riverside still holds its proud place in the front rank, constantly receiving the highest prizes and premiums for the size, juiciness, and richness of quality of its fruit. It is distinctly an orange region. Had the old Argonauts of Greece succeeded in reaching Riverside, the wide expanse of territory covered by trees richly laden with their golden fruit would have arrested their wanderings, and bade them make permanent sojourn here. It is not in the power of artist's brush or poet's pen to describe the entrancing glory of the scenes that are constantly presented in this orange settlement. To see the rich, varying shades of green, the arrangement of the

trees in rows, giving them the appearance of symmetrical waves, and the perfect waxy white heightening the illusion, with suggestions of creamy foam, the effect enhanced and made brilliant by the rich gold of the oranges—it is no wonder that the stranger to the orange grove goes into ecstasies.

Through the courtesy of the City Council and citizens of Riverside, not only was this drive provided, but several orange groves were thrown open, so that all who wished could enter and pluck the golden fruit, and also pick the pure blossoms to send to their unmarried lady friends in the far-away East. If these blossoms had the good effects hoped and desired by their senders, the parsons of the East, West, South, and North will be kept pretty busy for the next year or so, tying the knots that nuptially bind their fair recipients to the favored gentlemen of their hearts' choice.

By the time the members of the first party of "drivers-out" had returned to their hotels and cars, the remainder of the delegations from Redlands had arrived, and all who wished were provided with transportation and were soon enjoying the scenes I have so imperfectly described. The unanimous courtesy shown by the people all along Magnolia Avenue and other streets and avenues driven through by the party, showed that the people of Riverside were full of genuine hospitality, and were wide awake to the advantages to be gained by impressing the visitors with the importance of their orange-growing settlement.

Riverside received its name from the fact that it is on the banks of the Santa Ana River, which is the source of supply for the numerous irrigating ditches which have made Riverside what it now is. Although Riverside is young, it has two good substantial hostleries, where all visitors are well received and satisfactorily entertained. The Glenwood Tavern, which is owned by Mr. Frank A. Miller, president of the S. C. H. A., and under the management of his brother-in-law, Mr. F. W. Richardson, is acknowledged to be one of the most cozy and

homelike hotels in California. While the building is old and quaint, the surrounding grounds are charming and attractive, and within doors everything is so attractive that it is impossible for one not to feel at home. This is for the most part due to the cordial and sincere hospitality extended by every person connected with the house to all who come within its portals. From bell-boy to proprietor all seem to feel that it is a sincere pleasure to do anything that can possibly add to your



In a Riverside Docking-house.

individual comfort, and I am thus explicit in commenting upon this feature of Hotel Glenwood, because I am assured that it is one of the most potent factors in getting and retaining the best class of guests. In this respect the Glenwood is an ideal hotel, and he who stays there, and is not made happy and comfort-



Riverside Navels.

able, may lay the flattering unction to his soul that one person, at least, will regard his unhappiness and discomfort as his own fault.

Mr. Frank W. Richardson, the manager, is well known throughout the State as a successful hotel man, and his wife is regarded as an authority in the handling of chefs, cooks, and waiters. Mr. Richardson is also the secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Asylum for the Insane, located at Highlands, a few miles away.

The other leading Riverside hotel is the Rowell, kept by Mrs. Martha G. Davis, a member of the reception committee of the S. C. H. A., who welcomed the incoming guests at Barstow, and stayed with them during the whole of the trip until they departed for the East. It is the personality of Mrs. Davis that makes the Rowell Hotel. While the building itself is a substantial one of brick, with the appointments common to such a hotel, it would be no different from



The Rowell Hotel, Riverside.

thousands of other such institutions, were it not for the individuality of Mrs. Davis. While giving a cordial welcome to travelers of every acceptable class, Mrs. Davis, being an ardent member of the W. C. T. U., does not feel that it would be consistent for her to permit the sale of alcoholic liquors in her house; consequently, while not posing as a "temperance hotel," and, in fact, saying nothing whatever about the matter, hers is strictly a prohibition hotel. But, with a keen regard for the welfare of her guests, Mrs. Davis makes special and successful efforts toward their entertainment. Every evening, when the number of guests justifies it, a program, of some kind or other, is rendered in the comfortable and commodious parlors. Not only are cards and the ordinary means of pastime indulged in, but Mrs. Davis has found it a successful plan to introduce literary and musical entertainments conducted entirely by the guests. The result is that those who have spent one season at her house invariably return, and also send their friends.

The scenery of Riverside having satisfactorily been observed, an opportunity was given all the guests to visit the packing houses at Casa Blanca, where the most expert packers of the city entertained all who were present with an exhibition showing the grading, wrapping, and boxing of the precious citrus fruit for the market. The dexterity and swiftness of the packers were much commended.

A few of the members of the party, desirous of seeing more of the beautiful city, induced their number ascended Vic from this height they sive view of orange and and mountain there pre that not a single person erside and its picturesque noon the call came: "All

It was while in Riv made the accompanying Henry and myself, en hibition, with George W. Morse and Oscar B. Rand as seconds. Tom was in good voice, and, as the trumpet-like tones of his argumentative speech reached the ears of Riverside's Blind Tiger, it strained at its chain and nearly broke loose, only being restrained by the soothing strains of Georgie Morse, as he sweetly sang: "Rest thee, Tige, lie still and slumber." George is a great and effective singer.

Riverside possesses a number of fine brick blocks, including the Orange

Jehus to take them near by, and quite a toria Hill, in order that might enjoy the exten- lemon orchards, valley, sented. It is safe to say was disappointed in Riv- surroundings when at aboard for Coronado!" erside that W. W. Davis photograph of Tom gaged in a debate on pro-



Discussing Prohibition at Riverside.



In a Riverside Orchard.

all the houses are surrounded by grassy lawns and thriving orchards. Oranges and lemons are the chief fruits; but peaches, olives, nectarines, and other deciduous fruits abound. Some of the shade trees that line the streets are fig-trees, and it is a delightful surprise to visitors to pick and eat ripe and juicy figs as they walk along.

Growers' Bank Building, the Loring Opera House, the Roubi deaux Club, Arlington Building, Y. M. C. A., and several handsome and very striking church edifices. Except in the business streets, Riverside is "in the country," for

CHAPTER XII.

EN ROUTE TO SAN DIEGO AND CORONADO.



RIDE on the remaining part of the Kite-Shaped Track and the Surf Line of the Santa Fe system was filled with interesting diversions, and the various members of the Reception Committee were kept busy describing the scenes passed, as the specials rapidly whirled their way to the city of "bay-'n'-climate," the jumping-off point of the southwest portion of the United States. For miles after leaving Riverside there was nothing practically

but orange and lemon orchards on both sides of the track, some new, some old, but all interesting and beautiful, and, generally, a source of profit to their owners.

Fifteen miles southwest of Riverside, and South Riverside, now known as Corona, was reached. This is also a citrus fruit town, and it is the home of O. A. Smith, a member of the S. C. H. A., and one of the typical bonifaces of California. With ruddy, smiling face, genial demeanor, rotund body, and orotund voice, always filled with a spirit of *bonhomie*, he makes his house, the Hotel Temescal, a delightful stopping place for the hungry and weary.

Soon after leaving Corona, the valley and canyon of the Santa Ana River were entered, and our trains wound and twisted and curved

around like gigantic sea-serpents, until Orange, the junction between the Kite-Shaped Track and the Surf Line, was reached.

Orange is

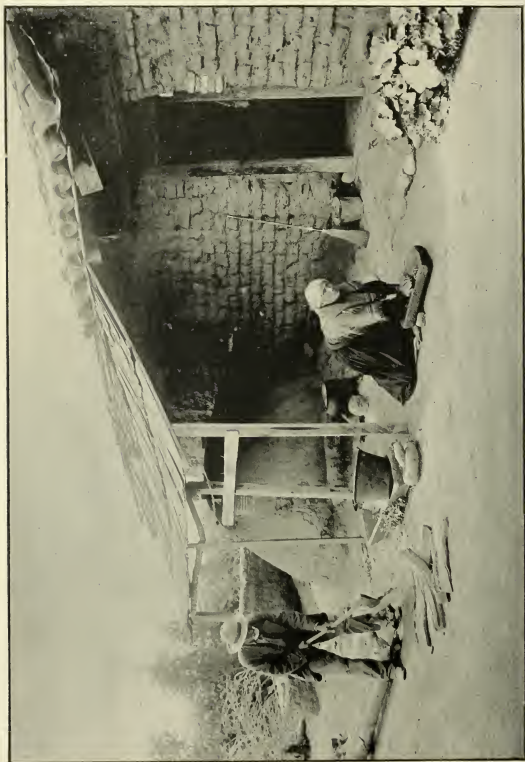
thirty miles from Los Angeles, and, although it has a large growth of citrus fruits, one of its most profitable crops is the peanut, which is grown quite extensively.



O. A. Smith was born in a hotel, on Pontiac pike, between Pontiac and Detroit, Mich. Hence it was appropriate that, after many vicissitudes he should eventually come to beautiful Southern California, settle at South Riverside, now known as Corona, build a hotel and become one of the best known hotel men of the State, with no man his enemy and every man his friend.



Corridors at San Juan Capistrano Mission.



The Tortilla Makers at San Juan Capistrano.

Copyright by Geo. F. Jones

Two miles from Orange is Santa Ana, the county seat of Orange County, with a population of six thousand people, and an extensive trade with the whole of the outlying districts.

And now the stock-raising district is entered, and thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep are seen dotting the fertile plains. Mount Santiago, the chief peak of the Santa Ana Range, rises majestically to the left, and soon the station of Modjeska is passed, named after the distinguished actress, who, a few miles away, in the heart of the Santiago Canyon, has built a charming summer residence, where as often as possible she retires from the world, and enjoys in this secluded spot association with a few choice friends and the rugged beauties of nature.

When fifty-eight miles from Los Angeles, we pass the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano, founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1776. The sad and tragic history of this Mission I have endeavored to give somewhat in my little book, "The Missions and Mission Indians of California." The building is now being restored, as far as possible, to its pristine grandeur by the Landmarks Club, a society in Los Angeles for the purpose of preserving its structures, indeed the "Landmark Society" of the "Sun-down"

Here, the Indians and still remain it is an in



Modjeska's Home in Southern California.

sight to witness them making tortillas. The old lady of the engraving is engaged in grinding the necessary meal, while her husband prepares the firewood.

A little further along, and we are directly on the line of the ocean, which we keep in sight for the major part of the distance until Coronado is reached. There is an unnameable something about the Pacific shore that soothes and pacifies and expresses the full significance of its name. It steals like a silent influence over us, and rejuvenates the energies which have been exhausted in our friction with the ambitious industrial world. From the azure singing dawn to the rambling rose and gold of sunset, it reaches out to fondly caress and revive dear old Mother Earth. Hence the fame of this scenic Surf Line, with its salt air atmosphere, its occasional glimpses of fair, if not fairy, islands of Catalina and Clemente, in this transit through fertile, aromatic valleys and over lofty foot-hills.

Six miles beyond San Juan lies Oceanside, where the Pacific Hotel proudly stood at the time of the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. Since then its enterprising proprietor, Mr. Pieper, has suffered its loss through fire.

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In rapid succession Carlsbad, Encenitas, Del Mar and Moreno are passed, and then Old Town is reached. This was the first spot chosen in California, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, by the Spanish Missionaries as the location for a town, and for many years it was known as San Diego. It has its interest-



Where Ramona was married, Old San Diego.

ing memories of the Franciscan Fathers, of General Kearney, of the Indians, and especially is it noted as the marriage place of the Ramona of "H. H.'s" famous novel of that name.

Here the Southern California Railway crosses the tracks of the San Diego, Old Town and La Jolla Railway, which connects the modern San Diego with Old Town and the charming seaside resort of La Jolla. La Jolla—pronounced La Ho-yeh—is

noted for its entrancing and bewitching caves, carved out of the native rock by the resistless power of the ocean waves. Within its dim recesses, reached at low tide, the searcher after algæ and marine plants will find a perfect storehouse.

All along the beach are figures carved out of the stone, resembling alligators, frogs, and turtles. In one place is an aisled cathedral, with tower and spires. Swimming to and fro near these rocks is often to be seen a large shoal of fish, which have the appearance of goldfish. In the small bay the fisherman finds sport enough to keep him busy, and on its shores the artist revels in unlooked for and unexpected scenes of extreme picturesqueness, ruggedness, and grandeur. A good hotel has been erected near by, under competent management, which satisfactorily cares for all those who visit this charming retreat. Miss Beatrice Harraden, the noted English novelist, has made this one of her chosen summer and winter resting places.

Without stopping for any length of time at San Diego, the special trains were run out upon the wharf of the Coronado Ferry, and half an hour later the world-famed Hotel del Coronado was reached. In order that

there might be no delay and confusion in the allotment of rooms, Mr. E. S. Babcock, the manager, sent his head clerk, Mr. U. F. Newlin, to board the trains before they left Riverside, and the result was that the allotments were made before the visitors reached the hotel. In ten minutes after

arrival every person was comfortably ensconced in his own room, without bustle, confusion, or annoyance, and a few minutes later received the whole of his baggage.



The Mission Bells at San Juan Capistrano.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO.



ATURDAY night, weary and tired though many of the visitors were after their week's sight-seeing and long journey, a large number especially of the young people found themselves rested sufficiently to enjoy the complimentary ball given by Manager Babcock in honor of the arrival of the H. M. M. B. A. The great ballroom, with a floor space of eleven thousand feet, presented a gay and festive appearance, and when the orchestra struck up the grand march and waltz quite a number of couples took the floor. The gay festivities were kept up until a late hour, because of the anticipation of a good rest on the following day.

There was no dearth of amusements provided, however, for Sunday. Invitations had been extended by the pastors of the different churches of Coronado and San Diego, and a fair quota of members attended divine service. Others went fishing, quite a number strolled on the beach, and two large parties were made up, one to go down to Tia Juana and old Mexico, and the other to take a ride on the Coronado Railway, out on the government breakwater now in the course of erection. Both parties came back reporting a most enjoyable and interesting time. But by far the greatest attraction was the Coronado Bath House, the courtesy of which was freely extended to the members of the H. M. M. B. A. during the whole of their



Hotel del Coronado.

stay at Coronado by the kindness of Miss Nellie McEnaney, the lessee.

The warm salt water was so refreshing that a constant stream of visitors was kept up nearly all day, who fairly reveled in the limpid waters of the swimming-tank, or dashed down the steep chutes. Most of the members tried to ride Babcock's water ponies, but very few were successful



Hotel del Coronado.

in doing any more than being bucked off head-over-heels. Captain Shears of Cincinnati, with that indomitable courage which has characterized him



In the Bath House, Hotel del Coronado.

all his life, vowed that no measly water-horse of Coronado should unseat him, and, as he was bucked off, again and again mounted, and with invincible energy "kept up the fray" until he was able to cry "Victory!"

One member of the party in returning from the shower-bath to his dressing-



Captain Shears riding the Water Pony.

room unfortunately slipped down and broke one of his toes; yet, recently writing to me he said: "Do you remember my breaking one of my toes at Coronado in the bath house? That toe has given me lots of trouble, and I have never been able to get a shoe on that foot until about ten days ago. Have had to wear the slipper that I got in San Diego the day after my fall. But

we had a good time just the same, and it would take more than one broken toe to make me keep quiet on such a trip."

I wonder what Mr. X Rays would say if he read this letter. He would doubtless swear I had hypnotized the writer. The breaking of this toe suggests the possible cause of X Rays' sarcastic comments on California. Is it not probable that he brought his "best girl" with him from Boston, and that she, meeting with such distinguished and unmarried representatives of the hotel fraternity, who were *members* and not *associates*, straightway fell in love, and thereat Mr. X Rays went about disgusted, disgruntled, disappointed, and—not with his toe broken, but his nose out of joint? Be this as it may, it is certain the "boys" all enjoyed themselves in the Coronado Bath House, and, lured by their enjoyment, many of the ladies donned bathing suits and joined them, until both tanks were as full as they could comfortably be.

The bath house comprises, in addition to private hot and cold water tub baths, two large swimming tanks fully equipped with chutes, diving-planks, etc. One tank is filled with quite warm water, and the other is but a few degrees above normal, and those who desired the rough-and-tumble of



Ohio and Indiana at Coronado.



Under the Big Palm in Courtyard of Hotel del Coronado.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES F. PROCTOR.

Mr. Charles F. Proctor is manager of the hotel department of The Walker & Pratt Manufacturing Co., the largest designers and manufacturers of hotel cooking and eating systems in the United States. He joined the Association in 1894, and was elected a member at the Boston meeting. He attended the convention held in Denver in 1894, New York in 1895, and made the California trip in 1896. Mr. and Mrs. Proctor are both well and favorably known to most of the members.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY W. PATTERSON.

Mr. Henry W. Patterson is senior partner of the firm Smith, Patterson & Co., Boston, and is one of the largest dealers in silverware, jewelry, watches and diamonds in New England. He has been an associate member of the H. M. M. B. A. since 1890. He and his wife are well known to most of the members of the Association, for they have both attended the annual meetings for several years. Mrs. Proctor and Mrs. Patterson were together, and one of them was known as "the lady with the white fur cape."

surf-bathing could step out upon the beach close by. The bathhouse is decorated with a large number of palms and other semi-tropical shrubs planted in tubs. Things are kept scrupulously neat and clean, the water is changed daily, and it is one of the most satisfactory places for bathing on the Pacific Coast.



Ocean Front, Hotel del Coronado.

But how shall I describe the Hotel del Coronado to those who have not seen it? If I were simply to quote the many expressions of surprise and admiration spoken by the visiting members of the H. M. M. B. A., I could easily fill this volume and possibly more. I do not think there was a single member of the party who had not visited Coronado before, who was not wonderfully surprised at the size of the hotel, its pretentious and harmonious architecture, the elegance of its interior arrangements, and the perfection of its necessary appointments, such as water system, electric light plant, ice plant, laundry, etc. It is by no means an ordinary sea-beach hotel, crudely and temporarily built, and hastily and unsatisfactorily equipped. It is built to stay, and to please and satisfy, and command the admiration of those who are most exacting and most widely traveled. Charles Dudley Warner, in "Our Italy," grows enthusiastic in its description, and unhesitatingly declares:



Starting for the Chase, Hotel del Coronado.

The stranger, when he first comes upon this novel hotel and this marvelous scene of natural and created beauty, is apt to exhaust his superlatives. I hesitate to attempt to describe this hotel—this airy and picturesque and half-bizarre wooden creation of the architect. Taking it and its situation together, I know nothing

else in the world with which to compare it, and I have never seen any other which so surprised at first, that so improved on a two weeks' acquaintance, and that has left in the mind an impression so entirely agreeable. It covers about four and a half acres of ground, including an inner court of about an acre, the rich made soil of which is raised to the level of the main



Point Loma, San Diego Bay.

floor. The house surrounds this in the Spanish mode of building, with a series of galleries, so that most of the suites of rooms have a double outlook—one upon this lovely garden, the other upon the ocean or the harbor.

Charles Nordhoff, who years ago published that most interesting book, "California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," declares:

For situation, architectural beauty, and comfort, the Hotel del Coronado is really the most perfect and charming hotel I know of in either Europe or America; and in this judgment several friends here, of wider experience than my own, concur. The air here is dryer than at any other seaside resort I know of.

The climate and situation make the hotel as agreeable for a summer as for a winter resort, and ought to draw to it in summer the large number of those who leave home to escape the extreme summer heat of our Middle States, quite as much as those who seek a mild winter climate. The public of our Eastern States has never fully grasped the fact that the summer climate of the California coast is as refreshing and invigorating as its winter may seem strange, but it is true.

The structure is so large almost unlimited choice in he desire to be soothed to of the waves, he may take or four stories on the to wake up in the night to gale and mocking-bird, he four or five stories on any inner court or *patio*; for an inner court, wherein are to be found, in wonderful variety, palms, brilliant flowers, climbing vines, and nesting birds. Should he wish to have a view over-looking the quieter bay of San Diego and the inland country and mountains beyond, he may have his choice of two other fronts, and should he want nothing



On the Beach at Coronado.

and vast that one may have the matter of rooms. Does rest at night by the roar a room on any of the three ocean front. Does he like the music of the night-may have his choice of of the four sides of the hotel is built around

but a view over an expanse of beautiful gardens, streets, and avenues, he may choose the Coronado side and be satisfied. The bridal suite, as may be expected in such a public palace, is a perfect bower of beauty, dainty, charming, and attractive, and every lady in the party wished that she might have been able to send her husband to the desk and insist that these royal apartments were hers by right.

The dining-room, with its floor area of ten thousand feet, was an equal surprise to the visitors, for its finish being in old English baronial hall style of architecture, not a single post or pillar obstructs one's survey of its entire length and breadth. When filled by the merry members of the H. M. M. B. A. party, the ladies displaying for the first time in California their most gorgeous and elaborate costumes, the orchestra playing lively music, the busy waiters moving hither and thither, each table surrounded by a happy and jolly party, where wit, humor, and repartee flew from every lip—it was a scene to gaze upon and be glad



From the Cliff Dwellings near Flagstaff.

thereat. The most melancholy man on earth would here have lost his melancholy, and would have been compelled to join the happy throng.

When Sunday night came I described to a large audience in the ballroom the scenes and grandeurs of "that most stupendous chasm of the earth," the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. It was a pleasure to bring to the notice of the intelligent and appreciative members of the H. M. M. B. A. the marvels of this great canyon, which is so little known to the American world, and the kind words spoken by W. J. Fanning, Esq., the attorney of the New York Hotel Association, were a most satisfactory token to me that my pictures and descriptions had aroused a keen interest in this "wonderful water-way of the gods."

At the request of a large number of those who heard the lecture, as well as to further impress upon my readers the comprehensive grandeur of this western country, I have great pleasure in herewith giving a few pages of description of



Thomas Moran sketching the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona, from Moran's Point.

this wonderful canyon. These pages anticipate my long promised book on the Grand Canyon, which, however, I hope speedily to complete, when copies will be sent to all the members of the H. M. M. B. A. who favored me with their advance orders, as a large number have done.

There are four ways of reaching the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River from the Atlantic and Pacific Railway (Santa Fe route); viz., from Flagstaff, 73 miles; Williams, 65 miles; Ash Fork, 65 miles, and Peach Springs, 23 miles. The first, although longest in distance, is regarded as the best route for summer travelers. The stage road skirts the lower slopes of the majestic and dignified San Francisco mountains, winds through aisles of stately forest trees, crosses the weird and almost barren Painted Desert, again enters a fine forest of pines, and thus reaches Tolfree, where tents for sleeping and a first-class dining-room are provided. At Flagstaff there is a good hotel connected with the stage line, under the management of J. W. Thurber, so tourists are assured of satisfactory accommodations.

From Williams there is no regular stage, but whenever there are passengers Mr. Sanford Rowe takes or sends them to the Bright Angel Trail, originally built by miners, which descends to the river at a strikingly scenic spot.

From Peach Springs the arrangements are similar to those at Williams.

The distance is much shorter, but, though grand and impressive, the view is comparatively insignificant in extent and detail when compared with any of the other three points.

To my mind Ash Fork has some advantages over the other routes. Open all the year round, it provides for those tourists who come to California in the winter. Although the stage line is not as well



A Freak of Erosion at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.



Chapala Dance of the Yava Supais, Cataract Canyon, Arizona.

equipped (at present) as the one running from Flagstaff, it is hoped that it will be in complete operation before this winter is over. The distance to the canyon

is less, the scenery equally tremendous and imposing, and the trail into the depths of the canyon far superior to that at any other point.

Until the explorations of Major J. W. Powell from 1869 to 1872 this "waterway of the gods" through the vast plateaus of our southwest was very little known. It had been seen and graphically described, but only in few places by few people. Powell and his intrepid band went through the canyon in boats from Green River City in Utah. Since then, Robert Brewster Stanton has made the same trip. From Powell and his learned assistants of the United States Geological Survey, much of our knowledge of the interior of the canyon has been obtained. The dangers of these exploring trips few can realize. The river falls some 5000 feet in 500 miles. Sometimes it is a dashing cataract and in other places raging rapids. The channel is often cut where projecting buttresses of cruel, rough, jagged granite, fearful overhanging rocks and thousands of boulders make "navigation" impossible. All that could be done was to let the boats drift, now and again steering as an opportunity arose. These two trips—and especially that of the first explorer, Powell—I regard as the most brave, heroic, and adventurous undertaken by man in this century.

The name "Grand Canyon" is given to a small part of a vast series of canyons, and all of them are worthy of the name. "Grand Canyon" series of canyons in the neighborhood of 3000 miles in length. Only that part, however, is called "Grand Canyon." The greatest of these is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, which is 218 miles long from the entrance of the Colorado River to the Grand



The Colorado River in the Grand Canyon.

any explorer tury. "Grand Canyon to but a tion of the canyons, any which are ing called In all, this yons must be borhood of in length. part, how- "The Grand where the depth pre- for a dis- miles, reach- point of the Little er right up Wash.

The tourist goes "to" the Grand Canyon, but not "through" it. The former is a trip that any fairly strong and healthful person may take, the latter is a trip fraught with difficulties and dangers, taking many weeks for its completion, and that only the most daring and adventuresome could undertake.

But now to the task of description. The word "task" is used advisedly. For, while it is a pleasure to write about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona, years of experience have taught me that, no matter how carefully words are used, they fail utterly to convey to the mind of another person the impressions that are in my own.

In going out from Flagstaff or Ash Fork there is no premonition of the vast abyss until it is suddenly revealed to you. I have stood here with strong men who were so unnerved as they took their first look that they convulsively grabbed me like frightened children. Both men and women will often shed uncontrollable tears. Peculiar in nervous construction, indeed, must be he who can gaze upon this glorious expanse of rocky magnificence without experiencing sensations, physical and mental, he never knew before.

As soon as the beholder is able to overcome the sense of bewildering awe that he feels on first gazing into this tremendous abyss, there are four distinguishing characteristics that forcibly arrest his attention,

1. He sees that his preconceived notion of a canyon is not met in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is generally held that a canyon is a narrow gorge or ravine between steep and precipitous walls, where gloom and darkness reign supreme, and the light of the sun seldom, if ever, completely penetrates. But here is width unconceived, undreamed of, incomprehensible, and while the steep and precipitous walls are there, the sun shines into the farthest and deepest recesses, illuminating the walls with gorgeous brilliancy. There is, in reality, a series of canyons one above another. Beginning at the bottom, the river flows through the first canyon, which is of black, forbidding granite. Here the width varies from 300 to 400 or more feet, sloping backward and consequently widening as it ascends. Superimposed upon this primitive rock are layer after layer of sandstone, limestone, porphyry, slate, shale, and other sedimentary rocks. The first of these layers makes another canyon, much wider than the granite canyon below. The next layer forms still another and wider, and so on, widening out as the "rim" or summit is reached. Each layer or stratum has peculiarly carved precipitous cliffs, and the talus of each upper stratum slopes to the edge of the cliffs of the stratum below. The whole series of canyons, therefore, combines to make one grand, glorious, majestic canyon, whose precipitous cliffs and sloping talus lead the eye down, down, down, to narrower and narrower deeps, where, at last, can be discerned the glittering thread which denotes the presence of the madly flowing, turbulent, raging, wild and muddy Colorado.

2. The coloring is a striking feature of the Grand Canyon, which produces diverse effects upon the minds of different beholders. To some it is far too bold, gaudy, and glaring, but others see in it a richness, a magnificence and a glory that is both impressive and pleasing. Its colors are seen at their best just after a rainstorm, when the rocks are wet and the coloring clear, distinct, and vivid, and the atmosphere is so pure and pellucid that it affords absolutely unobstructed vision. At such a time as this he would indeed be a bold and daring painter who would attempt to place upon canvas the rich gorgeousness presented. The predominating color is red in every conceivable shade, from the most delicate pink through all gradations of crimson to a profound chocolate. Then there are whites, grays, blues, greens, yellows, purples, and buffs, each separate and distinct in its own layer of rock, but blending and combining such coloring effects as to be at once the delight and despair of the aspiring artist.



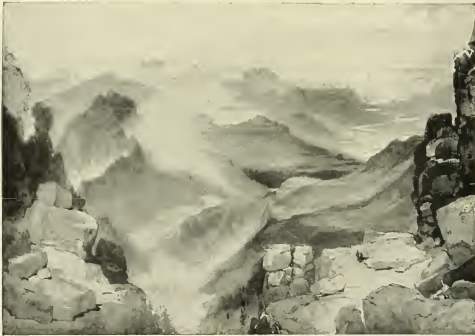
Glimpse of Bridal Veil Falls, Cataract Canyon.

3. Equally impressive with the coloring is the carving and sculpturing the rocks have undergone at the hands of nature's forces. As our eyes become accustomed to the tout ensemble it appears as a vast stairway upon which gods might ascend from the depths beneath. The cliffs of granite rise from the river, and their summits recede to the base of the marble cliffs. These in turn recede to the limestone, and so on until the very summit is reached and the thousand and fifteen hundred feet high steps are climbed. And in the climbing we have seen sculptured forms that are utterly unlike any we ever saw before. To the left are the Twin Buttes which together form the "Angel Gate." Yonder is Coronation Chair, with sweeping sides upon which a colossal monarch might rest his powerful arms. Then there are

castles, domes, towers, sphynxes, obelisks and memorial columns, vast structures which are so real as not to require a great stretch of imagination to discern them. Indeed, as Captain Dutton has well said, "the unaccustomed tourist often feels a vague skepticism whether these are truly the works of the blind forces of nature or of some intelligence akin to the human, but far mightier; and even the experienced explorer is sometimes brought to sudden halt and filled with amazement by the apparition of forms as definite and elegant as those of art."

4. Then when one has studied all these things in detail the grandeur of the whole scene takes full possession of the mind. Except to the careful student who spends a long time at the canyon it is the tout ensemble that most completely enthral and enchains. At the very bottom of the inner gorge is the river, so tiny and insignificant when seen from this great height, and then below us in every direction is this stupendous chasm of wonderful forms and brilliant coloring; chaotic, yet planned; bewildering, yet symmetrical and harmonious.

What I have just written applies with equal force to the scenery presented by either the Ash Fork or Flagstaff route. If the tourist, however, goes to the



From Moran's Painting of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

Grand Canyon from the former place, he has the opportunity afforded him of visiting Cataract Canyon, twenty-five miles away, where live the Yava Supai Indians, and below whose village are to be seen several waterfalls, one of which I regard as the most entrancingly beautiful of any cataract in the known world. Pictures and words alike fail to describe it, but on approaching it, I invariably raise my hat and bow in reverence. For here, God has enshrined one of his most beautiful thoughts. Exquisite loveliness reigns supreme. At the foot of this "Bridal Veil Falls" one feels he is presented to the Divine Conception of the most perfect beauty in this style of manifestation, and, to the thoughtful and responsive onlooker, words cease, and silent tears and quiet rapture betoken the sensations of delight that take full possession of the senses.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAN DIEGO AND THE SPANISH LUNCH.

BEFORE nine o'clock on Monday morning, April 20th, special cars and a steamer were waiting to convey the guests across to San Diego. Here, through the courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of San Diego, ably and efficiently assisted by the local Hotel Men, a good program had been arranged for the entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A. Tally-hos

and carriages were in waiting to convey them to the Chamber of Commerce, which was gaily and variously decorated with foliage and flowers. Philip Morse, the president of the Chamber, extended a glad hand and welcome to the whole of the party on behalf of the people of San Diego, and thanked the Association for the great honor it had conferred upon the city he represented in electing one of its honored members, Mr. George W. Lynch, the president of the Association for the coming year. Mayor W. H. Carlson then delivered an interesting address of welcome which he concluded by saying:



Hotel Florence, San Diego.

"We cordially extend to you the freedom of our city. If we had silver keys, we would give one to each of you, but, as it is, our doors stand open. Enter and take everything in sight." Several of the visitors were then called upon and made brief responses, after which the tally-hos and carriages were entered, and a delightful drive taken over the rolling hills, which, with its surrounding country, combine to make the location of



Some of the Heavy-weights, at Hotel Florence, San Diego.

San Diego one of the most perfect for the foundation of a large city that can be found in the world. The visitors were all taken to a point from which a charming outlook was had over San Diego Valley, where, six miles away, are to be found the ruins of the old San Diego Mission, the first founded in California. There the sweet words of the venerable Padre Serra were heard by Indians, who



The Ruined San Diego Mission.



Hotel Florence, San Diego.

won them from their savage ways by his irresistible love and power. There the Indians assembled by hundreds and thousands, and were taught in a number of useful trades, until they could no longer be regarded as savages, but were on the way to become useful and peaceful citizens. Here, too, alas! the dread order to secularize all the missions, to confiscate their property, and to take the paternal care of the Indians from under the priests, fell with shattering force. The Indians were scattered and dispersed, and soon fell back into their old way of life, and, infinitely worse still, as the number, they communicated their vices, with none of their virtuous, to these now shepherdless aborigines, until they were frightfully diminished in numbers, injured in health, and sadly deteriorated to a far worse condition than when originally found.

Two hours were spent in thus driving around and seeing the sights, and then one by one the carriages



Ancient Palms at Old San Diego.

stopped, and the visitors alighted at the Hotel Florence, where President Lynch, always happy and felicitous, but more than ever so in the capacity of a host, greeted his guests, and entertained them with an elegant Spanish luncheon. Sun-room, office,

parlors, and dining-rooms were all elegantly draped with the national colors, intermingled—out of courtesy to the sister republic—with the Mexican colors, and profusely decorated with palm leaves, branches and flowers. The following was the menu, and without a single exception the guests had a "hot time":

MENU.

Chili Con Carne.	Tamales.	Beef Mexicaino.
	Frijolas Spanish.	
	Tortillas.	
Navel Oranges.		Assorted Cakes.
	Apple and Apricot Pie.	
	Florence Punch.	

The *Chili Con Carne* was as hot as Chili could make it, and the *Frijolas Spanish* were a revelation to all who had hitherto been accustomed only to the unobtrusive and unpretentious Boston baked bean. The *Tamales* were delicious, being the genuine article served after the most approved methods, and not the irresponsible hash that one buys of the itinerant venders of the East. Owing to its great novelty the Spanish lunch was a pronounced success, yet the major portion of those who partook expressed themselves as decidedly preferring a substantial porterhouse, chops, or "'am an' eggs."

After enjoying the hospitalities of President Lynch, his wife and family at Hotel Florence, the party returned late in the af-

ternoon to Hotel del Coronado to prepare themselves for the great event of the occasion, which was the seventeenth annual banquet of the H. M. M. B. A.

Writing of this lunch, and other occasions, where Spanish or Mexican dishes were served, George W. Sweeney candidly confesses:

I want to make particular mention of some of the dishes which have gilded the best of us on this trip. My gastronomic knowledge has been enormously increased. I have run up against such delectable concoctions as "grustilas," "fritos," "azados," "frijoles," "torilla de maiz," "tamales," and many another palatable morsel whose hetero-

geneous concomitants are beyond ordinary analysis and are a puzzle to scientific experts.



J. E. O'Brien, proprietor of Hotel Brewster, San Diego, Cal., is a native of Kewanee, Ill. In 1888 he located in San Diego. There he became associated with the parties who were constructing the Hotel Brewster, which was completed in December of that year, at a cost of \$165,000. He was first connected with the house as cashier, next as manager, then as lessee, and in March, 1893, he became owner and proprietor, having bought the entire property. He is a genial, affable, warm-hearted man, but a thorough disciplinarian. His energetic work in San Diego tended much to the comfort of the visitors, for from first to last he was constantly laboring for that end.



San Diego and the Bay.

The hospitable spirit of San Diego and Coronado was shown in a variety of ways. As Editor Bohn wrote to the *Hotel World*:



W. E. Hadley, proprietor of the Horton House, San Diego, was born in the town of Robbinston, Aroostook County, Maine, May 22, 1835. He came to California in 1874. He grew up in a hotel, having performed the functions of a bell boy at the age of ten years. Soon after his arrival at San Francisco, in 1874, he proceeded to Eureka, Humboldt County, where he immediately became connected with the Horton House, and remained with that hostelry until 1879. In 1881 he went to San Diego and negotiated for the Horton House, which he now owns. Mr. Hadley's cheery salutation "Sunny Skies," became familiar to all the hotel men, as did his warm-hearted geniality.

One of the courteous features of the stay at Coronado was the generosity of the Coronado electric railway, the ferry, and the San Diego street railway, none of which collected any fares from the visitors during the two days' stay, and the party passed back and forth over the route a number of times.

There are a number of delightful places for visitors in and around San Diego, and, in addition, the surrounding country, when irrigated, is found to be exceedingly fertile. Chula Vista lemons are widely and favorably known, and near by are grown some of the finest of California olives. Indeed, San Diego is one of the favored counties for olive raising, and its olive oil has a national reputation. There is an abundance of water for irrigation in the mountains east and south of the city, and these supplies are rapidly being utilized. Several immense water systems are already in operation, one of them having a dam—the Sweetwater—that is regarded as one of the largest and best ever constructed. From these vast reservoirs the vivifying water is conveyed by pipe, aqueduct, ditch, and flume to portions of the country which, until a few years ago, were considered barren and useless. With water they will produce the finest of citrus and deciduous fruits, and

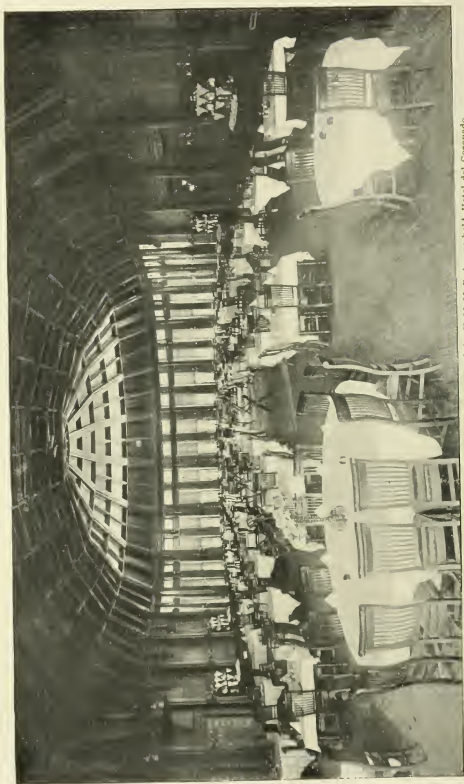
are worth from \$75 to \$250 per acre unplanted, and when planted out from \$500 to \$1500 per acre.

It should not be overlooked that the Hotel Florence of San Diego is now owned by Messrs. Nichols & Son, who are so well and favorably known as the proprietors of the Cliff House, Manitou, Colo. They have leased the Florence for a term of years and intend to keep it open only in the winter months, from November to May, running the Cliff House in the summer. It is also their intention to bring many of their servants from Colorado to the Florence, so that by retaining their help, the efficiency of their service is much increased. I have no hesitancy in declaring that under the management of Messrs. Nichols & Son the Florence has a very successful career before it. Kate San-



Hotel Brewster, San Diego.

born in her "Truthful Woman in Southern California," declares it to be the sunniest, brightest, and most cheerful hotel she has ever had the pleasure of enjoying.



Grand Dining Hall, where the Seventeenth Annual Banquet of the H. M. M. B. A. was held, Hotel del Coronado.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE H. M. M. B. A. AT HOTEL DEL CORONADO.



THE first banquet of the H. M. M. B. A. where ladies were admitted ! Such was one of the distinguishing features of this seventeenth annual occasion. Another was the peculiar location, as far as the United States is concerned. Hotel del Coronado is on the jumping off place, on the Pacific Ocean, near the boundary line between our country and Mexico. A third striking feature was the existence of such a hotel, with such a dining-room, in such a far-away "unique corner of the earth." The banquet was a great success. The following description is taken largely from the *Los Angeles Daily Hotel Gazette*, through the courtesy of its kind and generous editors and proprietors, Messrs. Hammer & Smith. They had a complete stenographic report of the proceedings made, without which this comprehensive report could not have been given. The impressive dining-hall where the banquet occurred needs description for those who were not present. I do not remember ever having seen a banquet-room its equal in size and adaptability for such a purpose. It is to ordinary, and even extraordinary, dining-halls, even such as Delmonicos, what the Auditorium, in Chicago, is to ordinary theaters. It has a floor area of ten thousand square feet, and yet is so well "windowed" that every portion of it is perfectly lighted. Its ends are oval, and the ceiling, thirty-three feet in height, is unsupported by a single post or pillar. Imagine such a room, filled with small tables, elaborately decorated with the choicest flowers, their glowing colors contrasting deliciously with the snowy white of the table linen, and dancingly reflected from the glasses and silverware as the gay throng take their seats. The walls are frescoed with giant palm leaves and floral decorations, and across the banquet hall is a smilax and flower banner picked out in striking design, "Welcome, H. M. M. B. A." Upon a platform running along the side of the banquet-hall a table was placed, where sat the toastmaster, the president of the H. M. M. B. A., the Governor of the State of California, the Mayors of Los Angeles and San Diego, the speakers and the presidents of the several state hotel associations. The table at which they sat was festooned with smilax and roses, and presented a beautiful appearance.



H. W. CHASE,

PROPRIETOR HOTEL NADEAC, LOS ANGELES, AND TOASTMASTER FOR THE SEVENTEENTH
ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE H. M. M. B. A.

In the chapter on Los Angeles I have made reference to Mr. H. W. Chase, proprietor of the Nadean Hotel. For some time he has been toastmaster of the Southern California Hotel Association, and it was meet and proper, therefore, that he should preside at the annual banquet of the H. M. M. B. A., a position which he filled with honor and credit to himself. His introductions of the speakers were witty and to the point, and he made many friends on this auspicious occasion.

Exactly at eight o'clock the members of the H. M. M. B. A., in company with their ladies, took their seats, and the banquet began, in accordance with the following menu :

MENU.

Vermouth Cocktails.		
California Oysters.		
Clear Green Turtle aux Champagne.		
	Sunny Slope Sherry.	
Timbales of Chicken a la Talleyrand.		
Salted Almonds.	Celery.	Olives.
Barracouda a la Hoteliere.		
Potato Croquettes.	Cucumbers.	
	Cresta Blanca Haut Sauternes.	
Larded Tenderloin of Beef aux Truffles.		
Stuffed Tomatoes a la Creole.		
Sweetbreads in Cases a la Conti.		
New Peas.		
	Cresta Blanca Margaux.	
Asparagus a la Hollandaise.		
Roasted Squabs, Barde with Cresses.		
	G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry.	
Mayonnaise of Fresh Shrimps.		
Fancy Forms Ice Cream.	Assorted Cake.	
	Fruit.	
	Camembert Cheese.	
Coffee.		Cognac.

The long table feature of the average banquet was absent on this occasion, the guests being seated at tables accommodating six people each.

It was a brilliant affair, eclipsing anything in that line heretofore attempted in this State —this land of feasts, elegant hotels, and sumptuous living ; a memorable occasion at which youth and beauty, wealth and station, dignity and levity, wit and repartee, and humor and eloquence mingled in harmonious confusion, to coin a new expression for this unequaled banquet.

The bill of fare used at this banquet of the H. M. M. B. A. is a gem of the printers' and painters' arts. It was kindly donated to the Association by Loughhead & Co. of Philadelphia. The covers are of a beautiful silk-finished cardboard, of a pale blue tint. On the first page is a hand-painted bunch of California poppies, with the legend, "H. M. M. B. A., California, 1896," embossed in gold thereon. On the back cover, the seal of the Association is embossed in gold, red, and blue. The insert comprises six leaves of elegant heavy paper. On the second leaf is an original design printed in brown, with the California bear embossed in gold, and the following words : "Seventeenth Annual Dinner of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States," and "Hotel del Coronado, San Diego County, California," all embossed in gold, with the initial letter in green. On the next leaf is the menu, that word being embossed in gold, while below it, in blue and red, is the list of dishes and wines. The gold embossed title of the fourth page of the insert is "Toasts," with the name of G. Wharton James as toastmaster, and the names of the responders to the set toasts given as follows : Governor James H. Budd, on "California," and Benjamin H. Yard, on the "Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association." On the following leaf were the names of the Committee of Arrangements : Geo. W. Lynch, chairman ; E. S. Babcock, M. M. Potter, E. W. Gaty, and A. C. Blicke, secretary and treasurer. The sixth leaf contains the modest announcement of the manufacturers, "Loughhead & Co., Manufacturers and Designers, Philadelphia." The inserts are held within the cover by a neat poppy-colored silk ribbon, and the whole constitutes a souvenir of which every possessor is proud.

After the splendid repast had been served, George W. Lynch, chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the assemblage to order, and spoke as follows:

GEO. W. LYNCH.

As a preliminary, explanatory, permit me to say that on the menus Professor G. Wharton James is named as toastmaster. In making out our skeletons of the itinerary and other things, we so placed him without consultation. Afterwards, in working up the various details, we came to the conclusion that as we had within our midst a typical, practical hotel man, who was thoroughly competent and capable of performing that arduous duty, we conferred with Professor James, who immediately and most courteously agreed to the change. We therefore have placed Mr. Chase as our toastmaster, and expected to notify Messrs. Loughhead & Co. in time enough to enable them to change the name on the menu, and also to supply a very important omission in the case of another standing toast—that was "The Ladies." [Applause.] As we had only one man in our midst, who, in our judgment, was competent to do justice to that

subject, we selected Professor James to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," and hoped to have his name appear with that of Governor Budd and President Yard. Unfortunately, our advices to Messrs. Loughhead & Co. were too late, hence the apparent change in the program placed in your hands. I now have the honor and the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. H. W. Chase of the Hotel Nadeau, Los Angeles, as your toastmaster for the evening. [Great applause.]

H. W. CHASE, THE TOASTMASTER.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a mark of honor and esteem that any man may well be proud of, to be called to preside at a meeting of so many distinguished guests from every State in the Union, and I thank you for conferring that honor upon me, and, were it not for the fact that I, like the boy at school, am supposed to be seen while others are heard, I should feel incompetent to the occasion.

Many words of welcome have been said, many congratulations have been exchanged, and many new ties of friendship formed during this visit of the H. M. M. B. A.; and we hope



Samuel Newcomer Watson was born in Indianapolis, Ind., April 5, 1867, in a family of hotel keepers, all of whom have been very successful. For three generations the family have been hotel men. Mr. Watson's first experience as an active manager was in 1889, when he was made the managing partner of the New Clinton Hotel, of Kokomo, Ind. Having sold this house in 1893, he moved to Indianapolis, Ind., and took the management of the Allen Surgical Institute. In July, 1895, he bought the Stubbins European Hotel which he now partially owns. Was married November 9, 1892, to Miss Aline Tindolph, of Vincennes, Ind., who accompanied him on the trip to California.



Joseph M. O'Brien, one of the New York delegation, is an associate member of the H. M. M. B. A., and is one of the firm of M. O'Brien & Son, produce dealers of New York. Mr. O'Brien was as much astonished at the wonderful resources of California as he was delighted with its scenic attractions.

that this grand chain—which we trust will become endless, in uniting the hotel men of the North, the South, the East, and the West, in one common bond of brotherly love and friendship, working with one end in view—has been so securely made and firmly welded that no flaw will ever appear, and that every man will become a prompt, efficient, and unwearied

worker, for I believe there is that in this cause which should excite the liveliest interest and call forth the noblest effort. I assure you of my hearty cooperation, in my small way, and I will always contribute something from my little fund of knowledge or finance for the benefit of the hotel men's organization. [Applause.]

We have received the following telegrams this evening, which I wish to read to you:

CHICAGO, April 20, 1896.

BENJ. H. YARD, Coronado: Three old veterans, unable to be with you to-night, send hearty greetings to all. May our beloved Association continue for many years to bless and comfort the widows and children of our departed brethren.

CHAS. C. HILTON, the first President.

L. E. HOWARD, Chairman Board Directors.

F. W. RICE, editor *National Hotel Reporter*.

DENVER, Col.,

April 20, 1896.—

GEO. W. LYNCH, Coronado: The Denver and Colorado stay-at-homes congratulate you all, and sincerely regret they are not with you to-night.

—J. D. FANNING, of the Albany.

SALIDA, Colo., April 20, 1896.

To the President and my friends of the H. M. M. B. A., and to the Hotel Men of Southern California assembled at the banquet to-night: I send you greetings, and while it is my misfortune to be absent from your gathering, I am with you in thought, and will drink to the good health of the ladies and their fortunate escorts, and many happy reunions of the H. M. M. B. A.

ELMER A. THAYER.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20, 1896.

BENJAMIN YARD, Coronado: Although far away, I am with you, and raise the glass to the good health of the fraternity, and your good hosts in particular.

GUSTAVE BAUMANN, Holland House, New York.

SALT LAKE, Utah, April 20, 1896.

To the members of the H. M. M. B. A. now assembled: We are getting ready for you here, so that you may, if possible, enjoy your brief visit with us. It will be impossible to entertain you to any degree as you are being entertained at the hands of the genial people of the Golden State, but the welcome will be none the less great. We are with you in spirit and regret our loss by absence, but send hearty greetings and best wishes wher



Emma H. Thayer Ohi, the granddaughter of Mr. Thayer, was soon the pet of the whole H. M. M. B. A. She was very fond of dancing, and did so in the prettiest manner imaginable. Her portrait shows her just about to dance, as all the members have so often seen her. If ever the H. M. M. B. A. progresses enough for woman's suffrage, Emma will be one of the organization's future presidents.



Elmer A. Thayer, Colorado president of the H. M. M. B. A., elected in 1894, is too well known to the hotel men of the country to need extended mention. His whole-souled hospitality to the H. M. M. B. A. on the occasion of the Colorado visit endeared him to all hearts, and it was a great regret to many that his pressing business invitations compelled him to leave California before the "jaunt" was over. He left, however, as his representatives, his accomplished wife, her sister, and his sweet little granddaughter, whose charming portrait also adorns this page.

ever you go, and long life to the H. M. M. B. A. We would suggest that you get on your good behavior before reaching here, as you will cross the River Jordan and enter Zion, the City of the Saints. Likely the only similar experience that you will ever enjoy. Bring the Californians with you. Fraternally yours,

G. S. HOLMES, Vice-President for Utah.

Mr. Chase then continued :

Ladies and Gentlemen: During the last gubernatorial campaign in this State, and after the two great political parties had selected their respective candidates, and they were fairly launched in the political arena, I had the pleasure, in the course of my profession as a hotel keeper, of entertaining one of the aspirants for that high position; and of course on that occasion he was the recipient of many courteous attentions from the distinguished personnel of the city. The politicians came in their strength, as it afterwards proved, with words of assurance of their fidelity to his cause. The fair ladies came from our Angel City, wreathed in smiles and beautiful flowers; and, as is always the occasion, especially here, there was a little flower girl—bright,

gent, inquisitive. I kindly point out when that gentle appeared I told the that was the man but he was not yet would he be?" she Well, I told her that chance in two of get of sadness, almost of childish features as father said once I of being a boy, but ter.] But the hero get left, and the Hon. elected to the high and honor within of this great and State, and I have the pleasure of intro Excellency, Gover who will respond to nia." [Great ap

GOVERNOR
Gentlemen: To
ner speech has al
rassing, and to en
speech to entertain
ness it is to entertain others, makes me tremble at the outset of my endeavor.



vivacious, intelli-
She asked me would
the Governor? And
man's genial face
sweet little girl that
she wanted to see,
Governor. "Well,
anxiously inquired.
he had just one
ting there. A shade
pain, o'erspread the
she said: "Well, my
had a chance in two
I got left." [Laugh-
of our story did not
James H. Budd was
est position of trust
the gift of the people
glorious Golden
the honor and take
ducing to you His
nor James H. Budd,
the toast, "Califor-
plause.]

Budd.—Ladies and
make an after-din-
ways been embar-
deavor in such a
people whose busi-

To no other subject than that of California would I have responded to in a gathering of people such as I see before me, and I respond because this State of which I am Governor speaks for itself—is eloquent in its own being, and voices the sentiments of every man who has ever been on its soil.

To you of the East, California may be somewhat of a dream; there may arise before you, when that word is pronounced, visions of gold and gold diggings—visions of sluice boxes and the long tom; visions of gigantic hydraulic mining you have seen pictured. That was the California of the '49's and '50's, while to-day we have, locked in the recesses of our own mountains, as much accessible gold, almost, as then, and our own products from the mines to-day equal, and during some years exceed, the products of the '50's up to the '60's.

California has passed through her golden age; has passed various other prosperous ages

from that time to the present. Succeeding the age of gold, we had the age of cattle; then of grain, when the great fields and mighty valleys of this State were thronged by our farmers, and ships were laden for the European market with our golden grain. And then succeeded another, and still greater, age—the age of fruit; that to-day is California's crowning glory. And while it has lost nothing in the production of gold—while its green fields yield as much as in the past, California to-day stands par excellence as the fruit-producing country of the world. [Applause.]

The stride of California has been rapid—more rapid than would be imagined. In 1880 our population was less than 900,000; in 1890 we had climbed to 1,250,000; in 1894—but four years succeeding the census of 1890—the population of California amounted to 1,500,000 of people, and by the same calculation that has given us the 1,500,000 two years ago, in 1900 our population will exceed 1,700,000 people. We expect, with the benefit and from the effect of such gatherings as these, to make it 2,500,000. [Applause.]

Not alone has our population increased, but everything else has increased in like manner. To-day in population we are but the twenty-second, and yet in material wealth we are the sixth State in our Union. We are but twenty-second in population, and yet in school matters we are the seventh in expenditures for the youth of our land.

Going back some twenty years, at the time when we commenced on any scale the raising of fruit in this State, we find the production but small. I will, however, give you a few figures that you may carry with you to your homes, to show you that California is not stationary, but is marching on continuously.

In 1874, in the entire State of California, were produced but 220 pounds of raisins, and yet in 1893, in less than twenty years of our fruit age, the 220 pounds had increased into a production of upwards of 74,000,000 pounds of raisins. [Great applause.]

In 1874—the same year—statistics show that the dried fruit raised in California amounted to 544,000 pounds, when in 1893 the amount of dried fruit amounted to 82,400,000 pounds.

In 1876 the citrus fruits of this State amounted to but 2,000,000 pounds; in 1893 they had increased to 161,514,000 pounds.

The deciduous fruits in 1871 amounted to less than 2,000,000 pounds; in 1893 the product had reached 159,905,000 pounds. This is the growth that we show you. We are not standing still, we are moving on; we are moving rapidly in this age of fruit, and at the rate that I have shown you by these figures.

Fruit, then—which is in its infancy, as it were, as you will see by the number of young orchards through which you will pass in going to the north—is the present age of California.

The late lamented Mr. Towne, in a letter to me, said that California produced of green fruits during the year 1893, 1,500,000,000 pounds.

Ladies and gentlemen, dollars and cents, and millions of pounds, carry but little impression to the mind, even to those who deal in figures; so I tell you that the fruit produced in this State in 1893 would have loaded a train of cars of ten tons each, of 500 miles in length. You will conceive, then, the importance of our fruit industries of to-day. It would have taken four double tracks from the city of Los Angeles to the city of San Diego, with trains side by side, to have held the green fruit produced in this State in that one single year. [Applause.]

And yet it is not alone fruit in which we excel. When you come to the vine, we find that in California, by actual returns, if you gentlemen would stretch out in section pieces each one mile in width, the acres of growing and bearing vines in California to-day, and take a train through them, your travel for 200 long miles, and on each side for half a mile, would be through the growing and bearing vines of this Golden State. [Applause.]

In 1875 the wine produced in California amounted to 4,000,000 gallons; in 1890—fifteen years later—this wine production had increased to 18,000,000 gallons—an amount of wine that would fill a tank 800 feet in length, 100 feet wide, and 23 feet deep—a quantity of wine which would float the largest vessel ever built—in fact, a quantity that makes one dizzy to even think of. [Laughter.] And when to that wine we add 2,000,000 gallons of brandy produced that year, it will make even the oldest hotel man stagger. [Laughter.]

But a few years ago—four or five—we started on the production of sugar. During the

year 1892 California produced, from beet sugar alone, but 18,000,000 pounds; in 1893 it had increased to 21,000,000; in 1894 it had increased to over 35,000,000 pounds, and to-day we produce from our beets alone—and I do not mean the ordinary beet that the hotel men fear, [laughter] and against which I signed a law at the last session of the Legislature [applause]—I mean our real growing sugar beets—and to-day we produce one-half pound of sugar in this State to every man, woman, and child in the United States of America. [Applause.]

Claus Spreckels, who to-day is doing more for California than any other man in the development of sugar and in the development of railroad lines, says that within a few years we will produce more than enough sugar to supply the entire consumption of the United States of America, and it will be but a short time until we will furnish sugar enough for the entire world. [Applause.]

Of gold it is needless to speak. We all know that California produces a large percentage of the gold of the world. We all recognize the fact that during "the late unpleasantness," when the North was furnishing soldiers, California furnished the metal that saved the national credit, and kept Old Glory there [pointing to a beautiful flag on the balcony opposite] proudly floating over our legislative halls and the homes of our people. [Applause.]

In education we expend, State, County, and City, upward of \$6,000,000 per annum; the increase in the value of school property in ten years more than doubled. Besides that we have two of the greatest endowed universities of the world. The Leland Stanford, Jr., University, endowed by the late Senator Stanford, has upward of \$9,000,000 available to its credit, but one college in the United States—the Girard College—having an amount to exceed that. The other university—that of California—has to its credit in available funds \$3,000,000, and expends each year upon the higher education of the people of this State upward of \$300,000.

So that in our products of gold, in our products of fruit, in our products of wine, in our products of sugar, in everything, in fact, that we have put our hand to, California is rapidly rushing to the front. We need but an increase in population. That we expect.

The State that produces these great results is one that can hardly be conceived of by a person not familiar with its topography. Our State is 770 miles in length, 373 miles in width, its area is 158,000 square miles. You could take the States of Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts—throw in the State of Tom Reed—Maine—and pile on top of it the State of McKinley [applause]—Ohio—and yet you would require to add to that the Empire State of New York [applause] before you had got the amount of area that we ourselves have. [Applause.]

These ten large States rolled together and spread out as a map would equal in area the State of California only; and if California were laid on the Atlantic seaboard, its coast line would reach from New York on the north to Charleston on the south. To our east we have the Sierra Nevadas, in which, as all know, are some of the marvels of the world, not only in wealth-producing, but in health-producing; not only in health-producing, but as resorts for the sightseer.

We have near to us, 130 miles away, the celebrated Mount Lowe. I do not know which is most honored, the man who gave his name to the mountain, or the mountain that has got the name.

We have farther north the Yosemite Valley, and in the far north we have the famous Klamath Springs; and from there down to Tia Juana we have more health resorts than can be found combined in the known world outside of this one State. [Applause.]

The commerce and manufactures of this State you will hear from in San Francisco, where you are to be wined and dined again. I will therefore not take up the time to enter into a discussion of these subjects. As you go north, observe this country and its great valleys, and carry back to the East the impression made by them. It is nothing to find a valley in our mountains of 1,500,000 arable acres. The valleys, I believe, of Los Angeles and San Gabriel and Santa Anita amount to 2,500,000; the Salinas and Santa Clara valleys 2,500,000. Then we have the Sonoma Valley, and other immense, fertile valleys.

When, however, you come to the San Joaquin Valley, that, combined with the Sacramento in one elliptical form, bounded by the Sierras on the east and the Coast Range upon the west, is one of the most productive valleys known in the world, watered from all sides by gigantic

ivers—that valley has of arable land above 25,000,000 of acres. It is to these valleys we desire you to send people to populate—all of them with a clime such as cannot be excelled—not in the East nor in Europe; with a clime averaging in the south of from 58° here to 61° in Los Angeles; 60° in Stockton and 55° in San Francisco. You have here everything that is needed; you have the arable land, the mountains full of mineral wealth. And you have a very good stock of people to draw to! [Laughter and applause.]

Now, my friends, I thank you for having honored me this evening by inviting me to respond to the toast of "California." The hour has been hurried, impression in your mind, and you carry back to the East one thought or one figure, and, in consequence, send to such person as I see that I have been fully recompensed from Sacramento to this evening. [Great

TOASTMASTER and Gentlemen: feeling, the growth of the H. M. M. B. A., ostentatious, lovable President, Mr. B. H. Chase, us that the old rivers run deep" that this Association had they a higher grant to him, good and faithful higher," and I believe will join in I echo when I say



Tom Henry is too well known as a brilliant cornet soloist, good fellow, jolly comrade, and leader in all kinds of harmless fun to need any comment from me. His presence is as essential to the success of the social features of an H. M. M. B. A. annual meeting as is that of Simeon Ford, and we earnestly pray it may be a long time before we have to do without either.

I thank you for having evening by inviting toast of "California; my remarks but if they make an mind, and you carry thought or one sequence, send to such person as I see that I have been for having come address you here applause.]

CHASE.—Ladies The harmonious and prosperity of under the quiet, undignity of its ex-Yard, suggests to adage that "Still is true; and I feel tion would say, post of honor to "Well done, thou servant, come up lieve the Association the sentiment that to him :

Here's to your kindly, friendly face,
Prince of good fellows—kindly Boniface,

Here's to your health, in brimming cup,
Here's to your success in building up.

Success and failures mark life's fitful swell ;
You filled your place with honor—you've done your duty well !

[Applause.]

President Yard will respond to the toast, "The H. M. M. B. A."

As Mr. Yard rose to his feet, Mr. Henry of Boston struck up the air "Comrades" on his cornet, and when the chorus was reached all joined in singing it with such hearty good will as to clearly establish in President Yard's mind the high estimation in which he was held.

He then responded as follows :

BENJAMIN HOLDICH YARD.

Mr. Chairman, the Southern California Committee of Arrangements, and your delighted guests: Availing myself of this opportunity, while you are all present, I wish to express, on behalf of the H. M. M. B. A. members, both active and associate, and their families, our deep-down, heartfelt, thorough appreciation and gratitude for the colossal reception, entertainment,

and innumerable courtesies which they have been the recipients of from the people of California, the several railroads, the Western Union, and the Postal and Canadian Telegraph Companies.

I frankly confess my inability to properly deal with this subject of thanks in fitting terms, and shall leave to others more gifted the pleasing task. I will content myself by stating that it has been moved and seconded that our heartiest thanks, appreciation, and gratitude are hereby extended to our friends, who have deluged comes and attentions; the brought us without mishap shores, and the Western companies, for bringing ishly in close touch with

All in favor of these signify it by saying Aye! sponse to this call, every

I amused myself be by calling Mrs. Yard's at taking place throughout the "modus operandi" alarm the passengers, his open-mouth bag, and derous revolver, passed that probably it would be While I was not at all that it impressed Mrs. looking over our posses I came across about a with Cape May Jersey dia pocket-books stuffed with of New York green goods.

I understand that as was made known through west" that our party was men, whereupon no in fested by the gentlemen nity. This was a great part of the various rail been known that we were perhaps had "held up" these same gentlemen in have been the opportunity upon us and "getsquare," gone hard with us.

In thinking up Cali ber that in the early days sonage within its borders, evil doer and correspond good citizens, was a cer pleasant thing to find, af that the Lynch family standing. [Applause.]

B. A. in convention assembled stated that the high honor of its new presidency was about to be conferred, and asked California the momentous question, "In whom do you place your trust?" the unanimous answer came back, "George W. Lynch." [Applause.]



Heber Bishop was born in Marbleton, Province of Quebec, July 21, 1858. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Bishop's College School at Lennoxville, to be prepared for the Episcopal ministry; graduated in arts at the age of eighteen. At the death of his father he entered the medical college in Montreal, and took the degrees of C. M. and M. D. in April, 1882, winning both gold medals at graduation—the General Proficiency and Special Surgical medals. Was appointed surgeon of the International Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the same year, with headquarters at Lake Megantic. In 1883 he resigned and went to Europe and took up the special study of diseases of the throat and lungs. Returned to Boston the following year and entered into practise as a throat and lung specialist. In 1890 was appointed Surgeon and Supervisor of the U. S. Mutual Accident Association of New York, which position he held until a year ago, when he was appointed Surgeon and Adjuster of the Accident department of the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. He is also a member of the firm of Bishop & Robison, general managers of the Company for Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

On account of especial qualifications eminently fitting him for the position, he was unanimously chosen as the "jag" physician of the New England delegation.

Southern California us with their loving wel-railroads, that have to these beautiful golden Union and other telegraph us so generously and lav-our loved ones at home. votes of thanks will please [There was a hearty re-voice saying Aye!] fore starting on this trip tention to the "hold ups" the country, describing of discharging firearms to while the collector, with the escort, with his mur-through the train, and wise to be prepared. serious, I have an idea Yard very much, for, in sions on the train one day handful of rings studded monds, and a couple of comfortable looking wads [Laughter.]

a matter of precaution it out the "wild and woolly an excursion of railroad terest in us was mani-of the "hold up" frater-piece of wisdom on the road officials, for had it Eastern hotel men, and in our own way many of their better days, it might of their lives to retaliate and would possibly have [Laughter.]

fornia history, I remen-the most prominent per-who was feared by the ingly respected by its tain Judge Lynch. It is a ter all these long years, still maintain their high That when the H. M. M.

No better compliment or return could be paid him than that every member of the H. M. M. B. A. here register a mental vow to be the means of adding at least one new member to the roll during the coming year.

Brother members, I am about to ask you a question in this connection. The answer should be similar to the one given in the old familiar chorus where the question is asked, "Will you be there when the fun begins?"

I now ask you, will you do it? [There was a hearty response of "We will,"]

I feel a proud satisfaction in being "held up" to respond to the toast of "The H. M. M. B. A." I have been a member of it from the first year of its inception, seventeen years ago. From an humble beginning its membership is now represented in nearly every State in the Union, and the Canadas. It is the only association of its kind in the country. Its cornerstone is charity. Charity in its broadest, highest sense. Mutual love and benefit in the time of affliction is the cement that binds us together. These annual outings are not only a means of transacting yearly business in convention in conven us an opportun our brother other friends in our better ac honor of bear dential mantle shoulders last cessfully it has will leave you was like all tial lightning— ed. I appreci and it will be in possibly the come, that I honored presi M. M. B. A. [Ap

The toast in turn, in manner, introducing gentle spoke enter and whose well worthy a volume. But accumulating more than the tion of their E. M. Tier of the New



C. C. Horton, one of the proprietors of the Clarendon Hotel, Zanesville, O., was born May 25, 1863. Reared in a small northern Ohio town, he alternated between clerking in his father's store and teaching district school, until 1882, when he began his hotel career as cashier in the cafe of the Grand Union Hotel, New York, for the well-beloved W. D. Garrison. For awhile he was clerk at Hotel Anderson, Pittsburgh, Pa., and The Stillman, Cleveland, O. In 1887 he became proprietor of the Dudley House, Salamanca, N. Y.; then of the Arcade Hotel, Springfield, O.; finally of the Clarendon, where he has been for over a year and a half. Mr. Horton was accompanied to California by his wife.

the necessary of the association, but afford ity of meeting members and a social way, to quaintance. The ing the presi- fell upon my May. How suc- been borne I to judge. It other presiden- very unexpected it greatly, my proud boast, old days to was once the dent of the H. plause.] master then, felicitous duced the fol- men, who all tainingly, speeches are place in this the rapidly pages forbid mere men- names: Mr. ney, president York Hotel

Association; Gen. R. H. Warfield, proprietor California Hotel, San Francisco; Col. John C. Kirkpatrick, Palace Hotel, San Francisco; Don H. Porter, Salt Lake City, who journeyed from Salt Lake City expressly for the purpose of extending an invitation from the Hotel Fraternity, the Chamber of Commerce, and the citizens of the City of the Saints, to the H. M. M. B. A. to spend a day or more

there on the return journey; Mr. W. H. La Pointe, president of the Massachusetts Hotel Association; George W. Lynch, the newly elected president of the H. M. M. B. A.; Mr. A. C. Bilicke, proprietor Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles; the Honorable W. H. Carlson, Mayor of San Diego; the Honorable Frank Rader, Mayor of Los Angeles; Mr. Tom Henry, the brilliant cornetist of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Charles H. Smith, secretary of the S. C. H. A., and Editor Los Angeles *Hotel Gazette*, and Mr. H. J. Bohn, proprietor *Hotel World*, Chicago.

Mayor Rader in his speech referred to the fact that Los Angeles had intended to welcome the H. M. M. B. A. to the city in an official manner, and everything was in preparation for that purpose, but the late arrival prevented. He said:

I had an ad
mind to inflict up
were in Los An
on its advantages
politically, and
I would no more
you that address
soil of San Diego
out special permit
Mayor Carlson,
Police, than of

I really do
toastmaster has
to talk to you. I
he wants me to
give me the op
ogize to you for
sight in not offi
city of Los An
hands, to do with
and to take what
carry away, not
could possibly

We did not
sary to extend to
the city, for the
not only found
there the latch
where, but you
hearts of our peo

Gentlemen,
to have you with
have you in Cali
have welcomed
of sunshine and
alone that you
fragrance of our
phere, but because

it affords you to see for yourselves the happy transformation that is daily going on in our midst, in building up this new Utopia of the southwest; and now that you are here, and have warmed yourselves, even though you had your overcoats on, in our genial clime, we hope that your stay among us has been so pleasant, and will continue to be so enjoyable, that when you go away from us you will carry with you the conviction—you will be so forcibly



Hon. Frank Rader, the Mayor of Los Angeles, comes from an old revolutionary family of Pennsylvania, having been born in Easton, Pa., in 1845. Mr. Rader first located in Clyde, Ohio, and in 1883 came to Los Angeles for his health, which he speedily recovered. He engaged in the orange growing industry, and he was elected Mayor by the Republicans of Los Angeles in December, 1894. During his administration Los Angeles has made greater progress in material prosperity than ever before in its history. He is high in the councils of Masonry, being the first resident of Southern California to attain to the thirty-third degree. He then entered the real estate business, in which he was very successful, having been engaged in many large operations.

dress all in my
on you when you
geles, expatiating
socially, morally,
climatically; but
think of giving
upon the sacred
or Coronado, with-
from his honor,
and the Chief of
flying.

not know why the
called upon me
know not what
say, unless it is to
portunity to apol-
the seeming over-
cially placing the
geles in your
it as you pleased,
ever you could
paying for it if you
avoid doing so.

think it was neces-
sary the keys of
reason that you
while you were
string out every-
also found the
ple open to you.
we are very glad
us, very glad to
fornia, and we
you to this land
of flowers, not
might sniff the
balmy atmos-
of the opportunity

impressed with the idea—that Southern California is in fact as well as in name the one place that is entitled to be termed the Paradise of the world, and that you will find it a



C. Dellenbach is one of the successful men of Pittsburg. Born in Allegheny City, opposite Pittsburg, December 19, 1860, he has lived, and been engaged in the meat business, there all his life. In this latter business he made his wealth. He is now connected with the Fort Pitt Bridge Works, still conducts his extensive meat business, is a large landed proprietor in Ohio, and is now sole proprietor of the handsome Hotel Victoria of Pittsburg, which is so efficiently managed by Fred S. Avery. Mrs. Dellenbach accompanied her husband to California, and they both won many friends.

pleasure and satisfaction to continue to sound its praises now, henceforth, and forever, world without end—Amen.

Just before adjourn hours," Mr. J. C. Fox

Mr. Toastmaster, be to make just one remark. has been my privilege to most genial gentleman in the United States. He force of circumstances control. He is a gentle himself to the heart of this occasion. He has his heart and voice, and I all, rise every man and life and prosperity to York and Illinois." [Ap

Those present ing, after which all sang "Auld Lang journed. Thus closed pleasant annual ban the H. M. M. B. A., had indeed been a



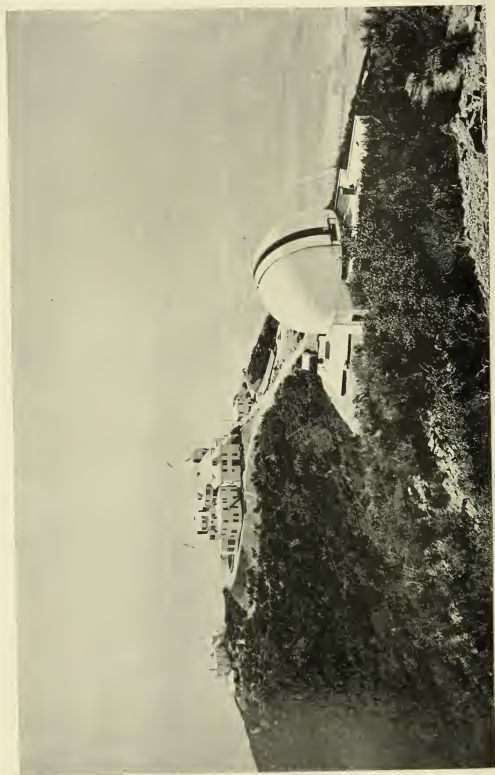
James J. Ryan of Philadelphia was one of the jovial members of the New York delegation, who expressed himself as well pleased with his California trip.

ment in the "wee sma' arose and said:

fore we adjourn I wish For the past ten years it listen to the voice of the and expert hotel-keeper is absent to-night by a over which he has no man who has endeared every man present upon always been with us with now say to you, one and greet the toast: "Long James H. Breslin of New plause.]

drank the toast stand- joined hands and and Syne," and then ad- one of the most quets ever given to and all felt that it glorious occasion.

Regrets filled every heart at leaving Coronado. Manager Babcock's efforts to please were so appreciated that he was compelled to accompany the party north.



Chalet, Echo Mountain House and Lowe Observatory, Mount Lowe Railway

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.



THIS narrative must be veracious in every particular, it must be confessed that it was quite a weary looking lot of people who boarded the trains on Tuesday morning for the return journey over the Surf Line, *en route* to Mount Lowe. It is scarcely in the province of human nature to be able to keep up a constant round of traveling and feasting for over a week, then sit up at a banquet until two or three o'clock in the morning, absorb a dozen or so speeches, as well as numberless gastronomic facts, and follow this revelry with an hour or two of trunk-packing, and wake up the following morning feeling perfectly refreshed. No, indeed! human nature

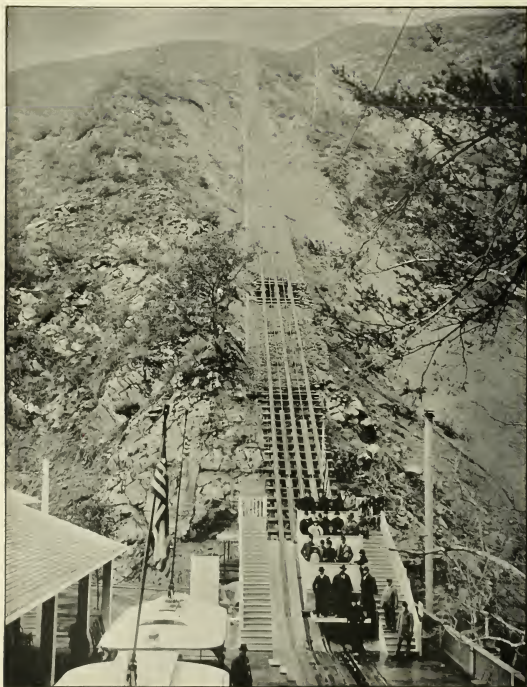
knows better than that!

A large number asked me if they might not stay in Pasadena, without taking the trouble of going up to Echo Mountain and Alpine Tavern. I was compelled to reply that no weariness, or anything else but absolute sickness, would justify them in failing to see this, the greatest attraction of California. In some instances I had to indulge in personal persuasion to induce some one or other to leave his comfortable car and ascend the mountain. On arriving at Pasadena a special car of the Pasadena and Pacific Electric Railway Company was in waiting, which immediately conveyed seventy of the visitors directly to Altadena, and thence to Echo



Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the creator of the Mount Lowe Railway, is one of the geniuses of the nineteenth century. Dauntless and brave, he has carried the apparently impossible work of scaling the Sierra Madre with his lightning drawn chariots to a successful conclusion. His work will be his immortality as far as earth is concerned. Constantly laboring through a long and arduously active life for the good of the world, his last achievement is a worthy crown to all that has gone before. He is one of nature's noblemen and I am proud to be able to call him my friend.

Mountain House, where lunch was waiting for them.



Great Cable Tunnel (GCT) at the Lowe Railway

The next seventy were sent up to the Hotel Painter, where Mr. M. D. Painter hospitably entertained them. The remainder were provided for at Hotel Green. As soon as lunch was over at the Painter and the Green, carload after carload



Overloaded with heavy-weight hotel men and women, the electric car had to wait for more power on the way to Altadena.

began to find its way to Altadena on the Pasadena and Pacific cars, where the transfer was made to the electric cars of the Mount Lowe Railway.

Up we spun, past prolific orchards and groves just set out; by the blossoming eschscholtzia beds—the poppy of California, which long ago led the sailors, those early Pacific navigators, to name the mountain promontory under whose shelter we are now passing



Hotel Painter, and the foot of the Great Cable Incline, Mount Lowe Railway.

imperious intrusion. Now our car seems to be darting out into bottomless space, and, with a lurch, we hold ourselves in awful expectancy; but a graceful curve, and we glide merrily along, while laughter gives place to fear. What a delightful ride it is! Trees and chaparral

clothe the disintegrating granite rocks. Larks and mocking-birds give delight by their songs of careless rapture. Gray squirrels dart on the track ahead of us, and then whisk into the gaunt sycamore trees and fearlessly peep out at us as we glide along. Now we are on a mere

shelf cut out of the unyielding rock, where, from a thousand feet above, men were suspended dangling on ropes in mid-air preparing their blasts, ready to make our trip thus far available for further progress. Ahead of us we saw the first part of the Cable Incline, and, suddenly, with a graceful curve, we swept around on to the platform of the Rubio Amphitheater, with the entertainment pavilion on one side and the roadway to the clouds on the other.

What a scene it is! Up above, in Castle Canyon, we can see the fantastically formed



ARE YOU IN THIS CROWD?

rocks which gave their name to this ascending ravine. Forty feet or more below us the medicinal, healthful waters of the mountain stream dash along to carry their gift of refreshment to the grain fields and orchards below, whilst around and on every hand are objects of beauty and interest that could not but arouse and entertain even the most dull and unmoved, for hours and hours.

Nature was in one of her most extravagant moods when she created this spot. She foresaw that the culture of the New World was reaching out for just such a homeland as this Valley of the Archangel Gabriel, and here, at the same height as the famous Catskill Mountain hotels overlooking the Hudson, in one fold of the dress of the sheltering Mother-Mountain, she provided this beautiful, quiet retreat for those who desired pleasurable seclusion combined with delightful enjoyment.

Now, party after party entered the "White Chariots" of the Great Cable



OR THIS?
Is here, anyway.

Incline, and were noiselessly and easily conveyed to the summit of Echo Mountain. And what an outlook as we climb higher and higher! The valley opens up at our feet, one, two, and more thousand feet below, laid out in streets and

avenues and farms and villages and towns and cities, with, here and there, a reservoir like a silver mirror reflecting the brilliancy of the sun.

This Incline is about 3000 feet long, and makes a direct ascent of upwards of 1400 feet. The angle is in some places as high as sixty-two per cent. The cars are permanently attached to an inch and a half endless steel wire cable, and as one ascends



OR THIS?

Merrifield, Loughhead and Hadley say yes!

the other descends. As the summit is neared, on one side are seen the Chalet, a cozy little hotel, built as an accommodation, while the large and commodious Echo Mountain House was in the course of erection; and, on the other, is the monster World's Fair Searchlight, the largest in the world, that bewildered and amazed city and country visitors alike at the Great Columbian Exposition. Echo Mountain House charmed all our visitors.

I do not think there was any reservation, whatever, in the words of unstinted praise that were heard on every hand. Not a single member of the party expected to find such a place. The descriptions I had given were regarded simply



OR THIS?

What's the matter with Kemp and Partridge?
They're all right!

as "one of James's delightful visions." But, as usual, it was found I had under—rather than over—stated the charms of the place.

The dining-room was admirably decorated, and, as table after table was filled, again and again, the practical side of our guests' lives asserted itself and led them to critically examine food and service. Both were eminently satisfactory, and all so expressed themselves.

And now the cry came for rooms, and Mr. Scott, the manager, was put to his "wits' end." Nobody wanted to go down. Arrangements were made so that all who desired could stay over



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BOSTON
Looking Heavenward!

night at the Painter Hotel in Pasadena, but all who could possibly be accommodated wished to remain over night on the mountain.

The searchlight was turned on, and most brilliant effects produced to the delight of the onlookers. Then a large party visited the Lowe Observatory, a quarter of a mile from the hotel, presided over by the veteran astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift, who entertained

all who came with visions of the planetary and stellar worlds seen through his superior sixteen-inch refractor. This Observatory has been maintained solely at the expense of Professor Lowe, and is doing great work in the advancement of astronomical science



ARE YOU THERE?
Ask Wartfield and Schlosser.

But all this is located on Echo Mountain, the second stage, half way up, on the way to the summit, and soon the cry rang out, "All aboard for Alpine Tavern!" An open observation car is used on this division, so that the four miles of thrilling scenery may be fully enjoyed. The cars whirled around below the Observatory, past three stunted and dead pines, over bridges, through cuts, and by the side of apparently bottomless canyons, rounded capes, and made turns and twists innumerable, until the Circular Bridge was reached. This is a wooden bridge of most solid construction, and, as its name implies, is circular in form to allow the cars upon them to continue the ascent slope, but at a right angle in the opposite direction. The Garden of the Gods is entered, where gigantic and alligators (in stone) can be discerned by the spectator. Through a forest of large oaks, and into spruces and where hundreds of doves make their nests, and fly run to and fro by rivers of the toppling granite; along the sides of the deep Grand Canyon are in sight tre-crested mountains, and up the trail, at last, Alpine Tavern is veiled. And it is a revelation of



For further particulars inquire of Wilcox, Curtis, and Dr. Bishop.

beauty. There is not a more delightfully located mountain hotel in the country, nor one that is so dainty and charming in its exterior and interior appointments. All around are tents, which, during the summer, are crowded to overflowing.

The next morning those who could not be accommodated at Echo Mountain House and Alpine Tavern, and who had been sent down to the Painter and the Green, came back and made the trip to Alpine Tavern. I think there were not more than five or ten of the whole party who did not enjoy this delightful ride from Echo Mountain to Alpine Tavern, and I am satisfied that those who took the trip will remember it forever as one of the most memorable experiences of their lives.

Near to Alpine Tavern are the celebrated Mount Lowe Springs, which give forth an almost chemically pure water, and the bottling of which has become an extensive and well-paying industry.

From Alpine Tavern, bridle roads ascend by an easy grade to the summit of Mount Lowe, and a two miles' carriage drive has been constructed for the pleasure of visitors. In the winter season sleighs are used instead of carriages, and the delighted traveler takes a sleigh ride absolutely in sight of orange groves and gardens where bloom millions of rare and fragrant flowers.

It seems incredible that one could, on this elevated spot, 5000 feet above sea level, within sight of the beautiful flowers of Pasadena before described, and receiving constant wafts of their fragrance, be whirled along by a pair of fine horses over a bank of snow, two, three or more feet deep, and for a distance of over two miles; yet such is the case, and on the other side of the range more winter sports are to be seen. mense toboggan slides, one may slide down as long range of pines pre But delightful beyond Alpine Tavern, it is highest crest of Mount the full the richness of us in the scenery be which direction we majestic, and beautiful and homage. To the the deep ravines, the summit of Echo in size so that it seems ered by a dime; upon acres of waving grain, brilliant sunlight, ap chiefs fluttering on the that, Pasadena's build glistening and glitter monds; further away Pasadena and Los An latter city can be dis



Richard Scott, manager of Echo Mountain House, is a well-known hotel man of Southern California. For some years he was chief clerk at the Hollenbeck, and came to Echo Mountain as chief clerk when H. R. Warner was manager. Upon Mr. Warner's retirement Mr. Scott became manager, and he soon made hosts of friends in his new position. Mr. Scott is genial, affable, efficient and popular.

provided, such as im- where, for 1000 feet, if on nothing, until a vents further progress. compare though it is at when we stand on the Lowe that we enjoy to all that is presented to low. It matters not in look, objects grand, demand observation south, we look down gorges, and canyons to Mountain, now reduced as if it might be cov- the valleys, where the green as emerald in the pear like tiny handker- ground, and beyond ings, with windows ing like brilliant diastill, the hills between geles, over which the tinctly discerned, and

then, the wide sweep of ocean extending to right and left of the Palos Verde Hill which reaches from San Pedro to Redondo. The face of the Pacific is pearly satin, and as the sun shines down upon the sails of the gliding vessels they are transformed into silver, and their masts into gold, and one thinks he is back again in classic times and a fleet of Argonauts is approaching the shore where many golden fleeces may be found. The grand old mountains reveal their penciled lines, though some of them seem to have covered their faces with a veil of haze or cloud, as do the maidens of Bethlehem. The snow-crowned peaks are receiving their last tribute from the descending sun. The far-away

Santa Ana and San Jacinto are bathed in a sheen of rosy gray, whilst the snow on the Southern California Jungfrau—inappropriately named San Bernardino—is changed into a rich, creamy appearance. In this absolute serenity, this felt equanimity and calm equipoise of nature, one realizes that all worldliness, all sordidness, all passion, ought to have been thrown off and left below, and that if, indeed, these disturbing elements should still remain in possession of one's soul, his very presence would be sacrilege, his thoughts incongruous, and his words profanation.



The Circular Bridge, Alpine Division,
Mount Lowe Railway.

far-away Pacific, and whose summits, rugged and treeless, pierce the sky.

Well! We've climbed to the heights together, and I'm sorry that now I must bring my readers down with our guests to the plain again. That they all enjoyed it is evident from the fact that about three hundred of them signed the following, which was then handed to Professor Lowe, and is now carefully preserved by him:

We, the undersigned, members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, wish hereby to express our appreciation of this beautiful mountain resort. The thrilling ride through Rubio Canyon and up the Great Incline, with its wonderful and ever-changing views, held us spellbound. It was far away and beyond all that we expected. After the exciting ride, the large, home-like social hall of Echo Mountain House seemed like a haven of rest, and one and all were more than ready for the lunch served in a very dream of a dining-room.

We had thought we had seen all, but soon "all aboard" for the Alpine division sounded through the room, and in a few moments we were whirling around terrific chasms, over tremendous precipices, through oak and pine forests and mountain gorges, until we suddenly came upon Alpine Tavern, that wonderful and unique enterprise away up on the mountain tops.

We, the undersigned, wish to indorse this as one of the brightest memories of our visit to California.

All thanks due to the Wizard of the Mountain, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, and his efficient hotel manager, Richard Scott.

That night as the party started north for San Francisco, Professor Lowe's one remaining daughter, Miss Edna Maibelle, was married in his palatial residence. Each of the delegations sent a cordial telegram of congratulation to Professor and Mrs. Lowe and the happy bride and fortunate groom.



Alpine Tavern, Mount Lowe Railway.



A California Orange tree.

CHAPTER XVII.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

BREAKFAST at Echo Mountain was no sooner over than the cars began to descend the Great Incline to Rubio, and from thence through Altadena and Pasadena to Los Angeles.

Every building was gay with flags, bunting, and banners—yellow, red, and green, the “colors” of the Southern portion of the State, representing orange, vine, and olive. The streets were a solid mass of people, and the World’s Fair of ’93 never turned out a denser or a gayer crowd. Los Angeles is proud of its Fiesta. It is the successor to Fiestas, which, for over a hundred years, have been held by the Caucasian race in the Golden State; and long prior to that time, and back for many centuries, before the first palm-tree on the coast had root, the Indians had their gay Fiestas, where eating, drinking, dancing, and merriment reigned supreme.

Since this third celebration in its present form, a permanent organization has been made, and the Los Angeles Fiesta is assured continuous existence. With a climate which is “morally certain” to behave on all festival occasions, where one can be out of doors for months at a time, day and night, without danger of injury to health, a Fiesta finds a congenial, because a natural, home. In my old English days, whenever a picnic was announced, the mystic letters, “D. V. and weather permitting” always followed the “There will be held.” “D. V. and weather permitting!” God is always willing, and the people of Southern California have a perpetual permit from the Weather Department of the Universe for the holding of any summer festival they may desire.

And what a Fiesta this was, in 1896. Surpassing any that had gone before in extent and magnificence, it is no wonder it pleased all who beheld it.

Special tribunes had been reserved near to the throne of the Queen of the Fiesta for the members of the H. M. M. B. A., and at two o’clock all but a few laggards were in their places. Soon the outriders of the procession appeared,



One of the Fiesta Floats.

and cheer after cheer burst from the throats of our hearty visitors, as they expressed their appreciation of those features which especially pleased them.

Float after float represented the history and growth of the Southwest, as well as symbolized the natural advantages with which God has blessed it. But the three features that especially attracted the attention of the guests were the brilliant display of the Chinese, with the monster dragon, the surpassing horsemanship of the Mexican vaqueros, and the Pueblo Indians.

Although this procession of the first day of the Fiesta was very much enjoyed by the visiting Hotel Men, it was only a foretaste of what the later processions were to be. Each day and night until Saturday saw a constantly enlarging procession, and day came, one final effort was surpassed every been done be not space here these later pro will be a matter in this last prize for the fin six-in-hand Mr. M. D. Paint Painter, Pasa prize was a red seventy-five The banner hotel office. though by no tentious and decorations as hands with compete, was a its way. The were yellow and boughs of Norfolk Island branches of placed upon the hubs were marguerites.



John L. Irvine, General Passenger and Ticket Agent and Auditor of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe Route) is one of the younger school of stimulated railway men in the United States. He has grown up with the Santa Fe system and is closely identified with all its interests. Three years ago he left Chicago to come to California where he has done much to uphold the interests of his road. He is a thorough railroad man, and his constant endeavors to care for the H. M. M. B. A. excursion in fact of great assistance, won for him the warmest personal regard of the Hotel Men of Southern California and their visitors from the East.

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a single particle of the body of the coach that could be discerned by the passer-by. It was one mass of these delicate and exquisite flowers, artistically and tastefully, though very simply, arranged. In the coach sat six young ladies, dressed in yellow crepe of the same shade as the marguerites, and wearing white lace collars, white gloves, and white hats trimmed with the marguerites. Four gentlemen accompanied the ladies, and they were dressed in white duck, with

straw hats. The horses were six well-matched bays, full of fire and vim, and circumstances so favored them that when the time for their appearance before the grand-stand came, there was a large space ahead unoccupied, so that they were



The Equestrian Procession at the Los Angeles Fiesta.

able to dash along and appear before the judges with fine action and with flying ribbons. Preceding them were four outriders, dressed in white duck, with yellow leggings, and wearing immense white

Spanish sombreros. The beauty and perfect harmony of the whole turnout were so effective and striking, and the handsome action of the horses so pleasing, that on the grand-stand, at least, there was no question as to the propriety of immediately awarding the first prize to Mine Host Painter. As many of the visiting members of the H. M. M. B. A. rode in this turnout on the occasion of the drive through the city of Los Angeles, and then again in Pasadena, this brief account of Mr. Painter's triumph will be read with much interest and pleasure.

The procession over, the H. M. M. B. A. tribunes were deserted, and the remaining hours until eight o'clock were devoted to shopping, visiting various parts of the city, and saying adieus to friends, preparatory to leaving for the north, where, on crossing the Tehachapi Mountains, the California Hotel Association was to become the host of the H. M. M. B. A., and give them a few more days of pleasure in the central section of the State.

Just before the trains left Los Angeles for San Francisco, a pleasant little presentation was made by Mrs. Thomas Pascoe of the Hotel Lincoln to Mrs. H. J. Bohn of the Chicago delegation. Recognizing the immense amount of work that Mr. Bohn had done to make the trip of the



Mrs. H. J. Bohn, wife of Manager Bohn of the *Hotel World*, was an acquisition to the Chicago delegation. Her uniform kindness of manner and readiness to assist made her a universal favorite.

Chicagoans pleasant, Mrs. Pascoe wished in some way to show her appreciation, and having personally worked, in silken embroidery, a handsome cover for a



Geo. H. Kimbark, one of the proprietors of the Crawford House, Boston, Mass., was born in Lansingburg, N. Y., May 3, 1855. He was educated in Boston schools, and graduated in 1879. In December, 1871, he entered the employ of Geo. H. Gray & Danforth, foreign commission merchants, where he remained until he accepted a position as book-keeper in the Crawford House, Boston, July, 1872, under the proprietorship of his late uncle. In January, 1889, he bought out an interest of his present partner, Mr. Henry Goodwin. Mr. Kimbark was elected Secretary of the Massachusetts Hotel Association, May, 1896, upon the return of the N. E. Delegation from California.

then wrote to the *Hotel World*: "After such a week of riding, driving, banqueting, mountain-climbing, and unending gayety, it would not have been surprising had the departing party at this point of the program shown some signs of weariness and collapse, but if any man, woman, or child experienced such a state it was not made manifest."

While the H. M. M. B. A. was in Los Angeles doubtless some of them noticed the building in process of erection directly opposite the Westminster Hotel. On the first of January, 1897, it is expected this will be opened as the Hotel Van Nuys, with Milo M.

rose pillow, she collected a large number of rose leaves in Los Angeles, converted them into a pillow, encased them in the exquisite cover, and then, accompanied by her husband and the author, interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Bohn, with their bright little son, Harold Jay, in the drawing-room of Palace Car Euripides, and there, Mr. Pascoe, in a well-turned little speech, made the presentation. Mrs. Bohn gracefully acknowledged the handsome gift, and five minutes later the train was on its way northward. Mr. Bohn



H. R. Warner, manager Bartlett Springs, and assistant manager Hotel Westminster, Los Angeles, was one of the contributors to the entertainment fund of the H. M. M. B. A. His duties were such, unfortunately, as to deprive him of the pleasure of personally spending much time with the party, but those who met him will well remember him. He belongs to a family of hotel keepers, was born in Vermont, and for several years past has been manager of prominent hotels in Southern California. For over three years he has been manager of Bartlett Springs in Lake County, one of the most popular summer resorts of the North, and this winter he is associated with Mr. F. O. Johnson in the management of Hotel Westminster, Los Angeles.

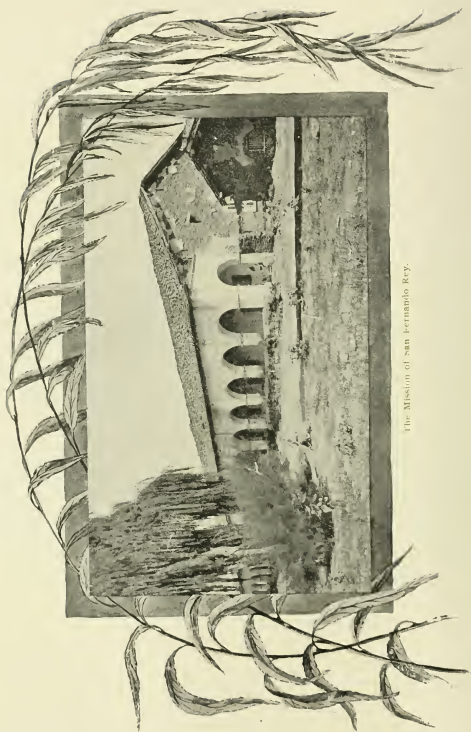
Potter as proprietor. It is the finest, though not the largest, hotel structure in the State. Nay, indeed, its superior is not to be found in the entire West. Nearly two years ago its erection began, and when completed the structure alone will have cost \$275,000. It was designed and built for Mr. I. N. Van Nuys, one of the oldest and most prosperous citizens of Los Angeles, president of the Farming and Milling Company, and who owns a ranch of some 50,000 acres near the Cahuenga Pass. Determined to create a hotel that would please the most exacting, and adequately meet all the demands such a structure ought to satisfy, he has produced a building that from foundation to roof may well serve as a model to future builders. Nothing that modern ingenuity could suggest in the equipment of the building has been omitted. Mr. Van Nuys determined to make it in equipment the equal of any building in the world, and everything has tended to that end.



Hotel Van Nuys, Fourth and Main Streets, Los Angeles.

Mr. Potter, the proprietor, is one of the most successful young hotel men of California. He is furnishing the new hotel in a sumptuous manner, and everything is as *good* and substantial as it is luxurious and elegant. He is determined that his work shall be a fitting supplement to that done by Mr. Van Nuys.

The result will be the most perfectly appointed and comfortable hotel in the State. Every room in the house receives the direct rays of the sun, and is equipped with a large clothes closet, marble washstand, steam heater, electric lights, double doors, and telephone for direct communication to the office.



The Mission of San Fernando Rey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EN ROUTE TO SAN FRANCISCO.



THE ten days' entertainment provided by the South being now exhausted, the committee of arrangements of the Southern California Hotel Association prepared to turn over its hospitalities and cares to the committee of arrangements of the California Hotel Association. The members of this committee had already become well known to the members of the visiting delegations. The three trains stood side

by side in the Arcade Depot of the Southern Pacific Railway, where the company had sent its best engines, engineers, and crews to handle these trains, to show what they could do in the way of making rapid and successful runs. There was not a hitch in the proceedings. Exactly on the time scheduled the first train left, followed by the two others in rapid succession, just ahead of the regular trains. They were on time at every station, and reached Oakland Pier ahead of the scheduled time, although the run was made in some four hours shorter time than the regular express time. Mr. Jas. Horsburgh, Jr., assistant general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Company, and who had personally supervised the whole of the details of his company for the reception and entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A., and accompanied the excursion during the trip, was the recipient of many and hearty congratulations upon the successful runs made to San Francisco.

In response to a request made to Mr. G. F. Richardson, the genial master of transportation of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the following particulars of the time made were received:

In compliance with your request I write to say that the Hotel Men's Excursion Train left Los Angeles on April 22d last, in three sections, at 8:30, 8:40, and 8:50 P. M. respectively, and arrived at San Francisco, the first section at 12:45 P. M., and the other two at 1:15 P. M., April 23d. The



Mr. John S. Sweet was born March 3, 1859, at Chillicothe, O. When six years of age his parents moved to Cincinnati, O. At eighteen years of age he began his hotel career in the storeroom of the old Peoria House, at Peoria, Ill. Gradually winning promotion he passed through every department, until now he is a thoroughly competent hotel manager. He was four years with Draper Hall, at Oconomowoc, Wis., three years at the Grand Hotel, Janesville, Wis., and for four years he traveled about gleaning wisdom from all sources in the United States and Canada. He is now Manager of the Lake View Beach Hotel, Sheboygan, Wis.



The Loop of the Southern Pacific Railway crossing the Tehachazo Range

running time for the first section Los Angeles to San Francisco, you will observe, was 16 hours 15 minutes, and the other two 16 hours 45 minutes. The last two sections were held back to meet the wishes of the reception committee in this city, as they did not want all of the passengers to arrive at one time. Otherwise, all of the trains would have reached Oakland Pier to connect with and cross the Bay on the same boat.

The time of our regular trains between Los Angeles and San Francisco is 20 hours 45 minutes.

Leaving Los Angeles behind, the trains entered the valley of the Los Angeles River, and, pointing north, soon passed Glendale, Burbank, San Fernando, and other beautiful settlements in Southern California. San Fernando is the scene of one of the old Franciscan Missions, founded about a century ago. The mission structure is in a very ruined condition, although its surroundings are picturesque in the extreme. At San Fernando may be seen the dams which force the underground streams of this region to the surface. It is a fact, however much it may be questioned by "tenderfeet," that many of the rivers of Southern California flow underground, and



T. A. Barker, proprietor of the Hotel Metropolitan, St. Paul, Minn., was one of the prominent men on the Chicago special, and was accompanied by Mrs. Barker. For some years Mr. Barker was proprietor of a leading winter hotel in North Carolina, and during the same years he managed for a wealthy Boston syndicate the big summer hotel and resort on Campobello Island, up on the Canadian Coast. A few years ago the Boston and Northwest Company bought the Hotel Metropolitan at St. Paul, Minn., and since then Mr. Barker has been proprietor of that hotel. He has made it a successful hotel, and one that is highly spoken of by all of its patrons.

here, the company owning the lands discovered the underground current, and built dams in such a way as to raise the water again to the surface, where it is piped for domestic and irrigation purposes.

Leaving San Fernando, an extra engine helped take up the burden of the heavy train, and five miles away the San Fernando Tunnel was entered. This tunnel, 6967 feet long, is timbered all the way, and is at an elevation of 1469 feet above the level of the sea.

Soon Newhall was reached, where immense tanks of crude petroleum reveal the fact that this



An Iowa member of the H. M. M. B. A. who has cause to congratulate himself upon his success during the past ten years is Mr. Horace Birdsall, proprietor of the St. James Hotel, Davenport, and the Hotel Birdsall, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Besides being proprietor of two of the most profitable hotels in the State, he owns and conducts a large and beautiful farm overlooking the Mississippi River near Davenport, is one of the large stockholders in the leading Davenport daily, and is interested in other enterprises. Mr. Birdsall was accompanied to California by his wife and their sweet and lovable daughter Grace.

is one of the many Southern California oil fields.

Thirty-six miles from Los Angeles is Saugus, the point of departure from

the main line for the Santa Barbara branch. In the course of another year or so the gap now existing on the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific Railway, between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, will be closed, so that the traveler will have a choice of two routes. He can go either through the San Joaquin Valley or by way of the coast. At this time,



A Fresno Vineyard.

however, we had no choice, so our trains went ahead, due north, passing Lang and Ravena, until Soledad Canyon was entered. This "canyon of solitude" is a deep gorge, with towering mountain cliffs rising on the south side from five hundred to two thousand feet above the bed of the little stream. It is about twenty-five miles in length, and is inhabited largely by Mexicans. One of the most noted rob-

bers and outlaws of California, Vasquez, had his rendezvous in this canyon, and the comparatively recent date of his depredations will be understood when the fact is recalled that he was captured and executed at San Jose at a no more distant date than in the year 1875.

Sixty-seven miles from Los Angeles Palmdale was reached, where we began to enter the region of desert palms. Here *cereus giganteus* in large numbers are to be found, standing like an army of bristling giants ready to attack those who would force a way through them. This is practically the beginning of the slopes which enter Antelope Valley, where fine wheat, cherries, raisins, and almonds grow, of excellent quality, in large profusion. Antelope Valley is one of the surprises in this land of agricultural and horticultural surprises. Ten years ago it was regarded as irreclaimable desert. Now, it has over seventy thousand acres sown to grain, and five thousand acres planted to fruit, with a population of about twenty-five hundred.

Soon after leaving Lancaster we entered the Mojave Desert, where weird and deceptive mirages entertain the traveler who has not pulled down the blinds of his car under the mistaken notion that a desert is the most uninteresting place across which he can travel. The station of Mojave is one hundred miles from Los Angeles. Yuccas and cacti in large numbers arrest the attention. Then we began to ascend the Tehachapi Mountains, formed by the junction of the great Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range of mountains. These two great chains here blend in such an inextricable mass of jumbled-up peaks, toppled and inverted strata, as to have lost all their original shape and form, and this confusion produced a natural barrier so formidable as to compel the railway engineers for many years to regard it as practically impregnable, but by means of tunnelling and the now world-famed Loop, a pass was made, and railway communication between the north and the south accomplished. The surmounting of this pass has long been regarded as one of the



The South Coast, Antelope Valley.

most triumphant feats of engineering in this country. It was designed and carried out by a young man when older engineers had declared it impossible.

By this time pretty nearly all the travelers were bed asleep, dreaming of the hospitalities of the north they were soon to enjoy. Bakersfield was reached, 168 miles from Los Angeles. This city is the headquarters of the Kern County Land Company, who have converted this barren desert region into a series of beautiful and profitable farms, and whose vast irrigation systems are well worth extended study.

On went the train at flying speed until Fresno was reached. Fresno is in the raisin and wine growing San Joaquin Valley, and of



One of the Big Trees.

heart of the portion of the late years has made great progress in citrus culture. I quote the following from the pen of Mr. W. G. Uridge, who owns a large citrus nursery in Fresno County, and whose statements are to be relied upon:

About twenty-four years ago a few orange trees were planted in the doorway of Mr. Hazelton, who lives close to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in what is now known as the thermal or citrus belt of Fresno County. These trees were not protected in any way in winter, yet were entirely uninjured. This caused several other residents in the neighborhood likewise to ornament their premises, with the same encouraging results. About ten years ago two capitalists were struck by this; and, reasoning that where a few trees would thrive many would, purchased a tract of land within a mile or so of the foothills, and planted out an orange and lemon grove of sixty acres, and have met with unqualified success; for not only has their grove been unharmed by frost, but not a speck of scale or pest of any kind has ever been seen on a single tree in the grove. All the citrus fruit grown in Fresno County is invariably clean, which is a fact of great commercial consequence. But there is another feature in the production of citrus fruits in Fresno County that is of still greater consequence, namely, that it has been found that oranges ripen from two to six weeks earlier than in Southern California; and this is the principal cause of the planting out in the last two or three years of upwards of 500 acres of orange groves and about 130 acres of lemons. Land of good quality



At the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Land of good quality



INTERIOR ENG'G CO.

Journal of Interpersonal Violence 16(9)

and perfectly adapted to growing citrus fruits, can be purchased at present in the thermal belt of this county at from \$75.00 to \$125.00 per acre; and, as this district is situated right at the headwaters of the county's big irrigation canals (the total length of them all being over 5000 miles), there is an unlimited supply of water at a cost of 62½ cents per acre per annum. Comparison of these facts and figures with those of other citrus regions warrants the belief that Fresno County has a great future in citrus fruit production, and that it affords a most excellent opportunity for investment.

This year, 1895-96, Fresno shipped 35,000 boxes of oranges, and double that quantity, if the season be good, will be boxed and shipped next season. The engraving shows the Orangedale Citrus Nursery, owned by Mr. Uridge, situated near Centerville, in the Fresno County thermal belt, and just where Kings River breaks forth from the Sierra foothills into the valley. This nursery now contains



An Umbrella-tree in Fresno.

about seventy thousand orange and lemon trees of choice budded varieties of suitable age for transplanting into orchard. The stock is a picture of vigorous growth, and absolutely free and clean of smut, scale, fungus growth, or any kind of tree pest, and better still, is thoroughly tested in regard to climate.

This nursery was started in 1892. It was considered by many a hazardous enterprise, it being the most northerly citrus nursery of any consequence in the State, but the result has been most gratifying to all concerned.

Fresno County ships more raisins than the rest of the State combined, and, in 1891, 1200 carloads were sent to different portions of the country.

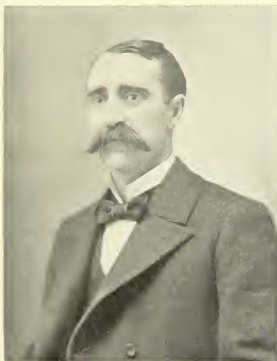


THE COSMOGRAPHIC VALLEY FROM ARTIST'S POINT

Passing northward from Fresno vast grain fields are traversed, and, in the daytime, entrancing views obtained of valley, foothills, and mountains on either side. To the left is the Coast Range, and to the right the majestic Sierra Nevada, many of whose peaks are perpetually clothed with virgin snow.

Snugly ensconced in the heart of this range is the world-famed Yosemite Valley, the great scenic attraction, which has made California famous throughout the civilized world. Truly "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and "its loveliness increases," for, though the distinctive scenes of this valley have been pictured again and again, they have never "passed into nothingness," but are to-day more attractive and charming than ever. It was a great pity that the time of the H. M. M. B. A. was so limited that they could not see and enjoy Yosemite. The best time to go is from May to September, and the earlier in the season the better. Then the snow has disappeared and the creeks are full and the waterfalls show to the best advantage.

Who can for the first time from Artist's soul is awed at revelation of trusted glories. majestic, bold, El Capitan, self supremacy and crat of granite, age and rever and the valley protects. Di the Bridal Veil graceful, delicate Wavy sheets of into intricate patterns of lace which blend into and change, and even as we look,



ROBERT C. WARDEN was born in Licking County, Ohio, December 1, 1847. He graduated from Denison University in 1869 and from Ann Arbor Law School in 1873. For several years he practised law in Newark. For the last ten years he has been owner and proprietor of Hotel Warden, Newark, Ohio. Mrs. Warden accompanied her husband to California and both were highly delighted with the country.

glancing and dancing and playing with the tiny crystals and making of them diamonds pure and white, rubies clear and red, sapphires, amethysts, opals full of fire, as if, indeed, the fall were the diaphanous veil of a mountain bride, whose fairy friends brought uncountable jewels and precious stones to decorate and set off its pure, delicate whiteness. Few, indeed, are the eyes that do not linger long and lovingly on this fall, which, with El Capitan, forms so entrancing an overture to the grand opera of the Yosemite beyond. Yes, indeed! Grand opera! Why not? There are melodies and harmonies in rugged mural faces, in heaven-piercing

best time to go is tember, and the son (after the the snow) the the creeks are the waterfalls show tage.

get the view Point? The so wonderful a varied and con- To the left the dignified front of conscious of his power, an auto-demanding hom- ence for himself he guards and rectly opposite is Falls, exquisite, in its loveliness. spray, woven and unheard of and gauze, other patterns, change again, the sunbeams

trees, in dashing waterfalls and running streams, in massive domes and cloud-kissed peaks, in roaring storms and peaceful sunshine; tones in fact and reality as well as harmonies which appeal to the eye rather than the ear. For, in swift review as we drive through the valley, are the Cathedral Spires, pinnacles, minarets and towers which remind the frivolous that this, indeed, is the temple of the living God, the Three Brothers, the Sentinel, the peerless Yosemite Fall, the North Dome, Royal Arches, Washington Tower, Glacier Point, Mirror Lake, the Nevada and Vernal Falls, and, overlooking them all in sublime serenity, the South Dome, peerless and proud.

No one can afford to miss Yosemite! All plans should embrace it! Rail and stage convey you to it. There are good hotels in the valley, the best one of them, erected by the State and owned and controlled by Mr. J. J. Cook (the Stoneman House) unfortunately was burned down in October of this year. It is the intention of the State to rebuild, and possibly to use the granite found on the spot, so that fire In the meantime there are good accommodations to be had, notably owned by Mr. A. B. Glasscock. Mr. Fiske, the photographer of the many years has lived there winter and summer, has made some of the most exquisite photographs, and both those who go and those who cannot go should send to him for an album made up of his choicest views. They will ever be a delight.

Either on going or returning from the Yosemite, the traveler should not omit paying a visit to the Big Trees. There are two groves of these near by, the Mariposa and the Calaveras. The trees are and are the largest known in the world. The engraving on page 221 better illustrates of these monarchs of the forest than any mere words or figures can.

Now to return to the upward ride toward San Francisco. Leaving the vine and citrus districts of Fresno, the immense grain fields of the San Joaquin Valley are entered. Here, during harvest time, may be seen the great harvesters at work, which head the grain, thrash and sack it all in one operation, dumping the filled sacks upon the ground as the machine moves forward.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many people do, that vine growing is confined to Fresno County and the regions South. In the Livermore Valley and far up into Northern California are some of the finest vineyards in the State. Four miles south of Livermore is the famous Cresta Blanca Vineyard, consisting of 420 acres of rolling and hill land, planted out to the finest species of vines,



Horace Fox, manager International Hotel, Niagara Falls, N. Y., is a popular and successful hotel man, whose record is one that he may well be proud of. The business of the International during its season has more than doubled under his control, and that during a time when summer hotels have not been the best of paying properties. Mr. Fox was accompanied to California by Mrs. Fox, and their warm cordiality made them many friends.

nately was burned year. It is the intention of the State to rebuild, and possibly to use the granite found on the spot, so that fire In the meantime there are good accommodations to be had, notably owned by Mr. A. B. Glasscock. Mr. Fiske, the photographer of the many years has lived there winter and summer, has made some of the most exquisite photographs, and both those who go and those who cannot go should send to him for an album made up of his choicest views. They will ever be a delight. returning from the Yosemite should not omit paying a visit to the Big Trees. There are two groves of these near by, the Mariposa and the Calaveras. The trees are and are the largest known in the world. 221 better illustrates of these monarchs of the forest than any mere words or figures can. the upward ride toward ing the vine and citrus

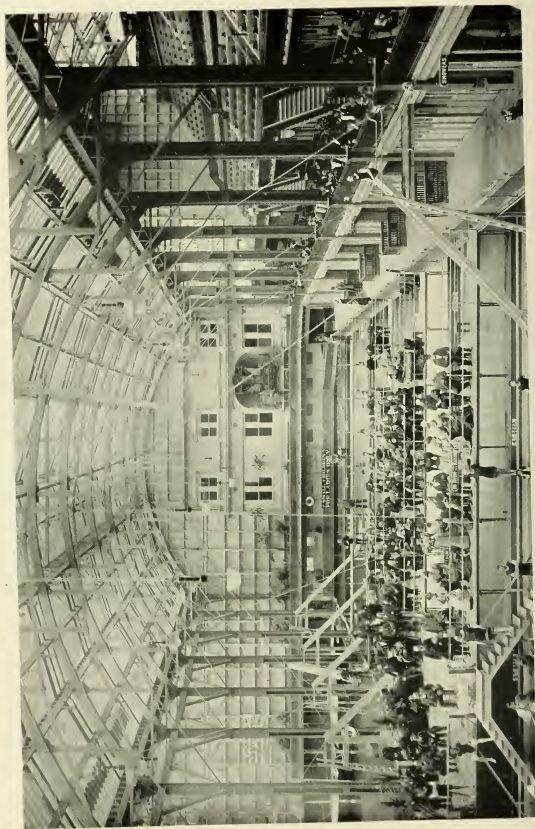
olives and peaches. The vines were planted in 1882 with cuttings directly imported from the celebrated Margaux and Chateau Yquem Vineyards of France, and the first wine made, in 1886, showed a marked resemblance to the famous wines made at those vineyards. The wine was carefully handled, and, when ready for bottling, was sold under the name of *Cresta Blanca Souvenir Vintages*. This brand of wine became popular from the start, and has increased in favor to such an extent that it is now found on the wine lists of every first-class hotel, restaurant and club on the Pacific Coast. Cresta Blanca wine is also served on the dining cars of the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, and Pullman systems, and on the steamers of the Pacific Mail and Occidental and Oriental Companies. It will be remembered that this was the chief California wine used at the annual



Cresta Blanca Vineyard and Farm, near Livermore, Cal.

banquet at Coronado. The vineyard is owned by the Wetmore-Bowen Co. of 140 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and those desiring California wines cannot do better than communicate with them.

On reaching Martinez the trains run along the side of the bay, which presents a series of views vividly calling to mind the South coast of the Emerald Isle as one sees it in springtime after crossing the Atlantic. In the rain the H. M. M. B. A. specials ran into the depot at the Oakland Mole, and it was an unusually rough passage they experienced on crossing the bay. Rain still greeted them in San Francisco, but it served to set out in marked contrast the warm hospitality of the California Hotel Association, which now took them in hand for six days of feasting, traveling, and sight-seeing, which adequately represented to them the scenic glories of the region of the Golden Gate.



The H. M. M. B. A. in the Sutro Baths, San Francisco.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAN FRANCISCO.



AN FRANCISCO! The city of American romance! The most cosmopolitan city of the world! When a youngster, running the streets and exploring the woods of old England, how the name, San Francisco, used to haunt me, and bring visions of gold and Chinamen and miners and ships of all nations, and men speaking all the tongues of earth. And to-day it has lost but little of its early romance. It is still a "Mecca" where men and

women come to "feel" its past, revel in its romantic history and gaze upon its wonderful present, even though there be but little of worship in their coming.

When the Franciscan fathers started out from San Diego to find the Bay of Monterey, and establish a mission there, they fortunately passed the bay they were looking for and discovered a beautiful landlocked harbor further north. Believing they had been led thither by Saint Francis, they named the bay after him, and established on its shores the Mission of San Francisco de Assis. This was in 1776. Some of the adobe walls of this ancient mission still stand, but repaired and restored, and in conjunction with a more modern structure, serve as a regular place of worship. The presidio, or fort and barracks, was established by Portala, the military Governor of California, at the same time the mission was established



Mission Dolores, San Francisco.



Fort Point and the Golden Gate.

by Serra, and the place taken possession of "for God and the King" of Spain, and, on the rocky height commanding the entrance to the bay, where now stands the brick fort, they built a battery as a protection against attacks from the sea.

The old mission and also the presidio are still objects of great interest to visitors, and, at the latter,

fine walks, drives, parade grounds for artillery, cavalry, and infantry, ponderous fifty-ton and larger guns, and ancient adobe houses, arrest the attention.

It was the intention of the California Hotel Association to give our guests a drive through this famous and historic city, but, unfortunately, when the day arrived, Friday, April 24, 1896, the rain also came, and disappointment followed. The carriages were all on hand, but it was deemed wiser to leave our Eastern friends to the devices and desires of their own hearts, rather than take them out in the rain.

Then, what did these people do? Rain or no rain, they had come to see San Francisco, and they meant to do it, so, on cars, in carriages, and every other possible method of conveyance, with guides and without, they started on their tour of the city. And what a wonderful surprise it was! Many of them were assured I was romancing when I told them that in 1849 the waves of the bay washed over all that portion of the city that now reaches from the Palace Hotel to the Market-street ferry landing. Yet it is true! San Francisco was originally a waste of sand dunes, shifting and apparently worthless. A few Indians had their wickiups near the shore, here and there, and a large number were located near what is now the Mission,



At the Presidio, San Francisco.

but the wildest imagination could never have pictured a city growing upon this wilderness. Padre Serra, however, cared little for anything, except reaching the heathen Indians he came to save, so the mission was planted, the aborigines gathered in, taught and civilized.



The U. S. Mint, San Francisco.

For sixty years the padres held sway, but in 1846 the Mexican Government was superseded by the action of Commodore Sloat, who, at Monterey, took possession of California in

the name of and for the United States.

In 1848, Mexico formally recognized this action and ceded the territory, and September 1, 1849, General Riley called a Constitutional Convention to meet at Monterey. A constitution was framed and adopted, the State government located at San Jose, and on the 9th of September, 1850, California became one of the free and independent United States. But, in the meantime, the gold excitement had sprung up. In 1848, before the ceding of the territory, John W. Marshall had discovered gold at Sutter's mill, at Coloma, and the story of the discovery electrified the world.

The fable of the Argonauts was made true on the California coast, and canvas tents, log huts, adobes and slab houses lined the bay where Montgomery Street now stands. Merchants settled here and brought their stores of goods; hotels, rooming houses, saloons, dance- and gambling-houses rapidly followed, and soon there was a large town below Telegraph Hill, upon which a signal was placed to inform the inhabitants as soon as a vessel was sighted entering the harbor. The immi-



Alcatraz Island and Fortress.

grants crowded in, coming by steamer, sailing vessel, and across the Continent by all the methods then in vogue. Indeed, in 1849, eighty thousand immigrants entered California, and many of them at one time or another drifted to San Francisco. For romance of the most thrilling kind, read the stories of the pioneers, some of which were recently published in *The Century Magazine*.

But what must it have been to have witnessed it! James Lick, the founder of the Lick House, saw it all. He saw the sand hills staked out as town lots; lent some money on some of them, and was compelled eventually to take possession and pay taxes on them, because of the failure of his debt-



Overlooking the Presidio and the Bay.

ors to repay their loans. The keen business man groaned at the loss of his cash, but fate was working with and for him. One by one the sand hills were carted into the bay, making new territory in two ways—leveling the land already laid out, and wresting land from the bay. And to-day the Lick House, the Academy of Sciences, the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, and other fine buildings bear silent testimony to the marvelous growth of the sand hill village into one of the most progressive cities of modern times, and at the same time of the growth



San Francisco and the Bay.

of James Lick's fortune. Up and down some of the steep hills that remain, cable cars now run with ease and safety, and a network of cable and electric cars covers the former sand hills, making a street railway system unsurpassed in the world. The impossible site has developed into one of the most picturesque and

suitable commercial sites that can any where be found. Let it here be noted that San Francisco is not on the Pacific Ocean, as nearly all visitors expect. It is on the inner side of a peninsula formed by a neck of land, with the Pacific on one side and the Bay of San Francisco on the other. To reach it, steamers must leave the Pacific, and pass through the Golden Gate into the harbor, and there, with its back, as it were, presented to the ocean, stands this queenly and overlooking the bay which bears premacy and well-earned fame.

After the wild excitement of the to develop the agricultural and other were found to be more valuable unhappy period of stock gam and lost in a day, followed by trous, consequent upon the of Eastern capitalists and trans-continental communi was assured. Fever fol was free from the influence dangerous excitements. It city could ever settle down reasonable and permanent

But infantile diseases crises passed, and to-day unwise man, who will dare sturdy maturity of old city, for it lation exceeding tants, and is the of the great cities It covers twelve area, and is a progressive, com polis, constantly

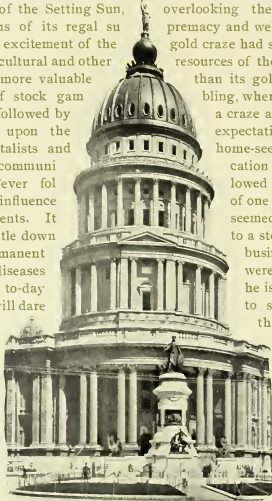
Let us drive with the H. M. note a few of the Market Street, for

lined with substantial business houses, hotels, and theaters. A few blocks away is the Lurline Baths, an extensive plant in a suitable building, supplied with salt water pumped in from the ocean daily. The New City Hall is a growing structure, imposing, grand, and expensive, as nearly all such city structures have proven themselves to be. It has been twenty-five years in building, at a cost of \$10,000,000, and is not yet completed. The United States Mint on Fifth and Mission Streets is a solid building. The processes of minting are most interesting to witness, and between the hours of 9 and 11:30 A. M. the public are admitted. On the first of January, 1895, there was \$1,012,574,286.55 in

gold craze had subsided, men began resources of the country, and these than its gold. Then came the bling, when fortunes were made a craze almost equally disas- expectation of a large influx home-seekers, as soon as cation with the East by rail lowed fever, and no man of one or the other of these seemed impossible that the to a steady growth upon a business basis.

were overcome and the he is a brave though an to speak against the this forty-seven-year- has now a popu- 350,000 inhabi- eighth in the list of the Nation. square miles in bustling, active, mercial metro- growing in size. through the city M. B. A., and thiugs they saw.

twenty blocks, is



Dome of New City Hall, San Francisco.

coin stored in this treasure house, \$876,476,407 of it being in gold and the remainder in silver. It should be noted that this is the largest mint in the country, and that it contains one of the finest collections of coins ever gathered together, all of which are arranged and indexed for the pleasure and study of visitors. The government employs an old soldier, who courteously acts as guide.

In the Academy of Sciences and the Pioneer Building are additional collections in other lines; in the former are birds, animals, fishes, reptiles, shells, and aboriginal implements, etc., and in the latter, minerals and fossils from all parts of the State. This museum is opened daily for the delectation of the public.

From one of the hills, looking southeast toward the bay, can be seen the peculiar and conspicuous molten lead is con

Nob Hill is the finest residences of those of the late Governor Leland ton, and Robert Hopkins residence kins Art Institute " the State University cisco Art Associa hills fine views of the obtained in every di seen gently gliding ocean under the *ken* and the ferry-boats Sausalito, Tiburon,

San Francisco papers, one of which, hotel man in the is a good friend to velling public, and de tensive circulation. of the most exclusive tions of any paper It reaches the high- ment, those who can they want, and the class hotels. As evi

ture is a desideratum, the advertising pages of this paper, showing the very best hotels on the Coast, will testify. The engravings published in this volume bearing the name of *The Traveler*, and which have been kindly loaned for that purpose, are some indication of the character of the work that is turned out in each issue. Its first number forever established it as of superior typographical merit.

The parks of San Francisco are attractive, beautiful, and useful. In all there are thirty-four, the chief of which is the Golden Gate Park, claimed by many to be



CHARLES FREEMAN JOHNSON.

Many New York hotel men will remember Charles Freeman Johnson, who in 1887 conducted a shorthand reporting office at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Johnson has made a study of the good roads movement, and his writings on this subject have appeared in many journals. He has just originated in San Francisco, *Highways*, a journal devoted to good roads, and which has been made the national organ of the good roads movement in the United States. *Highways* has the support and indorsement of all the local prominent people, and every hotel man throughout the country should subscribe for it and place it in his reading room. The movement is in its infancy, but means the advancement of the race, and progressive hotel men, above all others, should help on the cause.

Shot Tower, where

verted into shot. site of some of the the city, comprising Charles Crocker, Stanford, D. D. Col-Sherwood. The is now the "Hop- under the control of and the San Fran- tion. From these bay and the city are rection. Vessels are into the bay from the of Mt. Tamalpais, ply busily between and Oakland.

has many good news- *The Traveler*, every State is proud of. It hotels and the tra- serves wide and ex- Already it enjoys one and valuable circula- on the Pacific Coast. class traveling ele- afford to pay for what best patrons of high- dence that this fea-



In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

John G. Thompson, S. & Co., Cal.

the finest city park in the world, although there are two that are larger. This park lies on the western side of the city, and is an oblong tract of land fronting on the ocean beach for half a mile and reaching back to the city a distance of three



Deer, Golden Gate Park.

miles. It is 1013 acres in extent, and when it is recalled that up to 1874 the whole area was a mass of barren sand hills which had not only to be reclaimed but to be "anchored" down—for the sand was constantly being shifted by the wind—the reason for the pride of the San Franciscans, and indeed all Californians, in their glorious Golden Gate Park will be well understood. Over a million dollars has been spent in

its adornment. Every foot of it is now improved, and there are grassy lawns, flower beds, shrub borders, conservatories, and groves of trees, interlaced by roads for driving, walking, riding, and bicycling in every direction. It is a genuine "people's park" in every word. Not *not* warned to grass," but you invited and walk *on* the heart's content the generosity



The Conservatory, Golden Gate Park.

of the Sharon estate—of which Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel, is vice-president—a play-ground for children has been provided, with swings, merry-go-rounds, and all the numerous devices that give pleasure to the juvenile heart. There are deer and buffalo, ostriches and pelicans, together with birds of every clime and color. Various statues and monuments to the nation's honored dead adorn the grounds, so that Golden Gate Park is not only a place made beautiful by floral and arboreal growth, but is also an educator of our youth in the virtue of patriotism.

A little beyond the park are Sutro Heights, the Sutro Baths, and the Cliff House. Through the courtesy of the Hon. Adolph Sutro, Mayor of the city, the freedom of the Heights and the Baths was extended to the H. M. M. B. A., and nearly every member of the party availed himself of this kind privilege. Sutro Heights is a tribute to the foresight and skill of Mr. Sutro. It is a battlemented promontory near the Seal Rocks, but made beautiful by the same energy and knowledge that planned and executed the wonderful



Hon. Adolph Sutro, Mayor of San Francisco.



Sutter Heights, San Francisco

Copyright, 1905, by J. P. G. Co.

Sutro Tunnel—the avenue by which the deep mines of the Comstock Lode at Virginia City were drained, and the waste rock readily and cheaply conveyed to the dump pile. This private garden, converted into such at the expense of thousands of dollars and years of labor, is thrown open for public enjoyment.

The grounds are everywhere adorned by statues—copies of the most classical and well-known sculptures of Europe.

Near by are the Sutro Baths, 300 feet long by 175 feet wide. There is a large number of tanks of different temperatures and depths, and the main tank is equipped with everything the lover of aquatic sports can desire. The H. M. M. B. A. was treated to a fine program of fancy swimming, high diving, etc., as well as provided with the means for swimming and diving on its own account. The photograph on page 228 bears full testimony to Mr. Sutro's generosity in this regard and the appreciative acceptance of it by his guests. In the building is a fine museum, gathered by the owner in his various travels over the world, and in every way possible it is made a place of popular instruction, as well as amusement and healthful recreation. This is the last, and also the best, of Mr. Sutro's munificent gifts to the people of San Francisco, the State of California, and the United States.



At the Sutro Baths.

The Honorable Adolph Sutro, unlike too many millionaires, determined to benefit the people of his City and State by using his wealth for promoting their enjoyment while he was yet alive and able to direct the expenditure. For years the Cliff House and Sutro Heights have been open to the public, but the street-car fare, though only ten cents each way, acted as a bar to the enjoyment of many poor families. Accordingly Mr. Sutro secured the franchise, and immediately proceeded to construct an electric railway with city connections, and early this year the new Sutro road was opened, so that for one five-cent fare the trip from the city to the ocean can be made. Arrived at the Cliff House, Mr. Sutro has provided a plethora of amusements, so that all classes are suited. A wonderful scenic railway whirls the passenger up and down and around, giving him interesting and fascinating glimpses of views he little expected to see. A haunted swing reveals to him the power of modern science; the Fifth Wheel gives him the enjoyment so many thousands had at the World's Fair on the Ferris Wheel; and the crowning delight is found at the Baths and Museum already described. Well may Mayor Sutro be popular with the people. If he be a true benefactor to his race who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, surely he is a philanthropist deserving the honor and love of the people who affords opportunity for healthful enjoyment and pleasure within reach of the purse of the poor, where none existed before.

Close by is the famous Cliff House. The old building was burned on Christmas Day, 1894, and the present structure opened to the public in February of this year. Through the courtesy of the California Hotel Association, and the proprietor, Mr. J. M. Wilkins, an elegant lunch was provided in this world-famed house, to which about four hundred guests sat down. Dainties and

delicacies abounded, and speeches were made and responded to, good-fellowship reigning supreme. Very few large hotels could have served so fine and perfect a lunch in such excellent style, but Manager Wilkins is used to performing the unexpected. The visitors praised the lunch, and praised the elegant building, both outside and in. It is built somewhat in the Florentine style of architecture, and is a great improvement upon the old building. Many hearts were full of regret at the news of the burning of the old Cliff House, but its loss has been a positive gain to San Francisco and the world of visitors. It is now, without doubt, the finest road house in the world, both in appearance and service. The private dining-rooms and parlors are fitted up with a sumptuousness and prodigality that seem almost reckless. The elegant carpets, superb hangings, and masterly paintings that adorn the walls alike speak of the wealth and taste of



The New Cliff House, San Francisco.

their owner. No visitor to San Francisco can deem his visit complete if he fails to enjoy the Cliff House and the Seal Rocks. No matter what the weather is one can sit comfortably in the glass-enclosed verandas and look out over the changing scenes of the entrance to the Golden Gate, or close by at the tawny sea-lions as they sluggishly clamber over the slippery surfaces of the Seal Rocks, barking the while as though they knew they were on exhibition and resented the intrusion of the strangers. Look at the ships as they pass in front of the harbor. Now it is a majestic trans-Pacific ship, easily steaming towards China or Japan, or one of the Pacific Coast liners bearing southward for the South American ports. Scores of smaller vessels daily go in and out, and the life and beauty they add to the scene render a day spent at the Cliff House a most memorable and enjoyable event.

Returning to the city, most of the visitors spent a few hours in Chinatown. Indeed, a trip to San Francisco would be incomplete if this were neglected.

Your guide takes you in ten minutes out of the civilized San Francisco, into a region comprised in the twelve blocks west of Kearny to Powell and north of California to Broadway, where a population of some 20,000 Chinese make a foreign city in which *you* are the foreigner



Chinese Drug Store, San Francisco.

and *John* the native. Flaming and flaring Chinese lanterns side by side with modern electric lights; joss houses with gorgeous figures in tawdry tinsel shaken by electric cars as they whirl by; barbers, with their murderous looking tackle, attacking the heads, ears and eyeballs of helpless victims; merchants selling sugar-cane, and a host of queer-looking truck grown especially for the production of nightmare; restaurants where "Melican hotel man" may eat the food of the Celestial and drink finer tea than his own chef knows how to make; theaters



In the Chinese Market, San Francisco

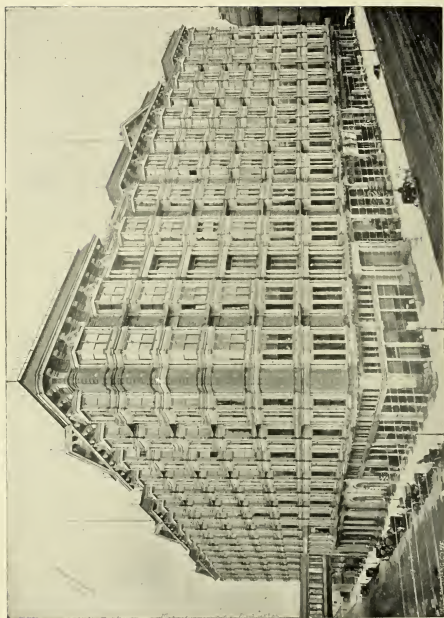
where strut actors who yell and shout, and scream and rage, and rave and tear, just the same as actors do in—China; cubbyholes where female slaves in the shape of women are kept for the rent of damnation; shoemakers, shirtmakers, cigarmakers, woodchoppers, jewelers, gamblers, doctors, clerks, all busy, some quiet, with that sad melancholy that is the inheritance of ages of pathetic existence, others chattering with the garrulity of magpies and parrots—such is Chinatown, San Francisco.

Chinatown was a revelation to those who knew little or nothing of "John" except by hearsay or items in the newspaper. His gorgeous joss-houses and restaurants, as well as his finely stocked stores, excited amazement and wonder, for the wealth of adornment in the two former and the extensive stocks in the latter show that some Chinamen, at least, possess great taste and wealth. I could write many pages of description and still fail to do justice to the ornate and elaborate decorations and magnificent fittings of the temples, council-chambers, and banquet-rooms of the "heathen Chinese" in San Francisco. And there is always a creepy sensation as one passes the headquarters of the highbinders, whose reckless murders have made their name a terror to all who have been unfortunate enough to come under their ban. There is a Palace Hotel even in Chinatown, and this was visited, but the ladies had more than enough of it when they found themselves in underground opium dens. Those who did not visit Chinatown were escorted by the San Francisco Committee to the theaters, still others visited the lodges of the Masons and other fraternal organizations where banquetings and feastings were in order in honor of the distinguished guests from the East.

But, to the Eastern Hotel Men, the chief interest of San Francisco lay in its mammoth hotel, not only the largest in the United States, but the largest in the world. Conceived and started over twenty-one years ago by the active, energetic, successful, and yet unfortunate, banker, Ralston, it came into the hands of the equally noted Senator Sharon before it was completed and opened, October 14, 1875. When its erection was contemplated the avowed purpose was to make it the leading caravansary of the world, and the farsightedness of its creator is evidenced from the fact that, in many respects, it has never been surpassed, even by the later and more costly Eastern hotels. Structurally it is perfect, and, occupying as it does an entire block, its facade on all four sides is imposing to the highest degree. Every outside window is a large bay, and this affords to visitors a full and uninterrupted view of the busy scenes transpiring in the streets below. There are a thousand rooms, eight hundred of which have private bathroom attached. In all that goes to make luxurious comfort, the Palace Hotel equals any hotel in existence.

It is needless to add that such an hotel as the Palace is provided with every possible street railway facility for speedy travel to every part of the city. It has offices of the Postal and Western Union Telegraph lines, telephone offices, steamship, railway and transfer offices, and has also, located in the building, a branch of the United States Postoffice, registry and money order offices. The baggage of guests is checked in the office, so that outgoing guests are freed from the usual annoyance of attending to their baggage on their arrival at the depot.

There are many travelers, both English and American, as well as writers of



Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

both countries, who profess to despise a large hotel. They affect the idea that a large hotel must of necessity be an unfriendly, tiresome, monotonous and selfish place. They wonder why the thought should ever have entered into the minds of men and women that they could be more comfortably and hospitably entertained in a tremendous structure which covers a whole block, and requires a series of trolley cars to go from one part of the building to another, than in a quiet, unpretentious, and moderately sized building. The latter allows people to become acquainted, they say, and the snugness and coziness foster good fellowship. But this kind of criticism is by no means based on fact. One can be just as solitary and forsaken in a small, so-called cozy hotel, as in one which covers a block, and I am satisfied that the carping critic, whether he be English or American, who enters the precincts of the Palace Hotel—even if it does cover a complete block—and takes his seat either in the office, in the dining-room, in the ladies' or gentlemen's grill room, or in the inner court, the while listening to the delicious music of the first-class orchestra, he will immediately change the tenor of his criticism, and acknowledge that a more comfortable and homelike hotel it would be impossible to find. But there is a feature in connection with a large hotel like this, exactly the same as there is with a large city. If one desires to be in solitude and free from the intrusion of others, a large city is the place to go, and just so is a large hotel. In the "small and cozy-like" hotels solitude is practically impossible, but here there are a score—nay, I doubt not a hundred—places where one



Conservatory Floor, Palace Hotel.

can go with book or work or friend and be in undisturbed solitude just as long as he desires, while within a minute's reach is the bustling activity of a busy city.



The Grand Court, Palace Hotel.

To attempt to describe the various departments of the Palace is unnecessary. Its dining-rooms are classed among the sights of San Francisco. Their chaste Roman arches of creamy white, picked out in gold, and made brilliant by soft incandescent lights, are an artistic triumph. Under the direction of Victor M. Reiter, the able *maitre d'hotel*, as well known in London, Paris, and New York as in San Francisco, the service is well-nigh faultless, and the scientific cooking of the distinguished chef and his able corps of assistants is enough to arouse from their sleep of centuries the old Sybarites of Greece and Persia.

In the grand court a hygienic necessity has been converted into an architectural triumph. This unique feature in hotel structure, original with the Palace, was a modern and American adaptation of the old Spanish patio, and has



Wm. A. Hewitt, Co. S.F.

One of the Dining-rooms, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

revolutionized the interior modeling of such buildings. The court covers 12,000 feet of floor surface, and extends to the arched glass roof, nearly 150 feet above.

Lit up at night with a thousand incandescent lamps and arc lights, the pillars, arches, windows, and glass roof all receiving and reflecting light, a lively throng moving to and fro, free from exposure to the night air, the waving palms surmounting the elegant peristyle suggesting the semi-tropics, and the effect heightened by the exotic shrubs and plants on the conservatory floor, a fine orchestra or band of music playing, carriages coming in for the theater-goers and bringing visitors to those who make the hotel their home, the scene is one to "drive away dull care" and banish ennui forever.

Many and prolonged visits at the Palace enable me to speak authoritatively about many points not often referred to when speaking of a large hotel and its management. For a no place where such keep everything clean cised. The cleanliness is fastidious. Another uniform courtesy of Mr. Kirkpatrick is a plinarian. He de obedience, and one of unwritten, laws is all times, shall be and respect, with an that demonstrates its is none of that inso to the comfort and happily so marked a I comment upon this management with a feature too often



Allan Pollock, buyer for the Palace Hotel, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and educated at the High School of Glasgow. He came to this country about thirteen years ago, and after being in business in Chicago for six years went to San Diego, where he was associated with his brother in the conduct of *The San Diego Daily and Weekly Union*. In January, 1893, he came to San Francisco and entered the employment of the Palace Hotel as grill-room cashier, since when his advancement has been so rapid that he now occupies the responsible position of buyer, and has general supervision of the various catering departments in the hotel.

city hotel, I know of scrupulous care to is so constantly exerness is a delight to the pleasing feature is the all the employees. strict and rigid discimands and receives his prime, though that every guest, at treated with courtesy earnestness of manner reality. Hence, there lence or indifference wishes of guests unfeature in some hotels. phase of the Palace great delight, as it is overlooked.

gienic necessities this mand in a first-class water for drinking this all. A point those who are exceedthe water they drink, ice used for cooling asmic breeding ponds

or rivers, and thus contaminates, in a most dangerous manner, water that, being twice distilled, is in itself pure and wholesome. Wherever ice is put into drinking water it is as essential that the ice be pure as that the water be pure. In many instances this important matter is overlooked, to the grave injury of those concerned. The Palace Hotel, however, took this question under advisement, and all water used is thoroughly distilled and aerated, and the ice used is manufactured on the premises from water also distilled.



GEORGE B. WARREN, assistant manager of the Palace Hotel, was born in Worcester, Mass., April 10, 1848. He was educated in the schools of his native town and at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. He entered the school in 1865, and graduated in the class of '69. The same year he came to the Pacific Coast and entered with great interest the erection of the Palace Hotel, which was then going on. He determined, it seemed, to connect himself in some way with so fine a hotel, and, in June, 1871, became night clerk, when Warren, 19 years of age, was manager. Step by step he worked his way up, succeeding "Count" Smith as chief clerk, and finally when Mr. Kirkpatrick assumed the management, was appointed by him assistant manager, a full and responsible position he now holds.

The Ladies' Grill Room is another successful innovation of the Palace. It was first introduced here on the American continent, and the spread of the plan throughout the country has demonstrated its growth into popular favor. The Gentlemen's Grill Room, though not original in the Palace, is unique in its elegance of appointment, quickness of service, and, more important than these,



Corner of the Court, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

the quality and method of cooking the food it serves. All patrons note these facts.

Then there are the Tapestry Room, where small dinner parties are given, Maple and Marble Rooms, devoted to banquets and brilliant social and political functions, the Louis Quinze drawing-rooms, where some of the masterpieces of Thomas Hill, the wizard artist of the Yosemite and Higher Sierras, are hung; the

billiard-room, decorated in old colonial style, and conducted with all the exclusive care of a private room; the bar, which is rich in design, and most satisfactorily equipped from the finest distilleries, wineries, and springs of the known world—all these combine to render the Palace, what universal testimony declares it to be, the unequaled, the unsur-

The salubrious California visitor the enjoyment of life weather of the East, in a land flowers are common, and at San Francisco, he has all large hotel in a metropoli

Early in November two vice of the Pal both of which prises to the different floors, were substituted boys who, for so discharged that func and, in the dining-room, the Cellarer," with leathern keys on silver chain, cork appearances of "underground choicest vintages lay," took and now personally serves to matters the management of abreast of the times, but is To do this on the extreme tinent, where there is no great hotels of London, from which ideas are demonstration of superior shows that the manage the power to create ideas, in the wake of those who

It may be well to Palace are no higher first-class hotels of the much less than similar

Now, as I have else is a pleasure to repeat

To control such a vast requires the foresight of a statesman and the executive ability of a general during a campaign. These qualities are admirably combined in Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, the manager.

The following is from the *Hotel World*:

Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick was born in Pennsylvania in 1856, his father, William Kirkpatrick, Esq., being one of Pittsburg's most prominent business men. He graduated at the

passed hotel of the world. climate here affords the free from the severe cold where sunshine and the Palace Hotel, in the advantages of a tan city.

changes in the service Hotel were made, were pleasant sur- guests. On the white bell-boys for the colored many years, have tion at the Palace, a special "Simon apron, bunch of screw, and all other vaults where the charge of the wine orders, the guests. In all such the Palace keeps not only constantly in the lead. western edge of the con- immediate touch with the Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, gained, is, in itself, a executive ability. It ment of the Palace has rather than slowly follow originate.

add that the prices at the than at any of the other Pacific Coast, and very hotels in the East.

where written—and it the statement—

and important caravansary



Heavy Villain at the Chinese Theater.

Ann Arbor University in Michigan, studied law with Capt. William A. Waldon, Steubenville, Ohio, and was admitted to the bar in 1877. He went to California in 1880 on account of poor health, and in 1887 was selected by the Sharon Estate trustees to manage that vast estate outside of San Francisco. In 1893 he was also elected manager of the Palace Hotel, and, possibly, nothing has evidenced his strong natural ability as a business man quite so forcibly as the exceptional skill with which he has conducted the affairs of this greatest of American hotels. He is a leader in San Francisco's highest society circles, and taking an active interest in military affairs, in November, 1895, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel by Governor Budd on the staff of Major-General Dimond, N. G. C. Mr. Kirkpatrick was married in 1881 to Miss Lillie Davis of San Jose, and a son of thirteen years and a daughter of ten years constitute his interesting family.

In addition to his duties as manager of the Palace, Mr. Kirkpatrick is vice-president of the Sharon Estate Company (the great estate being handled in the form of a corporation), managing director of the Occidental Land and Improvement Company, vice-president of the San Gabriel Wine Company, and vice-president and director of the Alhambra Addition Water Company. He is above medium height, of athletic but not heavy-weight build, and his temperament is of that well-poised character which denotes quick and determined decision, free from impulse or vacillation. The key-note to Mr. Kirkpatrick's success as a business manager was no doubt voiced in a few remarks he made while in the clubhouse of the Del Monte resort during the H. M. M. B. A. visit there, when, to a small group of hotel men including the writer, he said: "I wish you could visit us think it would interest thousand acres under the extensive but perfectly sys of barley or other food fed for and recorded, so that on every transaction can But for this discipline we this sort of system carried management that was no in placing Mr. Kirkpatrick interests at a time in life men are still struggling for



Entrance to Maple Room, Palace Hotel.

I am able fully to Bohn has written

writing for hotel proprietors and managers, I shall be pardoned by them, and I trust also by Mr. Kirkpatrick, if I relate one or two instances which have come under my notice, and which, I am assured, help to demonstrate the secret of Mr. Kirkpatrick's great success in the management of such an hotel as the Palace.

On one occasion, the head of a department came to Mr. Kirkpatrick to ask him how he should dispose of certain complaints which were being made by the guests about the conduct of his department. Knowing it was merely a question where "tips" were concerned, Mr. Kirkpatrick inquired of him how much he was being paid on account of that superior ability which had placed him at the head of a department. On receiving an answer that it was some sixty dollars a month more than the subordinates in his department were receiving, the manager quietly said: "I suppose you are paid that extra sixty dollars a month to control your department satisfactorily. If you are unable to do it, I will take one of your subordinates at the smaller wages, supply the brains myself, and thus save sixty dollars a month on my expense roll. I think you can solve the difficulty.

Now the great trouble with many managers would have been that they

down at the ranch, as I you. We have twenty-nine plow. The operations are tematized. Every pound to each horse is accounted the exact cost, gain or loss, be traced to its source. would be swamped." It is into all the details of his doubt largely instrumental at the head of vast business when many bright young position in the race.

confirm what Mr. above, and, as I am

would have left that "head of his department" to settle the matter, while they entirely overlooked it. But not so Mr. Kirkpatrick. For days he carefully observed, and finally saw for himself that the evil was remedied, leaving the matter, however, altogether in the hands of the man to whom it belonged.

On another occasion the steward reported that several guests had ordered things entirely out of the ordinary course of service, and he had taken upon himself to refuse to fill the orders. In a moment Mr. Kirkpatrick's quick intuitions dictated an answer which a narrow-minded and short-sighted manager would have deemed an egregious blunder: "When guests ask for new things, if there is nothing absolutely unreasonable in their requests, serve them at once, and without discussion. Then immediately report to me and I will instruct you as to whether you may continue." By such treatment as this the guest is convinced that his pleasure and comfort are a matter of importance. He has no argument with a subordinate, and yet the subordinate enjoys the pleasure of being able to supply an unusual demand; yet, withal, the manager is acquainted with all that transpires, and reserves the right of final disposal of the question. Now, I regard these incidents of

upon the successful
They show that Mr.
the secret of getting
out of the men under
man is placed in a *re*
He is not bothered
"whims" in dis
that position, but *he*
possible results capable



Jefferson Park, San Francisco

great value, bearing, as they do,
management of a large hotel.

Kirkpatrick understands
the best possible work
his control. Each
sponsible position.
with directions and
charging the duties of
must produce the best
in his department, or

a more competent man will take his place. This develops self-reliance and responsibility in employees. Men feel pride in their work and do it, knowing their honor and their advancement depend upon the showing they are able to make. Too many employers refuse to put responsibility upon the shoulders of their employees, and are constantly interfering and suggesting, and the result is they get half-hearted service; for this nagging interference frets a man's pride, checks the exercise of his own inventive and executive ability, and thus reacts most injuriously upon the best interests of the employer.

It is almost needless to add that Mr. Kirkpatrick, with such management, has placed the Palace—where it never was before—upon a very profitable basis.

Of the H. M. M. B. A. entertainment, too much praise cannot be accorded him for his steadfast and constant work to make it a success.

There was great similarity in the way two men worked in Southern California and two men in Central California. Just as Messrs. Lynch and Bilicke devoted most of their time and energies to the work of preparing for the H. M. M. B. A. in Los Angeles and neighborhood, so did Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Soule devote most of their time and energies in preparing for the entertainment in San Francisco and thereabouts. In recognizing the great work done by the former, there has been a tendency to overlook the equally arduous—though not so extended—labors of the latter.

For weeks and months before the coming of our guests, a portion of every day was devoted by Mr. Kirkpatrick—this busy hotel manager, and at the head of interests involving millions of dollars—to the duties of his position as chairman of the committee of arrangements for the H. M. M. B. A. entertainment. He went nearly one thousand miles to Barstow to meet and welcome the guests in Southern California, and then stayed with the party the whole of the sixteen days they were in the State.

The banquet given at the Palace by the California Hotel Association, under his direction, I shall describe later, but I cannot close this personal sketch without the statement that I regard Mr. Kirkpatrick as one of the most competent, as well as facts have demonstrated him to be one of the most successful, hotel managers of the world.

The Lick House is one of the older hotels of San Francisco, around which cling memories of the glorious early gold dust and and slugs as plentiful as oysters were reckless investments. The building, built by the long-headed James Lick, opened to the public in 1862. The days of its existence were days of glory and the pride of the world, at that time, could equal it. The fame of its royal modeled after



On the Beach near the Clift House. "Tender," S. F.

ries of the
er days, when
double eagles
were as plenteous,
and men
in their spend-
house was
eccentric but
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in 1861, and
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and the pride
No house in
that time,
it. The fame
dining-room,

that of the
luxurious French monarch in the gayest and most beautiful city of the world, Paris, spread from one end of the civilized world to the other. The building itself was superior to any other in San Francisco. Its foundations were permanent and its walls massive. But it was in its table that it led all other hotels. Nothing was too good, too expensive, or too luxurious for the men from the mountains who spent money like water, and the wealthy citizens of San Francisco who were equally prodigal. The world was ransacked for delicacies of every kind, and the result was a wonder for those days. Ten years the Lick reigned supreme, then other fine hotels were built and came into competition, and now the Lick is one of several, instead of the proud leader of all. When Lick died it was conducted by his estate until 1888, when Senator James G. Fair purchased it, and since his death it has been conducted by his estate, who have placed its entire management in the hands of Mr. K. B. Soule. The dining-room is as well worth a visit to-day as when it was first opened. Its



Grand Dining-room, Lick House, San Francisco.

decorations are strikingly brilliant, and the masterpieces of some of California's greatest artists make it a picture gallery of more than local importance. On entering, the crystal chandeliers dazzle the eye with their glistening points of light, and at each corner four immense mirrors reflect the splendor of the room. To the right is a warm painting of W. L. Marple's "Morning in the Tropics." "South Dome" in the Yosemite Valley, by Thomas Hill, is a poem in color and stone, from which all harshness has disappeared, swept away by the rich and delicate glow of sunlight flooding that end of the incomparable valley. "Pigeon Point," by G. J. Denny, shows the old lighthouse, with a vessel at sea. "Morning, at Clear Lake," is another of W. L. Marple's canvases, followed by a striking picture of G. J. Denny's, "The Arrival of the Argonauts of 1849." An old-fashioned "three-master," having swept into the bay, is rapidly approaching the primitive landing of old Yerba Buena. Her bow, decks, and rigging are crowded with passengers impatient to land, and the whole canvas is as vivid a portrayal of one of the first incidents, after the discovery of gold in 1849, that has ever been made. Thomas Hill's "Morning in the Redwoods," and "Yosemite Valley Sunset," are peculiarly Californian, not only in the choice of subjects, but in the rich warmth with which they have been treated. "Twilight on Mount Hamilton," by W. L. Marple, is another golden scene, which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Lick, for, at the time this was painted, he had no idea that upon the summit of the mountain he so much liked to see, his wonderful Observatory would eventually stand, and when he did decide to place it there I have always imagined he must have looked upon this painting with a pleasure different and distinct from that which all the others afforded him. Thomas Hill's "Mount Shasta" is undoubtedly one of that artist's greatest canvases. In the scores of pictures of the dignified Shasta, none that I ever saw impresses me as does this. The tiny old-style country hotel at Sisson, towered over by the majestic Monarch of the Sierras, snow-clad and serene, makes a most effective scene. And in the "Great Yosemite Fall" he has one of his greatest Yosemite pictures. G. J. Denny's "Seal Rocks and Old Cliff House" complete the cycle of paintings, and he is unwise, who loves art, who fails on his next visit to San Francisco to enjoy these magnificent canvases as he eats in the Lick House dining-room.



The Lick House.

Under Mr. Soule's management the hotel has well maintained its long-enjoyed popularity, and were it possible for him to make those improvements his good taste and mature judgment suggest, the hotel would be one of the leading favorites in public estimation.

The Grand Hotel has long been recognized as one of the leading hotels of San Francisco and the State. Although owned by the Sharon Estate, and connected with the Palace Hotel by means of an elevated corridor, which crosses New Montgomery Street, it is entirely separate and distinct in its management. Mr. S. F. Thorn is its present manager, having occupied the responsible position for the past seventeen years, and, when the competition of recently erected hotels

*The Grand Hotel, San Francisco.*

is considered, it is a high tribute to Colonel Thorn that he has not only succeeded in retaining all the old high-class patrons of the hotel, but has had a constantly increasing roll of guests.

The Grand was made the headquarters of the New England delegation during the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. to San Francisco, and, although Colonel Thorn and his estimable wife were deprived of the pleasure of personally enjoying the festivities on account of his accident, there were but few, if any, who failed to go up to his room and personally give him the glad hand and wish him a speedy recovery. As elsewhere stated he has now entirely recovered.

The latest and best of the newer hotel structures of San Francisco is the California, situated on Bush Street. It is a handsome brick building with well-sustained architectural pretensions and the interior arrangements and comforts are even superior to the elaborate promises of the exterior. Built

*The California Hotel.*

regardless of expense, it is absolutely fireproof and equipped with every known modern luxury. While centrally located, with electric and cable cars which transfer to all parts of the city running close by, its situation is such that the usual roar and bustle which render city hotels unsuited for family residence are scarcely heard by those who occupy its rooms. The result is the California has a larger, more select and aristocratic family patronage than any other hotel in San Francisco, as well as a large number of patrons from the interior of the State who make it their chosen city home. Run on both the American and European

plans, it caters to every class of pa-
trons, and tourists visiting find it a most
desirable stop-
place. From person
I can testify
to its comforts
and excellent
management.
R. H. War-
dier-General
National
soldier and
business man,
and under his
direction the
hotel has
ranked higher
than ever be-
fore, largely
due to the
addition of
first-class
dining-rooms
upon the top
floor of the
building, most
hotel patrons
know how
fully to ap-
preciate.
General War-
dier, with his
two sisters,
and Mrs. Pax-
ton, were
much inter-



The Ramona Hotel.

H. M. M. B. A. visit, meeting the special trains at Barstow and accompanying the party during the whole of its stay in the State. His portly form and genial presence will long be remembered by those who met him on that occasion.

How many pleasant memories cluster about the name "Ramona." To the Californian it calls up the picture of the sweet-faced, sympathetic writer, "H. H.," who sleeps in her hill-top grave in Colorado. To the Easterner it is full of suggestions of the sunny land of gold, with its marvelous climate and boundless possibilities. To a hotel bearing this musical name one would assign, without seeing it, all sorts of pleasant expectancies, and would go to it with pleasurable anticipations. It is almost enough to say that none of these expectations would meet with dis-

plans, it caters to every
class of pa-
trons, and tourists visiting
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building, most
hotel patrons
know how
fully to ap-
preciate.
General War-
dier, with his
two sisters,
and Mrs. Pax-
ton, were
much inter-

appointment, for that is the truth. But what man was ever content to say that the one he admired was not all he could wish? So those who make their home at the Ramona are ever ready to sound the praises of the house in detail. The Ramona, therefore, is quite worthy of its name. It is comfortable, convenient, and above all, homelike. As will be seen by the accompanying engraving, it is a handsome six-story building, and contains one hundred and fifty rooms, half of which are arranged in two and three room suites. All rooms have hot and cold water, and an electric elevator makes them easy of access.

Situated at 130 Ellis Street, it is but two blocks from Market Street, the great artery of San Francisco travel; near enough for all practical purposes, but sufficiently remote to insure quiet. It ad-
 joins the hand-
 A. Building,
 Street electric
 door going to
 Ocean Beach,
 ing with cars
 and railroad
 and Town
 Many of the
 most of the
 sale and retail
 within a radi-
 minutes'

Every win-
 and rear, is
 fire-escapes,
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 house at all
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 and reading
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 fire in the
 provided for
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 ants are also



Mrs. Kates Hart has been long known to the hotel-keeping community, having managed the Elmer House on Bush Street for several years, and later having been manager of the hotel and cottages at Cazadero as the head of the firm of Hart, Hart & Hart.

within call at all times, which in itself is a feature that is quite desirable.

The Ramona is, in fact, an ideal house for the business man, the tourist, or the permanent resident, none the less popular because of the popularity of its lady manager—Mrs. Kate S. Hart—who is thoroughly familiar with all branches of hotel business, as hundreds of her former patrons at the Cazadero Hotel and the Elmer House can testify. Mrs. Hart has the rare faculty of making her guests feel at home—an unusual feeling in a hotel—and, in addition, the executive ability to keep all the complicated machinery of management and service moving

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smoothly and without a jar at all times, so that one finds his wants supplied while in the house without effort on his part, and no guest leaves unless obliged to, and then with regret.

Built in 1886, the Pleasanton Hotel is the leading private hotel of San Francisco. It is to San Francisco what Morley's is to London, and yet is a superior hotel, in every sense of the word, to the well-known London house. It is situated at Sutter and Jones Streets, in the near neighborhood of "Nob Hill," the most aristocratic section of the city, and being 1200 feet above sea-level is exceedingly healthful, as well as admirably located for sight-seeing. From its upper windows, the bay in every direction, the mountains beyond, as well as the great city, are all clearly revealed. It is furnished in the elegant and sumptuous style of a private house, with taste and care, and thus appeals to the æsthetic culture of its patrons. Its table is in accordance with everything else about the house, for it is under the excellent management of Mr. Brennan, one of the best known hotel men of the Pacific Coast. The exterior of the Pleasanton Hotel is architecturally pleasing and striking, and as people ride by in their carriages, or on the street cars, many favorable comments on its imposing appearance may be heard.



The Pleasanton Hotel.

Another San Francisco hotel that has a most enviable reputation is the St. Nicholas, owned by Messrs. Ira R. and Jas. H. Doolittle, and managed by Mr. J. Knowlton, Jr. It is a first-class family and commercial hotel, situated at the junction of Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth Streets, and is, therefore, a "downtown" hotel. But to many of the better class of tourists it is preferred on this account, as it is away from much of the noise and bustle which surround the "city" hotels. Yet by this it must not be assumed it is out of the way and inconvenient of access. It has just as good street-railway facilities as any hotel in the city, and is as convenient to the theaters, churches, and stores. It is under excellent management, and the fact that it always has a full quota of guests who are satisfied to remain for long periods is the best assurance of its popularity with its exacting and critical patrons.



The St. Nicholas Hotel

Mr. Montgomery's Hotel—The Brooklyn—is a well-known house, situated on Bush Street, between Montgomery and Sansome Streets, and is patronized by a steady influx of regular guests from the country, as well as those families who make it their permanent home. With especial care to cater to the moral and Christian element among tourists and travelers, the Brooklyn is known for its superior reputation in this regard. Everything is clean, neat, and homelike. The bedrooms are airy and well ventilated, and the kitchen under the direction of a most competent chef. Guests of the house are conveyed to and from the various railway depots and steamer landings in the Brooklyn's own 'bus, and without charge. There is also a laundry



Brooklyn Hotel, San Francisco

in connection with the hotel. It is not so high priced as some of the other hotels, but in its strict regard for watchfulness and care, not only over the welfare of its guests, but as to the class of guests it allows, it is second to no hotel in the world. Hence it is a place families can visit with pleasure. The dining-room is under Mr. Montgomery's personal supervision, and when that is said nothing need be added.

While they were in San Francisco many of the visitors availed themselves of the pure atmosphere to secure those artistic photographs for which this city is well known. The popular gallery is that of J. R. Hodson, on Geary Street.

Mr. Hodson whose ability in every work. He pictures of eminent men other photographs taken in California, was located in it was considered the "correct thing," visited the great State, to go to his son's and be there. Thus, nearly prominent in history of late years visited his gallery at some time, and are in his collection having visited his parlor to go again, their friends. His specialty pictures, for of which he is the outfit in the

If one has have pictures to Mr. Hodson is well worth while, for the sake of viewing the magnificent collection of objects of art other than his own pictures, which he takes delight in gathering together, and is always pleased to show to visitors.

But it was toward the banquet tendered the members of the H. M. M. B. A. and their ladies by the California Hotel Association that expectation ran high.



Charles Montgomery, proprietor of the Brooklyn Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., and one of the most active members of the Reception Committee of the California Hotel Association, is the best known and oldest hotel keeper in San Francisco, having been in the business for upwards of thirty-five years. Those who know him best have the utmost faith in his earnest sincerity as a philanthropist and a Christian. His success in his chosen business is the highest tribute to his ability and worth. His uniform courteous and disinterested helpfulness to all classes, and especially the needy and forsaken, have made him much beloved in San Francisco and wherever his charity has reached. The visiting members of the H. M. M. B. A. will remember Mr. Montgomery with pleasure. He met the trains at Barstow, and devoted himself during the whole of their stay to the advancement of their happiness.

is an artist ties are shown branch of his has taken more prominent than any photographer in and when he Sacramento erected the "corner after one had Capitol and men of the State down to Hodson photographed. all the men California's years have rarely at some represented tion. Once ed Mr. Hodson's are sure and bring with them. is life-size the taking has the best State.

no desire to taken, a visit son's studio



KENDRICK B. SOULÉ.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS OF THE C. H. A., FOR
THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE H. M. M. B. A.

As I have elsewhere remarked, Mr. Soule's work in the north was on a line with Mr. Bilicke's work in the south for the promotion of the success of the H. M. M. B. A. visit. He was untiring in his efforts, and ever on the alert. Mr. Soule's hotel experience began and has been confined to the Lick House. Born at Fall River, Mass. January 9, 1844, he came to the Pacific Coast in 1861, and engaged in a general banking business in the mining camps of Placer County until 1871 when he came to San Francisco. Here he was engaged in mining brokerage until 1878 when he entered the Lick House as cashier and book-keeper under W. F. Harrison, the manager. In 1888 James G. Fair bought the hotel of the Lick Estate, and Mr. Soule became manager, a position he still retains. He was married in 1869 to Miss Susan Currier, and has one daughter, Miss Violet W. Mrs. and Miss Soule accompanied Mr. Soule on the H. M. M. B. A. trip throughout the State, and all three were constant in their efforts to promote the happiness and comfort of the visitors.

And, from the gastronomic standpoint, there is no question but that it was the chief event of the visit in San Francisco. This is what Mr. Bohn of the *Chicago Hotel World* said of it:

This banquet marks a notable event in the gastronomic history of the H. M. M. B. A. The Association has naturally been served some of the finest banquets ever prepared for large parties in this country, the aim of the hotel proprietor serving the annual banquet being to make a dinner for his fellow hotel men as faultless as possible in cooking and service. Some of these annual dinners have been indifferent, some good, some very good, but it remained for the hotel men to sit down with their ladies in San Francisco to what was by all odds the finest banquet ever served the Association. In the first place, the room was stately

and grand, not only architecture, but the ration. To have tried would have been try gold. The tables that would have tal pieces of one of game dinners creep board. The magnifi the matter of set bles, forming a har whole, baffle descrip artistic exhibition. and unique, as origi was artistic, and dred brilliantly gentlemen sat down as has not often been was equally, if not the assembled hotel scene with a critic's It is no great trick to from the so-called of the East to the men of our self-con

to find here a crew enough to serve such of whom was "mas that this service so vice of the sixteenth Delmonico's that the question. A party would have cant nods and winks members, and com as the dinner pro "Say, this is 'out of anything we have post-prandial exer



VICTOR M. REITER.

In the service of the grand banquet given to the H. M. M. B. A. at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, by the California Hotel Association, all the experts present recognized the directing power of a master. Mr. Victor M. Reiter has been *maitre d'hotel* of the Palace Hotel for five years, having previously held the most responsible positions in Paris, London and New York. He is an adept at banquet giving, and his masterly service has called forth the warmest commendations from the most exacting. Soon after the issuance of this volume Mr. Reiter will have entered the bonds of matrimony, and we heartily wish him and his bride a happy journey through life together. Mr. Reiter is ably seconded by the following head waiters of the different departments: Ladies' Grill-room, Charles Fontaine; American plan, Theophile Schroeder; Private stand, John N. Six; Gentlemen's Grill, C. Stukeey.

in the style of its simplicity of its deco- to improve upon this ing to gild refined presented a picture made the ornamen- the old Grand Pacific under the festal cent decorations in pieces on all the tamionious picture as a tion as a culinary and It was all as novel nal in design, as it when the four hundred ladies and the picture was such beheld. But what more, surprising to men, all viewing the eye, was the service. bring a great chef "culinary centers" coast, but few hotel ceited East expected of waiters large a banquet, every one ter of his trade," so far excelled the ser- annual banquet at comparison is out of close observer of the noticed many signifi- between the old ments in undertone gressed, such as sight'!" "This beats ever had," etc. The cises were in the able

Miss Stella O. Libbey, regular correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, wrote

that "the banquet was pronounced by competent judges the most sumptuous ever served in the United States."

Comparisons are not always in good taste, yet it is with laudable pride I call attention to a few features, small, in their way, nevertheless, which mean much in the giving of such a banquet. The food was hot, the plates were hot, and the service prompt and effective. The waiters who served the wine, did their work smoothly and systematically, moving up and down the rows according to a prearranged plan. It was observable too, that even to the last moment, every waiter's gloves were clean. I noticed that they changed them three times during the progress of the sitting. Then the music, too, was sparkling and lively. As the gentlemen grew more jolly the music became more familiar, and as one of the San Francisco papers said:

Tom Henry, a thoroughly genial member of the New England Delegation, enlivened the occasion with a little divertisement of his own invention. He abandoned his chaudiroid de poulet en balotine to mount the musical platform, and relieving the cornetist of his instrument, led the orchestra in a number of popular airs, including "The Bowery," "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," and "Only One Girl in This World for Me." His cornet solos were highly applauded and the guests sang the choruses.

When the guests were assembling prior to the banquet there was no crowding or jostling. The magnificent and extensive drawing-rooms of the Palace, together with the complete elevator service—five large passenger elevators being kept in constant use—rendered the handling of this throng such an easy matter that the ordinary guests of the hotel could scarcely discover that any unusual event was transpiring. As far as the regular service of the evening meal was concerned, it went on as uninterrupted and perfect as usual.

Small things like these showed the care in watching details that denote masterly supervision, and the spacious area of the Palace gave it preeminence in its ability to handle such a large assemblage.

The San Francisco *Call* thus chronicles the event:

On this particular occasion the Palace Hotel felt very proud of itself, for an extraordinary effort had been made to convince the guests that San Francisco could vie with any Eastern city as an entertainer. The test was a critical one. Nearly every male guest was an expert, and, to judge from their expressions of satisfaction and surprise, the banquet was a brilliant success. American Hall, with its classic outlines, its thousands of lights and its imposing beauty, was decorated with tree palms between the great double columns round the walls.



Palace Hotel—San Francisco

Above, behind these graceful evergreens, drapery of soft-hued velvets, arranged with good taste, added to the effectiveness of the whole interior. At one end among palms an orchestra was placed in a niche from whence strains of inspiring music spread over the scene.

Mr. A. L. Bliss, proprietor of the Hotel Buckingham, Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Bliss, was in the Chicago special. He is one of the members to whom the association is much indebted. He it was who, in 1887, secured the co-operation of all the Washington Hotel Men in entertaining the delegates of the annual meeting in that city, and to his exceptional ability as well as personal popularity, was due chiefly the pleasant success of that meeting. Mr. Bliss for twenty years conducted the City Hotel at Taunton, Mass. For a dozen years past he has been in Washington and has made many a fortune in real estate transactions in that city.



The tables, arranged in rows to meet one long board that stretched full along the side, received the best efforts of decorators and of an artist in his way—the *chef de cuisine*.

Violets and sprays of maiden-hair ferns were strewn upon the tables, and at intervals were wonderful creations in glace, sugar and pastry for mounted center-pieces. These included paniers of flowers, a Swiss chalet, a Chinese pavilion, "the umbrella of Mlle. Marie," salmon, fowl, pyramids of jelly, lobsters, highly ornamented with fancy decorated salads and aspics, etc. The menu was as follows:

- Huitres de Californie.
- Consomme de Volaille, Classique.
- Caviar au Citron. Anchois. Olives. Amandes Salees.
- Radis. Crevettes Mayonnaise.
- Medaillons de Bass Rayee a la Mirabeau.
- Pommes de Terre Nouvelles aux Fines Herbes.
- Concombres.
- Filet de Bœuf Piqué Majordone.
- Timbale de Grenouilles a l'Epicurienne.
- Croustade de Ris d'Agneau a la Lucullus.
- Punch a la Golden Gate.
- Galantine de Poulet a la Gelee.
- Foie Gras importé en Cerises.
- Pigeonneaux sur Canapes a la Perigieux.
- Salade Renaissance.
- Fonds d'Artichauts a la Reine.
- Petits Pois a la Francaise.
- Poires au Riz a la Richelieu.
- Biscuit Glacé Favori.
- Petits Fours. Marrons Glaces. Massepins et Gauffrettes.
- Fruits Assortis.
- Fromages.
- Cafe Noir au Cognac.
- WINES.
- California White Wines:
 - Ben Lomond Gray Reisling.
 - Linda Vista Moselle.
 - Sherry.
 - Asti Chablis.
 - Gutedel.
- Cresta Blanca Sauterne.
- Napa Valley El Cerito.
- Napa Valley Vine Cliff.
- California Red Wines:
 - Cabernet. Calwa. Madrona.
 - Sequoia. La Loma. Claret (private stock).
 - Burgundy, Army Special.
 - Schram's Burgundy.
 - Burgundy.
 - Tipo Chianti.
 - Pommery Sec.
 - Johannis Water.
 - Napa Soda and Bartlett Springs Water.

John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel, presided, and most effectively demonstrated that not only could he conduct a large caravansary successfully, but make neat and eloquent speeches. In calling for order after the black coffee he read a letter from S. F. Thorn, president of the San Francisco Hotel Association, announcing Mr. Thorn's regrets at not being able to attend. Then all arose and the president's health was drunk amid cheers.

The band played "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and when the singing had ceased Mr. Kirkpatrick bade the visitors welcome. He said the latchstring hung out, as on the menu card, and all present were heartily welcome. He then introduced George A. Knight, who, in a brilliant speech cordially welcomed the Hotel Men to California. He was followed by Mr. Simeon Ford, chairman of the New York Delegation, whose witty remarks kept the assembled guests continually laughing, and which are here quoted in full:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Such has been the warmth of our welcome that it is difficult for us to realize that we are pilgrims from a far country, and that 3000 miles away our boarders are shifting for themselves and our creditors fruitlessly knocking at our outer gates, "unwept, unnumbered, and unsung." We who come from the cold, effete, and clammy East, filled as we are with pride and codfish, pie and self-esteem, have been touched and electrified by the kindness and courtesy which has been so prodigally bestowed upon us from the moment we entered the portals of this lovely land. California is well named the "Golden State," for though the precious metal has well nigh disappeared from your streams and hills, there is a stock of pure gold in your hearts which seems inexhaustible.

Now, that is quite a burst of eloquence for me! Some folks, like Professor James, for instance, simply have eloquence to burn and don't mind the smell of smoke; but with me eloquence is as infrequent as porterhouse steak in a ten-dollar-a-week boarding-house. Take a man like dear old Jim Breslin now, whose absence we all regret so keenly; he is fairly reeking with eloquence, and if it didn't have an outlet it would strike in, like suppressed measles, and kill him. But I, on the contrary, suffer from an ingrowing intellect. I trust, therefore, that you will fully appreciate my remark about the gold in your hearts and understand that I don't mean to intimate that you have a streak of yellow in your make-up.

Since deciding to make this trip I have been reading up the history of the forty-niners and what they went through to get out here. Some of our party went through a good deal to get here. Some of them went through everything I had, except my return ticket, and now I find it so lovely here I almost wish they'd got that, too. This delicious, languid climate just suits my *dolce far niente* style of architecture. I'd like to get some not too arduous position out here, like picking blossoms off a century plant.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

That is from one of Watts' hymns, and I have always noticed that Watts knew what's what.

But instead of that I'll have to hurry off to New York and chase the fitful and elusive boarder, a pastime more exciting than profitable in these days. But come what may, we will never forget the gorgeous time we have had on this visit, and the boundless hospitality of you wild and woolly Westerners, and the glories of this land of sunshine and of flowers, and the wonders of this climate. We are going to have some of this climate canned to take home with us. Brother Ashman says this climate is just about his size, which proves that it is a great climate. I should love to see Brother Ashman out here, languidly swinging in a hammock, with a fair senorita fanning him on one side and a derrick ready to hoist him out on the other. That would be a beautiful and impressive sight.

Already we have forgotten the fatigues and privations of our trip across the continent; of how, when crossing the desert, no water passed our parched lips for many moons; of how our eyesight has been impaired looking for the three-of-a-kind that never came; of how night after night our rest has been broken and the ambient air rudely shattered by the sterterous breathing of our plump contingent, and the conversational powers of our sisters and our cousins and our aunts; of how Brother Brockway's whiskers "trimmed to every favoring gale" created such enthusiasm among the squaws along the line that we feared we would never be able to get him across the desert unscathed; of how we came flying across the continent, the Chicago landlords in front of us, the Boston landlords behind us—there we were like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, "twixt the devil and the deep sea." And we have almost forgotten the awful dust—for once New York had to take Chicago's dust—but we passed it along to Boston.

And the changes of climate. As soon as we got on our linen dusters and palm-leaf fans we ran into fourteen feet of snow, and by the time we had donned our fur overcoats and red mittens the mercury went up to 120 degrees in the shade. Really, some one ought to invent a patent, automatic, self-regulating, back-action, ball-bearing, self-adjusting style of underwear for transcontinental travelers.

All these privations and hardships we have forgotten since we entered California, and could the X-rays be turned upon us the fact would be disclosed that we are filled to overflowing with kindly feelings toward you, our hosts, as well as of prunes and fruits, canned goods, native wines, evaporated peaches, liver pills, and gratitude.

Although our party from New York consists of but seventy souls and four or five poker-players without souls, it took two engines to pull us. We have a lovely party—a little frivolous, perhaps, but what we lack in mental poise we make up in *avoirdupois*.

When the order "All aboard" was given at the depot in New York the engine strained itself severely, but we never budged. The conductor rushed back and in a voice of thunder broke the painful silence and the rules of English grammar simultaneously by shouting,

"Who put them brakes on?" "Who touched your nasty old brakes?" we indignantly replied. "Well, by gosh! something is on," he said, and he was right. Brothers Ashman and Dr. Ryan and Tilly Haynes and O'Neill and Burke were on—dead on—and they stayed on, except when we crossed high trestles, and then they had to come off and walk so as not to unduly strain the structure.

Joking aside, we are a fat crowd. I am not a sample. I am here as a horrible example. Well might the assembled multitudes along the line say with Jacques in Shakespere's "As You Like It,"

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.

To see the gentlemen I have mentioned, at night, dressed up in their cute little baby blue Lord Faunteroy pajamas, frisking and gamboling (especially gamboling) about the car, like captive balloons in a gale of wind, was a sight calculated to freeze the blood and make reason totter on her throne.

On the quiet, I will give you a tip that these gentlemen have been practising the *cachuca*, on the way out, and if the band will play some wild, delirious Spanish air and you will put a few shores under the floor beams, they will show you that the hot blood of old Castile still runs riot in their veins.

An enthusiastic member of the association, and one who has attended a goodly number of the annual meetings, is Dr. Chas. T. Ryan of New York. Dr. Ryan is not classed as strictly a hotel man and yet he is one, for he runs a hotel

large enough to entitle him to membership in the New York Hotel Association, of which he is a highly esteemed member. Dr. Ryan conducts the Lafayette Place Hotel, which combines with a hundred-room hotel, the largest and finest exclusively men's bath establish-

ment in New York. The hotel is run for the benefit of the patrons of the baths, and has helped to make the latter very popular. A man can have any sort of a bath at any hour in the twenty-four, and needs run no risk of catching cold by leaving the place, as the best of accommodations in the way of rooms and restaurant are furnished "on the spot." The doctor has conducted the place many years and very successfully. During the several annual meetings of the H. M. M. B. A. held in New York Dr. Ryan has always tendered free tickets to all the visiting members, a courtesy that has been much appreciated.

But, Mr. Chairman, I have already used up fifteen minutes of the ten allotted and I will conclude this eloquent and impressive address by again remarking that we are overpowered by your prodigal and delightful hospitality. We have all so fallen in love with your beautiful land of sunshine and of flowers that were it not for the fact that our butchers are feverishly awaiting our return, and are even now nervously sliding down our cellar doors singing, "Father, dear father, come home to me now," we would be tempted to settle down in your midst and open anti-fat sanitariums and raise oranges and mortgages and other varieties of California fruit.

As Mr. Ford sat down the large hall rang with the applause and laughter his speech had provoked.

Mr. Alfred Bouvier, manager of the Baldwin Theater, made a few remarks, which were followed by an eloquent address by W. J. Fanning, Esq., the well-known attorney of the New York Hotel Association. He said:



Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: One year ago to-night, in that far-famed banquet-hall, Delmonico's of New York, I had the honor and pleasure of expressing on behalf of the Hotel Association of New York City a few words of greeting and of welcome to the members of the H. M. M. B. A. of the United States.

Many who are present here to-night will recall that interesting occasion, which formed the chief feature of the three days of entertainment arranged by the local committee for the pleasure of the visiting delegates, and I am free to say that the members of the New York Association felt well satisfied with the success which attended their efforts to make the brief stay of the visitors a happy and agreeable one.

We felt that the metropolis of the Nation enjoyed facilities for the entertainment of the stranger within her gates which were superior to those of any other city or State in the Union, and when we exhibited to the admiring gaze of our visitors our magnificent parks and superb driveways, the beauties of our splendid harbor and noble river; when we opened up to them our museums of art and our great libraries, and when we entertained them at our palatial hotels and gorgeous theaters, we felt, I repeat, a glow of pride in the resources of our great city, and fully believed that nowhere else in this broad land could such entertainment be provided the members of the H. M. M. B. A.

The experience of the past few days, however, has caused us to change our minds in this regard, and I know that I voice the sentiments of the New York Delegation, and, I believe, of every delegation present to-night, in according to the Hotel Associations of California the palm for having outdone anything heretofore attempted for the pleasure of the Hotel Men of the United States.

There is not, perhaps, a lady or gentlemen among the visitors present who has not looked forward to this visit to California as the fulfilment of a dream—the realization of a hope and the gratification of a desire which nothing else could satisfy. We who dwell within the sound of the rush and roar of the Atlantic, and whose lives partake of the stormy nature of that ever-surging and restless ocean, have longed to gaze upon the placid waters and breathe the balmy breezes of your Pacific sea. Accustomed to the extremes of heat and cold which characterize our Eastern climate, we have listened with envious ear to the equable temperature which prevails along your coast, and of the semi-tropical products of your country.

In accepting the invitation of your committee to visit these golden shores, and witness with our own eyes that fairyland which was so graphically described to us by your inimitable Professor James, we did so in the expectation of seeing the garden spot of America. We were prepared to gaze upon a veritable paradise. It is, therefore, with intense pleasure that I say to you to-night that the realization has far surpassed our anticipations, and I am sure that henceforth every one of us will feel a deeper pride in our country for having within our own territory such scenes as we have witnessed during the week that has just passed; and so long as memory lasts it will be a perpetual delight to each and all to recall the names of Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Redlands, Riverside, San Diego, Coronado, San Francisco, Hotel del Monte, San Jose and Santa Cruz. The charm which nature has shed over these scenes is of itself sufficient to fill the mind of the traveler with wonder and delight, but to those who listen to me to-night, nature's claim upon our admiration will hold a secondary place.

When in the future we look back upon these golden days, it will not be the balmy atmosphere, the orange groves, nor the fragrant flowers that will appeal to us so much as the generous hospitality that has been extended everywhere.

I have said that the natural loveliness of your country has exceeded our fondest anticipations. I may add that the heartiness of your greetings, the royalty of your welcome, and the bounteous nature of your hospitality have filled our hearts with eternal gratitude. This is especially true of the ladies of California, and I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to express on behalf of the New York Delegation their appreciation of the uniform kindness received by them at the hands of these fair women who have literally strewn our path with flowers.

President George W. Lynch, Mr. W. H. La Pointe of Boston and others made appropriate addresses, and this most delightful of delightful banquets came to an end.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY.

MAGNIFICENT indeed were the gifts of Governor Leland Stanford and his noble wife, Jane Lathrop Stanford, which made possible the erection, equipment, and continued existence of the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto. On the morning of Saturday, April 25th, the H. M. M. B. A. special left Third and Townsend Streets for Palo Alto. An hour's ride brought the visitors to the City of the High Tree, where carriages were in waiting—kindly loaned by citizens, some living as far as

fourteen miles away—to convey all who desired to go to the University. The grounds were but recently set out, but already show the dawnings of the charm they will possess when the trees and shrubs are full grown. The campus comprises more than eight thousand acres, and the University is the memorial of Governor and Mrs. Stanford to their well-beloved son, Leland, Jr., who died in his sixteenth year in Italy.

To quote from Messrs. Elliott & Eaton's "Stanford University and Thereabouts":

The buildings themselves are unique in plan and exquisitely harmonious in effect. The Old Mission architecture—the long, low adobe buildings, with wide colonnades and the open court, native outgrowth of the Moorish and Romanesque—has been reproduced on imposing scale. Gathered about a court 528 by 246 feet, enclosing an area of three and a quarter acres paved with asphalt and diversified with eight immense beds of tropical plants and flowers, are the twelve buildings of the inner quadrangle. They are connected by a continuous open arcade facing the court, and are one story in height. The soft buff sandstone, the great expanse of red tile roof, the wide arcades, the simple but impressive arches, the luxuriance of tropical foliage, the distant glimpses of trees, and foothills, and mountains, give an impression of academic seclusion, serenity, and beauty, whose



David Starr Jordan, President of the Stanford University, was called from the presidency of the State University of Indiana to accept his present work. As one of the leaders in the progressive and natural methods of education Dr. Jordan has already made permanent impress upon the thought of the world.

fascination deepens as the months slip by under blue skies and flooding sunshine. Other buildings already erected are the two dormitories, the Art Museum, the gymnasiums, various engineering structures, and numerous cottages. Encina Hall, the men's dormitory, occupies a ground area of 312 by 150 feet. It is four stories high of the same material as the quadrangle, and decorated with end arcades, a central arched porch, and mosaic work. It is provided with electric lights, hot and cold water, steam heat, bathrooms on each floor, and will accommodate over three hundred students. Roble Hall, the women's dormitory, is of concrete, and about a third the size of Encina. The Museum, also of concrete, occupies a ground area of 313 by 156 feet. It contains already large collections of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and American antiquities, and various miscellaneous collections of value.

The first impression to visitors is usually disappointing. The plan provides for the erection of a second quadrangle entirely surrounding the first, with the buildings two stories in height,



The Corridors at Stanford University.

From The University of the Air.

a connected arcade facing outward, and an imposing arch at the main entrance. When completed, nothing will be lacking to the most beautiful college architecture in America.

The visitors were cordially received by President Jordan, who personally showed them around the buildings and the museum. Then the briefness of time and a crowded itinerary demanded a hurried visit to the Stock Farm, of which "Stanford University and Thereabouts" says:

Mr. Stanford was a great lover of fine horses, a keen observer of their characteristics, and a firm believer in the great possibilities of development and improvement through training. In 1877, he established the Palo Alto Stock Farm, which, by reason of the original system of training carried out and the remarkable results achieved has become famous the country over. The "kindergarten" for the weanlings, short distances for the development of speed, and the infusion of thoroughbred blood have been the cardinal features of the Palo Alto system.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAN JOSE AND THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

HARDLY had we reached Palo Alto, it seemed to us, before the railway whistle informed us that we must start for San Jose, and, at noon exactly, the special entered that ancient city. Like so many of the towns of California bearing the Spanish names of the Saints, San Jose was a civic outgrowth of the old Mission. An edict from the College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico commanded the establishment of a Mission which should be dedicated to the husband of the Blessed Virgin. The site was chosen in the Santa Clara Valley, a few miles from the Mission of Santa Clara, and on June 10, 1796, Padre Lasuen, who was Padre Junipero Serra's successor, planted the Cross, blessed it, said mass, and thus founded the Mission of San Jose. In 1800 the present building was erected, the ruins of which still continue to attract visitors.

San Jose, or, as it was originally named, "Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe," is without doubt the most beautiful inland city of Central California. Its population is 25,000, and they are active and progressive. The city is essentially a residence city, and as a consequence it is richly adorned with many superior dwellings.



George P. Snell, manager of the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, was the leading spirit of the reception at San Jose. He was born at Cummington, Mass. and moved while still a boy to Minneapolis, Minn., where he remained until 1871. From 1872 to 1877 he was clerk and assistant bookkeeper at the Auzeais House, San Jose, undoubtedly, at that time, one of the best hotels of the State, under the proprietorship of that superior hotel man, Mr. S. W. Churchill. In September, 1880, Mr. Snell became clerk in the Lick House, San Francisco, where he remained until October, 1890, when he was offered the management of Hotel Vendome, a position he still occupies to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned.



Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

There are a number of fine public buildings in the city, among others the Court House, the Academy of Notre Dame, the Opera House, State Normal Schools, Hall of Records, etc. It is the educational center of this portion of the State, and has a number of excellent schools.

The Santa Clara Valley is one of the most noted fruit valleys in California. For deciduous fruits, it is doubtful whether any place in the world is better suited. The soil is rich, the trees bear prolifically, and the close proximity to San Francisco renders marketing much easier than in the more remote regions. Santa Clara prunes are known the whole civilized world over, and, when the trees are in bloom and rich in verdure and fruitage, few more beautiful sights can be seen or imagined.

Carriages, buggies, tally-hos, and coaches were in waiting at the depot to drive the guests around the city and through some portion of the Santa Clara Valley, and then to Hotel Vendome, where Manager Snell had provided a most elaborate and delicious lunch. The party to longed was in a fine six- which I be kindly taken horse coach ward E. Good Quito," his and beautiful seven miles

Not many the Californian ish prattle to "Chiquito" miss and he has been that day. The Ramon Arguel briquet to his stretching from Santa Clara, and

spot for a country home planted olives and vines and fruit trees. This spot, therefore, because of this choice, claims the special name of "El Quito."

Among the many fruit farms of Santa Clara County El Quito is unique in its consociation of fruit, in its systems of culture, in its processes of oil extraction and wine fermentation, and in its labor force, which is formed of Italians from the oil and wine districts of Tuscany, selected for their especial experience in these cultures.

During the last fourteen years, varied and, in some cases, quite expensive experiments have been made at El Quito to decide the varieties of olives and vines best suited to the soil and climate, the most perfect cultivation possible for each, and the most finished processes of oil extraction and treatment, and of wine fermentation and storage. Imported grafts of high-bred Italian olives are now in bearing, and the olive oil sent to the Columbian Exposition took its place unchallenged among the fine olive oils of the world.

In wine production the endeavor has been to produce a high grade of "Table Wine"—a *Vin Ordinaire* in the true sense—by a more complete fermentation, relieving the wine of the solid matter which is generally excessive in California wines. In this experiment, too, the success seems equal to that achieved in the production of oil, and "El Quito Table Wine" is winning its way in the market, and on the table of the clubs and homes of the State.



In the Arbor, El Quito.

delicious party to longed was in a fine six- by Mr. Ed- rich, to "El prosperous ranch some from San Jose.

years ago a lit- trying in child- call her brother ed the "Chi" "Quito" since father, Don Jose lo, gave the so- great rancho the foot hills to choosing in it a

This farm is beautifully situated, with a superb view looking toward the hills and the Pass of Los Gatos, and is much visited as a matter of curiosity and interest.

After viewing the objects of interest on the farm, and the processes followed in extracting the olive oil, Mr. Goodrich insisted upon our staying to lunch, when the following dish, among others, was served to us. It was such a novel and yet so delicious a dish that I give the recipe in full as furnished to me by our estimable host on that occasion. The name of the dish is risotto.

One vevuerable hen, two and a half pounds clear beef, two-thirds of an ordinary claret glassful of dried mushrooms, chopped fine (Italian "*funghi*," if possible), one teaspoonful tomato sauce (Italian "*Conserva*"), or, lacking this, the fine part, free of seeds, skins, and tough matter, of three tomatoes, one-third pint pure and fine olive oil (coarse or adulterated oil ruins the dish, and as pure and fine olive oil is not generally obtainable in the East, butter may be substituted—a scant quarter of a pound), a large handful of rice (the very best quality to be found—South Caroliua special, or of Bologna, Italy), for each person, one-half pound Parmesan cheese, grated fine (*real Italian "Parmeggiano,"* and not "*Romano*" or the

so-called "Parm
grated in bot
(beaten yolks
Salt and pep
in moderation

The hen,
rooms, tomato
butter) should
fire for four
red and not al
the object be
very strong, rich
"sugo.") The
boiled an hour.
should be timed
hour of service.
est possible mo
ous ingredients
mixed as fol
venient amount
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and beaten eggs—reserving of latter sufficient to cover each dish—and stir together, adding the gravy little by little, and mixing *most thoroughly*. Only so much should be mixed as is necessary for a single help of the party at table.

Each dish should be covered with a little of the beaten egg and a little grated cheese. It is well to serve extra grated cheese. A new mixture should be made if the dish is served a second time and for later comers. The gravy and rice can be kept warm for some time, but *separate*, and, if the rice stiffens a little, add a little butter for late mixings.

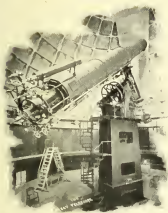
While we were feasting at El Quito, the rest of the party were enjoying the hospitalities of the Hotel Vendome, and listening to welcoming speeches made by the open-hearted mayor and citizens of San Jose. It was undoubtedly owing to the warm-hearted enthusiasm of Mr. Snell that San Jose, generally conservative, so cordially received the H. M. M. B. A. The Hotel Vendome is now not only the leading hotel of San Jose but ranks with the best hotels of the State. It is situated in extensive and beautiful grounds, where abound majestic poplars and elms, elegant peppers and fertile figs, and one gigantic live-oak that was an aged monarch when, over a hundred years ago, Padre Lasuen said mass at the



The Olives at El Quito.

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tles), three eggs,
and whites).
per, of course,
and to taste.
beef, mush-
sauce, and oil (or
simmer on the
hours, well stir-
lowed to burn,
to produce a
gravy (*Italian*
rice should be
The cooking
for probable
At the very lat-
ment the vari-
s should be
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of rice, add its
grated cheese

founding of the Mission of San Jose. The Hotel Vendome may almost be regarded as a city edition of the world-famed Hotel del Monte. The hotel and grounds are not so large as at this famous hostelry, but there are many points of similarity. Everything is beautiful, clean and well-kept, the office and lounging-room, billiard-room, writing-room and parlors commodious and luxurious, the bed-rooms large, airy, well-ventilated and fitted up with a single eye to healthful comfort. The sun has free access everywhere, for the hotel stands in its own grounds, and there are a score of majestic trees, under which one may sit and lounge and read and work, and extensive lawns where tennis and other sports while away the passing hours. San Jose may well be proud of its elegant and well-conducted hotel, the Vendome. It is from the



The 36-in. Refractor, Lick Observatory.

Vendome Stables that visitors take the stage or private conveyance to the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton. Years ago before the pleasure of making the ascent to this spot. James Lick, referred in the Francisco, left quarters of a for the establishment of this which was to most powerful world. From an article recently written by President E.S. Holden, great Observa-tory, I extract the

BUILDINGS AND INSTRUMENTS.—The Observatory buildings are very simple and solid, and well suited to their uses. The instruments are unsurpassed in excellence and in size. The great 36-inch refractor is, at present, what Mr. Lick prescribed that it should be—namely, the most powerful telescope in the world. The gift of a 3-foot reflector by Edward Crossley, lately M. P. for Halifax, England, has added a companion telescope of almost equal power. It is not likely that any observatory now planned will have an equipment more effective than that of the Lick Observatory in its unsurpassed situation.

STUDENTS IN ASTRONOMY.—The Lick Observatory is, by Mr. Lick's deed, a department of the State University. As such, it has always encouraged the presence of students of mature age who are received on the footing of assistants. When suitable provision is made for Fellowships in Astronomy the Observatory will be able to attract the best students of the whole country. Under-graduate students are provided for at the students' observatory, Berkeley.



The Lick Observatory in Winter.

STUDENTS IN ASTRONOMY.—The Observatory buildings are very simple and solid, and well suited to their uses. The instruments are unsurpassed in excellence and in size. The great 36-inch refractor is, at present, what Mr. Lick prescribed that it should be—namely, the most powerful telescope in the world.



Lick Observatory Buildings.



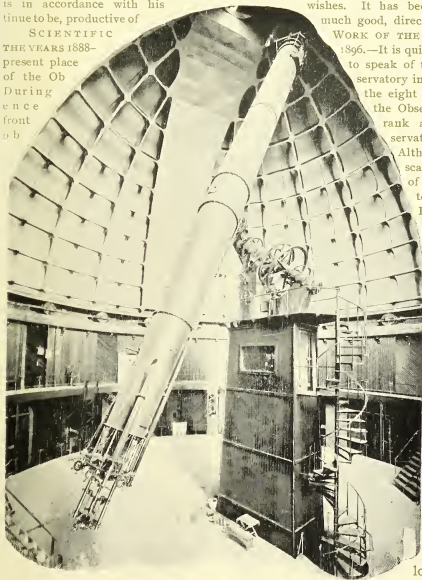
The Hotel Vendome Stage Arriving at the Lick Observatory.

VISITORS.—From the beginning visitors have been made welcome at Mount Hamilton, and some 40,000 have registered at the Observatory since 1888. Saturday nights are public nights. From 50 to 250 people avail themselves of these privileges each week. In this way, also, the Observatory becomes an active part of the educational system of the State. Mr. Lick made no provision for opening his Observatory to the public, but it is thought that this policy is in accordance with his wishes. It has been, and will continue to be, productive of much good, directly and indirectly.

SCIENTIFIC
THE YEARS 1888—
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WORK OF THE OBSERVATORY IN
1896.—It is quite impossible in the to speak of the scientific work servatory in any detailed way. the eight years of its exist- the Observatory has taken rank among the great servatories of the world. Although its income is scarcely a third of that of the great observa- tories of Greenwich, Paris and St. Petersburg, and although its scientific staff has never consisted of more than eight persons as against thirty to fifty observers in those establish- ments, yet its activity has been ex- tended over many fields, and its re- searches in each field have been scholarly as well as most thorough.

Under the efficient direc- tion of Doctor E. S. Holden, the Lick Ob- servatory has long been regard- ed as one of the most



The Great Lick Telescope. Lick Observatory.

potent factors in the progress made in astronomical science during this century.

In addition to the Observatory, Mr. Lick required, by his deed of trust, the following expenditures to be made:

For a monument in San Francisco to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," the sum of \$60,000; for statutory to be placed in front of the San Francisco City Hall, \$100,000; for a Home for Old Ladies in San Francisco, \$100,000; for free baths in San Francisco, \$150,000; for a California Institute of Mechanic Arts—a manual training school for the boys and girls of San Francisco, \$540,000.



GEORGE H. ARNOLD, manager of Hotel del Monte, is a native of Rhode Island, where he was born in 1840. When a young man he went to New York, remaining there until 1868, when he came to California. His first experience in the hotel business was in 1871, at the then popular Tamalpais Hotel at San Rafael. The following year he went to the Occidental San Francisco, where he remained until 1884, being manager from 1882 to 1884, and going in the latter year to the Baldwin and joining H. H. Pearson in the proprietorship of that hotel. He remained at the Baldwin three years, and then went to the Palace as chief clerk. Here he remained until the latter part of 1889. He next spent one year behind the desk at the Hotel del Coronado, and another at the Hotel Florence, San Diego. For two seasons he acted as principal clerk at the Tavern of Castle Craig, and in the beginning of 1894 he was appointed manager of Hotel del Monte. Mr. Arnold served last year as vice-president of the H. M. M. B. A. for California; of which he is an enthusiastic member and one of the original founders.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOTEL DEL MONTE.



NO place in California did the H. M. M. B. A. expect more than at Del Monte, and at no place were they more pleased and better satisfied. No sooner did the conductor and brakeman announce, "Next stop, Del Monte," than the visitors began eagerly to look out of the windows. Sand hills and chaparral were all they saw, with a few houses and a "laguna" as an offset, until, suddenly, the train swept into an avenue of pines, cypresses, and other beautiful evergreens, and stopped at a dainty, fairy-like depot, surrounded by gorgeous flowers, shrubs and plants, with solemn and dignified trees, in richest shades of green, looking on in serene majesty.

The cars were speedily abandoned, the 'busses loaded, and in ten minutes every guest was in his room, his baggage unstrapped ready for immediate use, and the ladies distracted by their desire to stand at the windows and enjoy the outlook upon the grounds and at the same time dress for dinner.

And what a sight the vast dining-hall was! Painted a pure white, not a spot or scratch to mar its delicious restfulness; well ventilated, and without an odor that the most subtle sense could

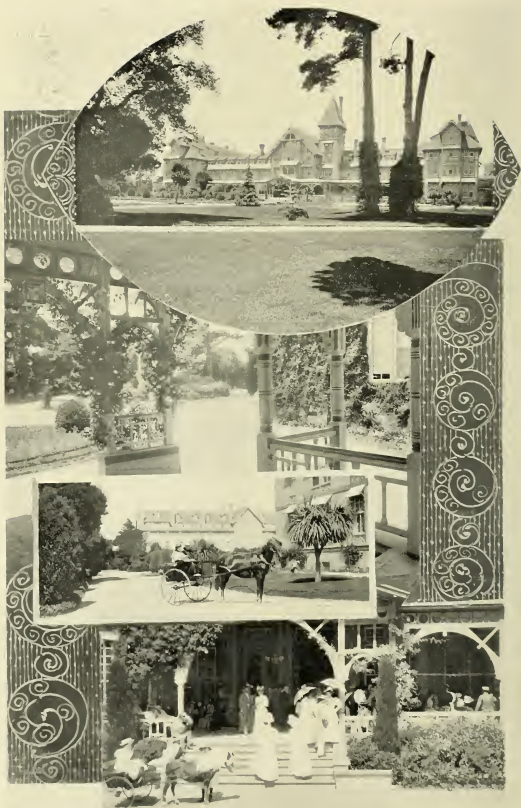
detect to denote the presence of a kitchen anywhere near; brilliantly illuminated by eighteen large candelabra, on each of which incandescent lights were burning; busy waiters hurrying to and fro, yet in perfect poise



In the trees at Del Monte.

and self-command; the head waiter active, alert, and ready, his subordinates well-trained and able; the snowy white tablecloths, on which silver, glassware, and china glistened and glittered among an exuberance of gorgeous bouquets of every known common, native, rare and exotic flowers; the whole scene completed and crowned by its assembled guests, whose happy voices chatted and murmured, merry faces gleamed, and bright eyes sparkled—such was the dining-room one-half hour after the arrival of the train. Five hundred guests were seated at one time, and without crowding, and orders were given and filled with





no confusion, as though such a critical body of experts was handled there every day.

During the dinner hour and all through the evening the Hotel del Monte Orchestra discoursed sweet music, and the trained ears of our Eastern friends, accustomed as they are to hearing the best of music, were astonished as they listened, for these were not indifferent players, but men of talent and science, each a master of his own instrument, and together forming one of the best, if not the best, small orchestra on the Pacific Coast.

The menu cards for the occasion were dainty and appropriate. On the cover were two engravings, elegantly printed in tints, one representing the hotel, and the other the Cypress on Midway Point of the Eighteen-mile Drive. Above, in a scroll, were the words: "Welcome, H. M. M. B. A." The menu itself was as comprehensive, dainty, and satisfying to the gastronomic demands as the general get up of the card was to the æsthetic taste.

Outside a surprise was in preparation. As the guests drove in, the extent of the grounds immediately made a profound and delightful impression, and, anxious to renew that im-



The Ivy-clad Live-Oaks at Del Monte.



"Hotel del Monte"

floors as soon as possible. The darkness of night had fallen, and yet soft and delicate streams of light were shed from tree and shrubs, as if fairies were holding high revel in the grounds.

With deft fingers and eyes trained to scenic effects by several years service, the assistants of Mr. Tom Lee, Del Monte's head gardener, had hung 1500 Chinese lanterns around, so that all were lured to enjoy their charm. It is easy enough

to hang up a Chinese lantern, but it is not every man who can tell where it will become more than a mere light—will diffuse light and at the same time heighten and enhance the beauty of the tree where it hangs, by being cunningly hidden. Yet there is as



MR. TOM LEE.
Head Gardener, Hotel Del Monte.

much difference in the effects produced as is observable between the unveiled sun at noonday and when he is bidding adieu for the night robed in clouds of gold and sapphire, carmine and amber. In this soft, diffused, and yet abundant light, the grounds were simply delicious. Within the most stolid mind emotions of exquisite pleasure could not fail to be excited. The well-kept lawns everywhere were appropriate ground-settings for the beds of rare flowers and shrubs, which, at night-time and under this delicate light, presented so unusually beautiful an appearance. Here stood the cytisus, with its delicate yellow flower. Yonder were bushes of laurestinus, their pretty little blossoms reposing lovingly on the dark green leaves, and half awak-

ened by the fairy light suspended above. Palms, agaves, sword grass, yuccas, araucarias, formed backgrounds for beds of flaming red poppies and many colored pansies. As the eye arose from green lawn to harmoniously arranged border, from border to flowers, flowers to shrubs, shrubs to trees, and the trees in turn arose in cunningly designed harmony, the graceful tufts of the palms and *dracæna australis* overlooking the shrubs and flowers below, and they, overshadowed by the ancient monarchs of Del Monte, the ivy-wreathed live-oaks, the topmost branches of which led the eye to the lordly Monterey pine (*pinus insignis*) the spires of which were finally lost in the darkness above, one was compelled to admire the artistic skill of the gardener, just as the massive stateliness of the Chicago Auditorium compels reverence towards the genius of the architect. Hour after hour the visitors strolled outside, and, though one would have thought them weary with the hard day of traveling and sight-seeing, even weariness could not drive the delighted guests away from this scene of enchantment. It seemed as if the flowers awoke to respond to the enthusiasm displayed, for certainly they never were more beautiful, or more profusely shed their fragrance



Del Monte Trees.

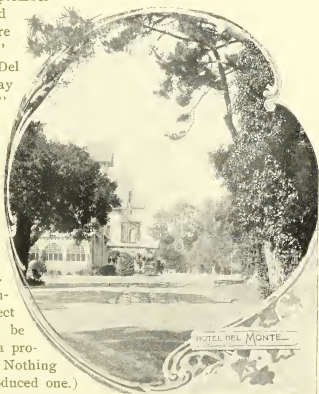
upon the non-desert air. It was long after midnight before all had retired. Then, strange to say, with evident compassion, Jupiter Pluvius went around in the dark hours of early morning with his watering-pot, saying to himself: "My friends from the Eastern shores must not think I have no control here. Let me give them a little sprinkle!" Like Boreas at Santa Monica, he wished to convince his Eastern constituents that his power was not confined to the Atlantic, but that, when he chose, he could "raise a disturbance" by the Pacific. So the rain fell, and washed into "innocuous desuetude" five or six hundred lanterns which had been left to burn through the night.



A Porte-cochère at Del Monte.

But, the lanterns aside, the efforts of Jupiter were much to be appreciated. The atmosphere scrubbed into perfect cleanliness, every tree, shrub, and flowering plant washed into bewitching freshness, what wonder that Sunday was a perfect "Del Monte day." Such days are called "rare days in June" in every other country but California and Italy. Here they are common enough to be found every month in the year. I write in September

—that day was in April—and during the past eight days there have been five of these "rare" days. Well may it be called "Del Monte weather," and each day labeled a "Del Monte day," for, at such times, the weather is in harmony with everything else at Del Monte. Hotel is perfect, management as near perfect as anything on earth ever becomes, grounds the pink of perfection, so that nothing more than such weather is desired to produce that rare effect, a perfectly satisfied guest. (You will note, by way of parenthesis, that I do not say "a perfect guest." This *rara avis* can be found only after he has made a prolonged stay at Del Monte. Nothing else is ever known to have produced one.)



This Sunday was a perfect Del Monte day, and what is the use of brain and pen attempting to do justice to it. My feeble and inadequate words are "gross exaggerations," and my most conscientious endeavors "the wild ravings of a California enthusiast." Well, like Browning,

THE
GARDEN
OF
THE
SOUTH
SEA
ISLANDS



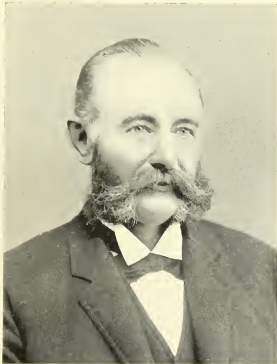
I will go ahead, truthfully recording my impressions, and then wait for my vindication until my critics shall have "awakened their senses" by personal visitation to Del Monte, "that they may the better judge."

"Out of doors!" was the universal cry. Even the breakfast-room lost its wonted attraction. Coffee was not needed for stimulus with such invigorating atmosphere, and, almost with one accord, breakfast was left until the grounds had been visited. It is so common an expression, "the finest in the world," that like all common and trite sayings, it loses its effect, yet I use the words in their fullest significance when I declare that, to my knowledge—which is not

limited on this is no hotel in has such elabor and beautiful comprise one hundred and seven acres, all carefully "gard Lee, an English several of the English noble with a corps of forty assistants, demonstrated by duces. Scarcely a out of place. so scrupulously as to suggest the being accomplished and general machinery. the whole force ning at one end sweep each walk up every leaf and Sunday, especially one hundred and acres are as as the draw servatory of an

Another thing noticeable. For style, senseless—

be permitted to call it—fashion, of set-beds of flowers, arranged in conventional designs, which never were like anything else "in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," but were monstrosities of ugliness and formality, which even the exquisite beauty of the flowers themselves could scarce overcome, the owners of Del Monte have required of Mr.



Mr. George Schonewald has the proud distinction of being the first manager of Hotel del Monte, and of having supervised its erection, and arrangement of the kitchens, dining-room, storerooms, etc., from the foundation. His practical experience, combined with the resources of the Pacific Improvement Company, produced an hotel that, from the catering standpoint, is absolutely unsurpassed in the world. Able to do any work connected with an hotel, and to take any position, even to that of chef, and adequately fulfil its duties, he is an ideal manager. He is now the manager of Castle Crag, a delightful mountain and summer resort owned by the Pacific Improvement Company, on the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific Railway, but also he has general supervision of all the hotels owned by the Pacific Improvement Company.

subject—there the world that ate, extensive, grounds. They dred and twenty-of which are ended." Mr. Tom man, trained in finest gardens of men, is in charge, from thirty to and his ability is the results he proleaf can be found Everything is neat and clean, possibility of its piished by newly erally unknown Every Saturday of men, begin-of the grounds, and road, pick scrap, so that on cially, the whole twenty-seven "spick and span" ing-room conemperor.

is especially saking the old I should like to

Lee the exercise of his highest art in "massing" the flowers and shrubs in "borders." There is, in this method, as much room for the exercise of taste and artistic skill as in the old flower beds, which, however, were but manifestations of skill perverted and taste deformed.

The few "set designs" that Del Monte possesses are arranged *en masse*, so that conventional design does not destroy naturalness and simplicity. To those able to read the message of flowers and shrubs, the center design opposite the main entrance is a cordial and sweet welcome of Persian-like subtlety and open-hearted California hospitality. Although the flowers are changed for the winter and summer, at both seasons their message is alike cordial and hospitable. I would here interpret it, but as the oval bed at the west entrance was specially designed to give welcome to our guests I will read that instead.

From this point let us take in the location of the building, its size and proportions. The main front faces the south, and is 340 feet in length and 110 feet wide. The building is three stories high, but the central and two end towers have additional stories. On three towers there are entrances, so that to the main north entrance, an entrance. Curving east and west ends, delightful outer all proof connections building and the nexes. These are imposing as the that in reality Hotel majestic fronts. selves were designed with a view to the fort conjoined to the ture. The hotel it



The LAWN
—HOTEL DEL MONTE—

take in the location of proportions. The and is 340 feet in wide. The building but the central and two or three additional each of the is an entrance, so building there is a east, and a west around from the so as to leave two coves, are the fire-between the main east and west annexes are each as main building, so del Monte has three The buildings them- and constructed maximum of com-effective in architec- self is a modern

adaptation on a large scale of the old Flemish structures, just such as one sees in Belgium, and occasionally in Switzerland. Towers and gables, roofed-in corridors connecting the annexes to the main building, verandas, porches, and porte-cochères, all twined in a profusion of flowers, or rivaling the trees in their height, contribute a dignity and a majesty to the scene that render it imposing and impressive, as well as exquisite and beautiful. The hotel has 520 rooms, and is therefore capable of accommodating a large number of guests.

There is no building to the north, this being left open to allow unrestricted entrance to the court, which, by the way, though generally neglected, is as well worth visiting as the outer grounds. Reaching down through the center of this court from the main building, and parallel with the annexes, is a building which

divides the court into two parts, known respectively as the east and the west court. This building contains the dining-room, kitchens, ice plant, and cold storage, all so convenient and compact as to deserve an extended description. By this architectural scheme the dining-room receives light and air equally on both sides, desiderata so necessary that the plan is highly commendable. Away from the building, beyond the courts, are the laundry, electric light and gas making plants, conservatories, water tanks, etc., so that there is absolutely nothing to mar the charm of the building, or detract from the absorbing picturesqueness of the grounds.

Here opposite the west entrance is an oval bed in which were massed scores of flaming red poppies, hundreds of the flowers of the delicate yellow mimulus—the monkey flower of Linnaeus, or the native California musk—and an equal number of the silken California poppy, or the cup of gold of the Spaniards. In the center was of the araucaria, pittosporum with its fragrant bloom, and bed were fan cas. The whole dered with Eng fragrant sweet

What a gor of colors, flam in the morning ing the con perfectly har profound green and pittos the lighter yuccas and shadowing and the daring reds poppies and the whole effect the rich and



W. A. Junker, chief clerk at Hotel Del Monte, has been connected with the house for many years. His hotel experience began here. He is an unexceptionable clerk, obliging to the last degree, kind and helpful to all, and is deservedly popular among the guests.

of the ivy border and the pure white and delicate flower of the alyssum.

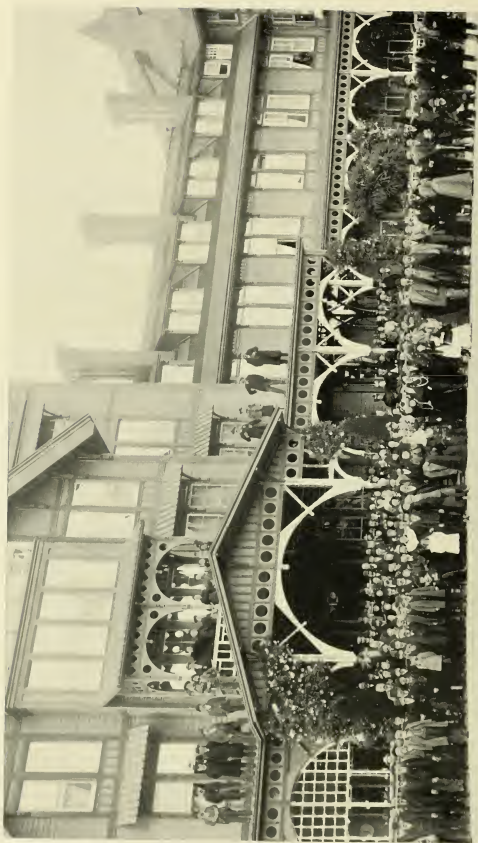
And what a characteristic message of warm California hospitality they gave to the visitors!

"Gold is not more precious to the miser than your presence is to us," said the gorgeous cups of gold; the palms waved a royal welcome; the araucaria and yuccas declared a warmth to the welcome as powerful as the heat of their native Southern sun, and offered their prickly barbs as protection to the visitors against all ills and unpleasantness.

"Laugh, be merry and happy!" exclaimed the mimulus, and the poppies declared: "We will bring you sweet and refreshing sleep." "Accept all these

a fine specimen at each end a (*p. Tobira*), flower in full throughout the palms and yuc- oval was bor- lish ivy and alyssum.

geous display ing and brilliant sun, how strik- trasts, yet how monious! The of the araucaria porum, with green of the palms, over- "setting out" and golds of the mimulus, and heightened by varied greens



The H. M. M. B. A. at Hotel Del Monte.

promises!" said the profusely flowering pittosporum, "I know the fulfilment will surpass the promises!"

And then, to give additional sweetness to these cordial messages, the English ivy and sweet alyssum quietly whispered: "Your memories will cling to our hearts after you have gone, and fragrant and sweet will be the remembrances they awaken."

If especially invoked on behalf of the Hotel Men, California's genii of hospitality could not have accorded them a more appropriate and cordial welcome than did this bed of shrubs and flowers.

The birds contributed their songs to the general welcoming and rejoicing. Thrushes, linnets, wrens and larks sent their warbling notes ringing and echoing through the trees, and the blue and crested jays chattered joyously, in the trees above, one to another about the "no-jays" who were walking trees beneath.

The Arizona great deal of at port and trans

Garden attracted a tention. To transplant a score or



more of car
zona and other
was a gigantic un
the sweet and pas
delightful grounds
of cacti, yuccas, opuntias,
grass, palms, dasyilirions and phormiums is singularly enchanting.

In a moment one is transported from the seashore to the far-away inland deserts. Nor is it only in the prickly, sword-like, and forbidding aspects that these specimens of desert plant life are interesting. Strange it seems at first sight, yet true it is, that these fierce, prickly cacti bear the most delicate, exquisite, and delicious flowers known to the floriculturalist. Oftentimes visitors at Del Monte are charmed beyond measure at the sweet florets, delicate and rare in odor, exquisite and incomparable in form, and dazzling or dainty, but always alluring, in color, which these fierce denizens of the desert bring forth. At the time of the H. M. M. B. A. visit the great Agave Fourcroya was preparing to flower. A little later its thirty-five feet high flower stalk burst out into blossom, and scores, nay hun-

loads of Ari-
desert plants
dertaking, but in
total setting these
afford this gathering
agaves, cereus, pampas

dreds, of exquisite, white, bell-shaped flowers appeared. To see the Arizona garden when barrel-cactus, century-plants, prickly-pear and agaves are in bloom, with at night-time the night-blooming cereus displaying its most dainty and delicate flowers, the effect of these heightened by the brilliant red of scores of cannas, the white of the waving pampas plumes, the varying greens of the swaying fan palms and gigantic bananas, the whole garden hemmed in with sky-piercing pines, gnarled and ivy-covered live-oaks, the delicate spiculaed Menzies spruce and the graceful Lawson cypress, is to witness that which memory can never forget, and always recalls with pleasure.

Imagine my astonishment to find Tom Henry quite at home here, explaining to his numerous Ford that the pe leaved plant, with the *semper vivum*, candle-like was the *opun* that the deli carpet bedding of the *spergula*, and, native of Corsica. him explain that the one bed was the *sedum* native of Great that the two most the Arizona garden *Peruvianus mons cylindrica cristata*, out their shoots like green cockscombs enough to have the whales, whose of years, have been at the San Carlos

But Tom and General Mayo had With that self-confi the land which saw

and driven forth, these gentlemen had assured the ladies of the delegation that they would pilot them safely through the mysteries of the "maze." The exploring party paused for a few minutes to admire the dahlia border that occupies one front of the maze, and enjoyed to the full the whites, yellows, magentas, maroons, pinks, reds, and scarlets of these gorgeous flowers, which find most congenial soil and climate here. The Del Monte seedlings are among the finest dahlias known, being of the cactus or single, instead of the double variety, which is rapidly losing ground in popular favor.

The chessmen, cut out of the cypress hedge, of which the maze is formed,

lady friends and Si. culiar green, wax-a yellow flower, was that the peculiar flowering cactus *tia lurida*, and cate moss-like some of the beds was like Napoleon, a And to hear border plant of *anglicum*, a Britain, and peculiar specimens in were the *Cereus trosus* and the *opuntia* both of which sent a score or more of massed together, was brought back to life vertebræ, for a score used as a pavement Borromeo Mission. Colonel Bowker and other work to do. dence born only in the British licked



suggested the complicated difficulties of the game Henry, Bowker, and Mayo had undertaken to play, but, with heroic valor, they entered the mysterious precincts. Up and down they wandered, now Tom, now Mayo, and anon, Bowker taking the lead. The ladies began to weary, but "White Wings" cheerily bade them "take courage; they were nearly there."

"Where?"

Alas! no one knew! Anxious parents began to look for their offspring, and bell-boys were sent hither and thither, looking for Susie and Marie and Georgie, but still the maze contained its victims. Henry retired to a side alley to swear, but Bowker detected him and compelled his return to the head of the column. At last they came to a "street" with three outlets. Each man insisted that a different outlet was a proper one to take. Insisting grew into squabbling, and, afraid for their lives, the ladies, taking advantage of their "escorts" preoccupation, fled, some through one, some through another, and still others through the third outlet, to find themselves at last free from the octopus-like tentacles of that horrible maze.

In order that those may see how easy it the trouble of studying if my fair readers will never, no, never, to any one, I will here their pleasure. No! it. I will undertake, any party, who shall through all its mys

Just beyond the fern bed, largely com Fern (*Woodwardii* from the canyons "Eighteen-mile Drive." bed of Japanese camellias

and pinks making a gorgeous showing in the springtime. Then comes a bed of rhododendrons, near which, clustering around a fine araucaria (*A. Brazilienses*), is a mass of oriental poppies, their enormous orange flowers contrasting, in marked power, with the immense bed of periwinkle (*Vinca*) which surrounds it, suggesting the despotic oriental monarch in dazzling magnificence on his throne, surrounded by the cringing forms of his sycophantic followers. Then, circling around, we enter the Rose Garden, where one hundred and fifty varieties of the Queen of Flowers give out their fragrant perfume. Oh! the delight of this garden. Every variety of size, form, color, and odor, from the gigantic *Paul Neyron* to the delicate *Cecile Bruner* is here to be found. But time and space forbid my expatiating on the glories of the sub-tropical beds, where pampas, cannas, yuccas, phormium, palms, and agaves, in wild mixture, and yet harmonious beauty, are allowed to grow.

In these grounds every man, from whatsoever clime he may come, East,



who tried and failed was, I have gone to out that maze, and, promise never, show the plan to reproduce it for I daren't reproduce however, to conduct request it, safely terious recesses.

maze is a native posed of the Chain *radicans*) brought passed through on the A little further and a is passed, their rich reds



West, North, or South, from the Arctic or the Antarctic circles, from the Orient or the Occident, will find sweetest memories of home awakened within him by sight of the flowers which were familiar to his childhood years and sanctified by associations with loved ones now passed beyond. It adds sweetness above measure to find memory's choicest and dearest galleries reopened and sunned and brightened by floral keys scattered broadcast on Del Monte's lawns, and which a glance of the eye will fit into locks long unused.

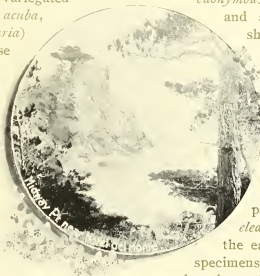
On the east end of the main building is the "Shrub" border, which, to many visitors—and these the critically appreciative—was the most enjoyable of all. Here the "massing" idea is brought out in all its perfection. A mass of flaming yellow and green tells of the French marigold (*tagetes*). Near by are variegated wall flowers, and scores of large and wonderful fuchsias, with, now and again, a *lobelia cardinalis* and the scarlet larkspur (*delphinium cardinalis*). In quick succession we pass Japanese palms, the Oriental *arbor vite*, and Mediterranean heath, the American *arbor vite*, Irish yew, Japanese laurel, with its variegated leaves, (*acuba*), and the variegated

hobnobs with a green *acuba*,
Island pine (*araucaria*)

laurel and a Japanese
delicate-leaved yew
fortunei, with its
and ashru bequally
japonica crypto
winter time
green to a brown
a *Torreya myrs*
places grows to the
and close by is a
variegated leaf, the
posite the door of
lawn, are two fine
of the spruce family,

Spain. These are exquisite and delicate trees in the rare shading of the greens which compose their foliage. At the end of the east annex are several *veronicas*:

And the pale veronica shut from the light,
Faded away in a sickly white.



euonymus. The laurestinus
and a genuine Norfolk
shoulders a Portuguese
thujopsis. A very
is the *cephotaxus*
plum-like fruit,
exquisite is the
meria, which in
changes its rare
ish tinge. Here is
tica, which in some
height of forty feet,
pretty shrub, with a
cleagnus pungens. Op-
the eastern annex, on the
specimens of the *abies pinsapo*,
and natives of the mountains of

The chief attractions of the inner court are the two monster date palms, the orange border, the varieties of ivy and creeping plants, which cover the walls of the kitchens, and especially the four trees of English holly, upon two of which the red berries appear in all their flaming boldness.

In the next court the fuchsia border must not be overlooked. It is some three hundred and fifty feet in length, and from early spring until the beginning of winter the bushes are laden with their coral-like flowers and black berries. Here can be found the little *fuchsia globulus* of our grandmother's garden growing alongside the monstrous varieties that have been raised in more recent years. What a feast for the humming birds! Here are scores of these fairies on wings, with their



long beaks extracting the sweet substance or honey from the bell-like flowers. Numbers of them build their nests near by in the trees and shrubs.

The great dahlia border is on the front of the west annex, and to the lover of gorgeous flowering this border will prove constantly attractive and overpoweringly alluring.



Mr. Johnson, Del Monte's resident photographer, is not only an artist and dealer in his wares, but a person of some and historical figure. An old pioneer musician in his possession an apparatus which enables him to play Del Monte a tune at the same time. With a repertoire of various comic songs he entertained a round of the H. M. B. A., and they "joined in the chorus" and a well paid described the dreams of those who had seated early. Mr. Johnson's playing on both instruments simultaneously was much admired and enjoyed, and he made many friends among the Hotel men, who will be glad to see his portrait in these pages.

resemblance. Quilp, in one of his most frightful attitudes, scaring the life out of his gentle wife. The only regret I have at seeing him here is that this is far too good a "purgatory" for such an unmitigated wretch.

Yonder is Shakespere's Richard the Third—hump-backed, but masterful, aggressive, powerful, dominant, in spite of all the forces brought against him. In the tree itself you see a crafty cunning, such as Richard wore when wooing the Lady Anne with such fiendish stealthiness, according to Shakespere's masterly delineation.

And if you stand here at a certain angle, yonder live-oak projected against

And I could write page after page and still leave much to be described in the flowers of Del Monte.

But the trees of Del Monte! They are a perennial source of delight to all comers—young, old, rich, poor, strong, and infirm. The ancient Hindoos believed that their wisest and strongest spiritual guides were personified in the trees—tree incarnated—and to this day they worship them. The ancient Greeks had an attendant spirit—hamadryad—for each tree, and Dante, in his Inferno, transforms suicides into trees:

Men once we were,
and now are changed to trees.

As I look at the old trees of Del Monte I see there giants, tall, stately, powerful, cruel, gentle, hateful, loveable, ugly, handsome, repulsive and attractive; or dwarfs, stunted, twisted, distorted out of all shape except that of striking and fearful hideousness.

Here is a perfect Quilp, bringing the "Old Curiosity Shop" to remembrance.

Look at it and you will soon see the re-



A Monterey Cypress.

the tower brings vividly to mind Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," climbing, climbing, to escape the fearful fire that will soon reach him.

Here is a ponderous Polyphemus, towering high, with rough, gnarled arms and hands outspread and sprawling, and a glimmer of sunlight in the center of the upper foliage shows you his one eye in dread fierceness and fierce dreadfulness.

But in the twin pines, near the lake, you have Dickens's Cherryble Brothers, bright, sunny, cheerful, helpful, a little queer, perhaps, but all the more delightful because of it.

Talk about personalities in trees being a far-fetched idea! There are trees at Del Monte more human than some human beings. Human in every way—in kindness and sweet restfulness, in dominant aggressiveness, in repulsive hatefulness. Wander about and look for the humanity in them, and you will soon make personal friends of some,

to others. You will grow

ancient Hindoos who wor

feeling of Dante, whose

trees he so graphically

when one gets into

weather-beaten,

trees on the Eigh

finds a perfect

cides, an inferno,

Dante's, of lost

gled dwarfs who

eringly to our in

Del Monte is a

contrasts. Itself,

ern hotel; close by

ancient towns in

the garden are trees

able when Padre

mass there, and the

guns echoed to and fro

and awoke the slumbering

on the rocks, and yet, planted

modern flowers cross-fertilization and scientific hybridization have been able to

produce. Yuccas and palms from the tropics hobnob with ivy from the cold

regions of the north of England, and Japanese flowers *tele-a-tete* with those from

Norway and France. Contrast! It is everywhere, but in striking harmonious-

ness. Around the hotel you are in a flower garden, perfect and complete; five

minutes' walk and you are on the wild, sandy hills that line the seashore, and

where native verdure is almost unknown. In and near the grounds you can

walk and drive for miles on level roads where dust is unknown; around about

are soaring mountain heights where eagles nest and wild goats heedlessly clamber.

Not far from the hotel is an exquisite and alluring sheet of water, tree-encircled and placid-faced. This lake—Laguna del Rey—has an older and, to my



mind, far better name, which Mr. Lee has spelled out in flowers on the brink. It was given to it many years ago by the old poetic and romantic Spaniards, and to them was always "Lagunita de los Suenos,"—the little lake that dreams. Look

at its unruffled face—sound asleep with the sympathetic weeping willows bowed over it, sheltering

it from the winds that sometimes blow, mothering it in its repose. But, even as you look, without apparent cause, quiet ripples disturb its face, and make smiles as the face of a loved one smiles at us sometimes in sleep. No wonder the imaginative south people, transplanted here, said the little lake dreamed. And now its beautiful surroundings give it subjects for dreams—weeping willows, waving pampas plumes, avenues of elms and ash, with scores of shrubs, plants, and trees of delicate gracefulness reflect their beauties on its face and make mirrored loveliness entrancing to behold.

Do you wonder that among such scenes as these our Eastern guests were delighted, entranced, unable to express their unalloyed pleasure in words? And that I delight to dwell in attempt at description? And to see is to feel and enjoy!

In my feeling and enjoyment of the outside delights I had nearly forgotten to mention the gay and festive scene in the ballroom. A most enjoyable time the dancers had, and the best commendation I can give to the rare and

never-surpassed decorations is that they were a faithful attempt to bring indoors some of the witchery of the garden scenes without.

On Sunday many so arranged as to enjoy services in either the church on the grounds or at the Mission San Carlos. Mr. F. S. Douty, the secretary and treasurer of the Pacific Improvement Company, owners of Del Monte, was on hand to receive the guests, and aided by Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., and Mr. H. R. Judah, representing the Southern Pacific Railroad, did everything that possibly could have been done to minister to the highest enjoyment of the guests.



The Club House
—Hotel del Monte



The Club House
—Hotel del Monte



HOTEL DEL MONTE
Monterey - Cal.



Mr. Arnold, the manager, was indefatigable in his efforts, and the Hotel Men, who could appreciate the magnitude of his labors, bestowed many and warm compliments upon him. With quiet demeanor he effectively directed every department, and, with the smoothness of perfect machinery, all passed off well.

At the bath house the appointments are perfect. There are four tanks, each 40x60 feet in size, and with water ranging from cold to 85° Fahr. Mr. Henry Bach, an employee who has been in the company's service many years, is manager, and with cordial attention he saw to the wants of the guests. Palms, potted plants, and trailing vines give a delicate beauty to the interior of the bath house, and when a gay throng such as the H. M. M. B. A., or the regular guests of the hotel, take full possession of the tanks, some swimming, some diving, some slipping down the slide and splashing heels overhead in the water, while others promenade or sit, watching, chatting, laughing, the scene is one of bright ness, interest and



charm.

did the

stay and

The Club

one would expect

Long

visitors

enjoy it.

House is as

for such an hotel.

In charge of experienced men, it is conducted on a high plane, and everything the taste of man requires is here provided for. Exteriorly the building is made as charming as shrubs and flowers tastily arranged could accomplish. Two golden yews stand at the entrance, offsets to the perfect green of the lawn.

The races at Del Monte are a notable event to the society people of San Francisco and all the cities of this portion of the State. A fine track has been made, with all the necessary accompaniments in the way of stables, grand-stand, etc., and many important events have transpired here.

In general location the site of Hotel del Monte was well chosen. Near enough to the sea to receive all its healthful properties, yet far enough away to temper the chilliness that is often felt when directly on the shore, its guests, to whom the noise of the breakers and surf would be discomforting, are freed from their constant and never-ceasing roar. It is near enough to Monterey to permit of ready and easy visiting, shopping and inspection of the old and historic build-

ings, and yet far enough away to secure freedom from the annoyances and disadvantages that too often inure to old towns. With the ocean near by, the forests, mountains, and canyons easy of access, and all these together combining to form a setting for Hotel del Monte, what wonder is it that traveled critics declare its site to be singularly well chosen and well-nigh incomparable.

THE EIGHTEEN-MILE DRIVE.

It was a great surprise to the H. M. M. B. A. to find that the owners of Del Monte were able *from their own stables* to send out horses and carriages enough for half the company to enjoy this wonderful drive in the morning, and the other half in the afternoon.

For that is
hundred
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and

what was done! Over two persons accommodated horses and carriages at time from one stable, not a horse, not a "rig" that the most fastidious could find fault with. The horses were well bred, well

fed,
well har-
nessed, and
well groomed,
and went as if they
enjoyed the exhilaration
direction of Mr. C. G.

of it. The stable is under the White, an accomplished horseman, whose care and ability are demonstrated in the teams he turns out. It took a little time to get the company off on that beautiful Sunday morning, April 26, 1896, in order that they might see "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," God's majesty in the sea, and "good in everything," but in the main it was accomplished satisfactorily to all concerned. As the teams drove through Monterey, the drivers expatiated on the romantic history of the town and pointed out all the historic buildings and sites. The name was given to the place in 1602 by Don Sebastian Vizcaino, the early Spanish explorer, in honor of Gaspar de Luniga, Conde de Monte Rey, at that time the Viceroy of Mexico for the Spanish King, Philip III. It signifies the King of the Mountain. It seems strangely incongruous that at the very moment Shakespeare was a living,



sentient being, writing his plays, directing them on the London stage, perhaps, the history of Monterey was being written and played upon the Pacific shore, at a point where the bay makes a sharp bend, and the long sandy beach from the north ends in the beginning of a wild rocky beach that continues for many miles down shore. And the old history-makers have left many signs of their presence. Old tumble-down adobes, tile-covered and mossy, line streets and avenues curved and straight, crooked and narrow, with one wide, straight, main thoroughfare. Mixed in with the modern buildings, the somber dullness of the adobe contrasts markedly with the white and other paints of the later structures.



San Carlos Mission in the Carmel Valley.

Sleepy, dreamy, old-fashioned, and strange is one of its aspects, and the other is wide-awake, American, and progressive. Yonder church, with its Moorish-Spanish architecture, is a voice of the past, and, to listening ears, it tells the wonderful story of Serra's triumphant conversion of the thousands of wild heathen, who owned the land, to Christianity, and their rapid change from barbarians to skilful workers in four score or more useful fields of labor. The year 1770 saw this structure erected by Serra on the third day of June, "the holy day of Pentecost," and near by was the presidio, or military settlement, where the Governor of the new territory of Alta California resided. On the hill overlooking the town, not far from the cross and monument Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, widow of the War Governor of California, recently erected to the memory of Padre Serra, was established a small fort, which, when Commodore Sloat took possession on the seventh of July, 1846, came into the possession of the United States and is now generally known as Fremont's Fort.

The old church is the original Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, but Padre Serra's keen observation soon pointed out the unwisdom of educating Indian maidens close to a military barracks, so, under the direction of the Marquis de Croix, a new building was erected in 1771, in the valley of the Carmel River. This was of wood—cypress and pine, with a roof of earth, not the present stone structure, the date of the erection of which is unknown. In the old building Serra continued his work,



Fremont's Fort, and Monterey.

in the house near by, he planned for the welfare of his beloved Indians, and in the old wooden church he was buried close to his beloved friend and co-laborer, Crespi. Yet there is no question but that the stone church was put up on the same site as the older building, for, when in 1882, Father Casanova, the priest of Monterey, sought for the grave of Serra and located it, the assembled people from San Francisco and elsewhere were convinced that this could be no other than Serra's grave. Near by also were found the graves and remains of Fathers Crespi, Lopez, and Lasuen.



This explains, then, the two mission buildings at Monterey and in the Carmel Valley. Both are dedicated to San Carlos Borromeo, but for the purposes of distinction one is known as San Carlos of Monterey, and the other San Carlos del Carmelo, or El Carmelo. The Monterey church, as well as that in the Carmel Valley, was restored by Father Casanova. The present pastor is the Rev. R. M. Mestres, who was appointed in the early part of 1893. In the church library are the records in the handwritings of Serra, Crespi, Palou, Lasuen, and others, but they are seldom shown on account of the astonishing vandalism of two ladies(?) who cut therefrom two entries in Serra's handwriting when the kind pastor's back was turned. Such impudent thieves should be locked up and whipped.

In the old town are pointed out the Mexican jail, the house occupied by Consul T. O. Larkin at the time of the Sloat and Fremont incidents—incidents

which gained California and her gold and untold wealth of other resources for the Union—the old Mexican custom house, the office of the Monterey whaling station, the first



CYPRESS POINT

MONTE DEL MONTE

American theater in California, kept by Jack Swan, and other interesting buildings. A couple of miles' drive, with a wide outlook over the bay, and Pacific Grove is reached. This has grown in ten years from a place for camp-meeting, Chautauqua assembly, and other religious and reform work meetings to a town of

beautiful homes, with churches, schools, and permanent buildings for the different organizations which first attracted the public hither. A large hotel, El Carmelo, well-built and well-conducted, affords the transient visitor good accommodation. During the summer months eloquence, rhetoric, and learning mingle with the roar of the breakers, the gentle sighing of the winds through the trees and the fragrant essences from ocean and flowers. A small beach affords sea-bathing for the hardy, and Moss Beach, a mile or so away, gives to the lover of algæ a rich treasure store of infinite variety and exquisite beauty.

At the point of the peninsula, which forms the southern arm of the Bay of Monterey, and named Point Pinos, is an old granite lighthouse, built in the early days of American occupancy, and where still, each night, the warning light flashes its beacon over the waves and rock-bound shore.

Now, turning from Pacific Grove to the right, the forest of pines, found nowhere but here, is entered. The trees—*Pinus insignis*—are scarcely known anywhere else but in this locality, and are tall and upright, bearing cones directly on the trunk. We are now in the seven-thousand-acre park of the Pacific Improvement Company, which is daily patrolled to prevent forest fires, and where a small army of men is at work keeping the roads in good order and cutting wood for Hotel del Monte. Now all the witchery of a New England wood scene in summer is enjoyed. Live oaks, sycamores, and other trees are mingled with the pines, but there is little of that wild abandonment of form and irregularity we see later on in the cypresses. Birds flit to and fro, and some sing sweet songs. Here and there one obtains glimpses of gnarled live oaks, moss-covered and striking in the sunlight, making such pictures as artists rave over. Then out sweeps the road upon the ocean, and granite rocks, stretches of sand, and wildly dashing breakers and rolling surf, with the boundless expanse of waters beyond, occupy all the attention. Watch the mighty battles of the cross-rolling waves. The shore contours are in certain when the coming, of waves, moving angles, in a con-awes and spires one. gigantic they come. The shock that you feel it as



The H. M. M. B. A. "Six-in-Hand" Party at Pebble Beach.

quake; the mighty bulk of water is shattered into white spray and tossed a hundred feet in the air with a wide sweep in falling. It is near here that the steamer *St. Paul* of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company went ashore, head on, and, at the time I now write, still remains, waiting for the waves to break her to pieces. As you drive along you see the debris cast up, even to the forest line, and wonder when the stormy time was that could throw such large trees and massive trunks so far beyond the ocean's ordinary limit. It was in 1854 that a dreadful tidal wave was experienced all down the Pacific Coast, the like of which has never been seen since. Looking back, the lighthouse on Point Pinos may be seen, as well as the granite point, just passed, known familiarly as Point Joe. And now the cypresses we have heard so much of, and even dreamed about, are in sight. The first striking form is an ostrich, with neck and legs outstretched, as if running, formed by two of these monarchs of the Monterey shore. To be found here only, they invest this eighteen-mile drive with an interest and fascination outside the exquisite beauty and infinite variety of scenery it presents. And,

and cur- such that places, tide is in- vast lines and break- ing at right will meet flict that yet in- See the waves as together! is so great expect to an earth-

recalling what I have written of the Del Monte trees, one feels a powerful fascination in their almost human personality.

On this wild shore, with numerous indentations, promontories, coves, and wave-dashed rocks, between Cypress Point and Pebble Beach, these cypresses stand. Low, spreading, sprawling, with umbrella-like foliage crowns, white-trunked, and moss-covered, they are the most striking object the world of arboreal forms presents. Imagine Dante's idea correct, and that this is the second round of the Inferno, and that these are the tree-clad forms of suicides who have died every possible kind of death, but all violent and all productive of the wildest contortions, and you have a reasonable conception of the wild, uncanny, weird effect they produce. And when the storms blow—as they sometimes do—and the fierce waves would swallow up the land they seem to hate, dashing themselves in such frantic fury upon the rocks, the accompaniment of fearful sounds

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and enjoy the fan
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for the convulsive
aged trees? *Quien*

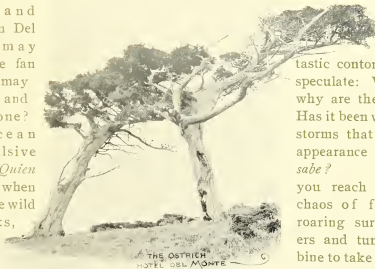
But it is when
Point, where the wild
titanic rocks,
ing break
ocean com
and com
one, and com

hearing and sight to dominate and overpower all else. Imagine you see the MacMonnies fountain, which was the pride of the World's Fair, but a thousand-fold in size, and in the wild ruggedness of nature's sternest granite settings, instead of the puny cement bowls of man. All around, instead of sham walls with frippery domes, are mural faces of solid granite, overtopped by the heaven-aspiring pine and the gnarled cypress, monarchs that have proudly gazed over this same scene for hundreds of years. There is antiquity for you here! The waves are composed of the same elements that dashed upon the shores of the primeval ocean, the granite is of the very foundations of the earth, and the cypresses and pines are hoary with age and the storms of unknown centuries. Beyond—forming the other arm of Carmelo Bay—Point Lobos shoots out its jagged sentinels and outposts into the far-away sea, and overtopping it, and consciously dominating the land portion of the scape, is the Santa Lucia Range. Roar unceasing fills the ear, purest ozone and bromine regale the senses, clearest sky overarches all, and

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Monte
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tastic contortions to
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Has it been wild con-
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you reach Cypress
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ers and tumultuous
bine to take absolute
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pel the senses of



one sits and enjoys, and dreams and awakens, in a constant round of sensations, all of which are agreeable and pleasant, and none of which can he afford to lose. This is one of the most popular places for lunches on the whole eighteen-mile drive.

As you drive along getting exquisite glimpses of the ocean through sun-lit pines and cypresses, an occasional vessel can be seen, and, on the H. M. M. B. A. visit a school of whales was observed, playing and spouting in the bay, moving lazily to the south. On the right hand is the dense forest, and here and there it is so black and dark and forbidding as to suggest it as the lurking place of wolves, bears, and all kinds of wild and ferocious animals.

On we drive, past Carmelo Bay, where the dashing waves have done fantastic carving and sculpturing upon the rocks,



CYPRESSES ON THE EIGHTEEN-MILE DRIVE

and where a gentle beach lures one to enjoy the sand and the surf; past the Chinese fishing camp, where all kinds of shells may be purchased, until, with a gentle sweep, the road enters a fern-clad canyon, whose slopes are covered with vines, creepers, shrubs, and trees, odorous and sweet, and all alive with the gentle swaying of the boughs, and the flitting to and fro of the birds. Up and up this road climbs, giving us vistas of the ocean behind, now and again, when, suddenly, on reaching the summit, a view of exquisite beauty and grandeur is outspread before us.

Every side my glance was bent
O'er the grandeur and beauty lavished
through the whole ascent.
Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels, now
minute and now immense,
Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's
own God in evidence!

Monterey, Del Monte, the Bay, the long sweep of sandy beach, on which roll after roll of surf dashed and receded, and, sweeping from the ocean line until lost in the hill on which we stood, a majestic chain of mountains, with towering peaks, were in view.



SEA SPRAY FROM STONE BLISS, MONTEREY

In fifteen minutes we were again in the hotel, but the ineffable charm of the drive remains, and ever will remain, so long as life lasts and memory holds sway.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FINE STOCK RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.

BEFORE going to Santa Cruz I wish to take my readers with me to a point below Monterey, and there give them the pleasure of seeing some of California's most delightful pastoral scenery, and at the same time gather a few facts in regard to the wonderful adaptability of the State to the breeding and development of the most superior horses, cattle and hogs. Had the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. been made one or two years hence, they would have come up through Santa Barbara, along the ocean shore, and over the Mountains by way of the "Coast Line," which is now in the process of construction and rapidly nearing completion.

One of the stations on this route, two hundred and sixteen miles from San Francisco, is Paso Robles, and two miles from there, fronting on and following the eastern bank of the Salinas River, as the railroad does the western, lies the famous Santa Ysabel Ranch, owned by the Santa Ysabel Hot Springs

Land and Water Company, of which D. W. Horsburgh is the president and James Horsburgh, Jr., so well known to H. M. M. B. A. members, is secretary and treasurer. From the accompanying engravings it will be seen that the country is naturally wooded with fine live-oaks, cottonwoods, sycamores and California laurel. The native grasses

here are abundant, and being exceedingly succulent and rich in muscle, bone and fat forming properties, stock of every kind thrives abundantly. In the view of the Santa Ysabel Ranch a rich field of alfalfa is darkly shown to the left. The



Grazing near the Old Town on the Santa Ysabel Ranch.



The Santa Ysabel Ranch.

barns, forcing houses, dairy, and vegetable and berry gardens are clearly seen; the line of trees just beyond the cultivated ground denotes the presence of the Salinas River, while in the distance, twenty miles and more away, are the Santa Lucia Mountains, the sternest granite barrier the railroad builders of California have yet had to encounter.

Mr. William Niles, one of the best known and successful pure blooded stock breeders of California, has kindly written the following for these pages on this subject:

California is especially adapted to the breeding and raising of all kinds of live stock, especially the best thoroughbreds. By reason of her fine climate and dry, clear atmosphere, she is able at less cost to produce the best of the various breeds of improved stock, bringing out to the greatest advantage the good and most desirable qualities. These natural and climatic advantages tend to the early development and rapid growth of young stock, which are thus enabled to grow the year round, as they are not subject to the harsh, cold winters, where the food materials taken for the winter months are needed to maintain animal heat during cold weather. Nor is it necessary to stable stock here as it is in the East. In some sections of California the temperature sometimes runs high, but it is attended by a dry atmosphere which lessens the effect of the heat upon animals, and where they can run in large pastures, as at Santa Ysabel, there is always an abundance of shade to be found under the native trees.

The climate of California is also most favorable to the growth and production of that useful and succulent forage plant, alfalfa, which is the Spanish name for Lucerne (*medicago sativa*). Either green or cured for hay, the nutritive qualities of alfalfa are surpassed by few other plants, red clover not exceeding it in protein or muscle-forming elements. Animals of all kinds relish, and in many instances actually become quite fat upon, the dry hay alone. A cow kept upon it demonstrates its value for milk-making, both in quantity and quality of product. The natural grasses are also succulent and of various varieties, and exceedingly nutritious.

California stockraisers and dairymen are awakening to appreciate the importance of, and advantage to be derived from, the use of a thoroughbred male upon stock of mixed blood. There is a mysterious influence under such breeding, which the ablest scientists have scarcely attempted to explain, that shows itself in increased size, greater vigor, larger power to throw off disease, and better feeding and milking qualities. No better method of economy can be adopted than to increase the producing capacity and quality of the product of a herd than by the introduction of new blood by purchase and use of thoroughbred bulls of the proper dairy breeds—selection of breed to be governed by class of stock one has and what qualities are most profitable to introduce, considering location and the supply and demand. It is gratifying to know that by means of the more general dissemination of knowledge of the true prin-



Wooling the Coy Baby Burro.



Lake Tahoe, Bodmer Point

ciples of breeding, and the better understanding of the laws which govern the transmission of hereditary qualities from parent to offspring, the breeders in California are settling down to the true principles of breeding. They are learning the value of a good pedigree. We must weed out the unprofitable cow and breed up the dairy stock until it becomes practically a machine for the profitable transformation of the farm products into most nutritious food products, milk, butter, and cheese—universal articles of commerce—making in this way the dairy industry of California, now second only to that of wheat, the most important and profitable.

In horse-breeding, California has held nearly all of the colt-trotting records of the world for years. For instance, Adbell, as a yearling, made a record of 2:23. Arion, as a two-year-old, made a record of 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$. Directum has a four-year-old record, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. Prominent Eastern horsemen are turning their atten-



Lord Robles, Santa Ysabel Ranch.

tion to California as the place to produce and develop their most valued animals. It must also be apparent to the observant mind that cattle brought from other sections of the country develop and come to a profitable maturity much sooner than in regions where the stock has to contend with the rigors of a severe winter.

Something like \$1,500,000 is annually paid for hog products brought to this State. With everything so favorable this should be reversed, and large quantities should be exported from California. As an instance of early maturity, offspring from a thoroughbred boar on a common sow has been known to dress, under six months of age, 200 lbs.

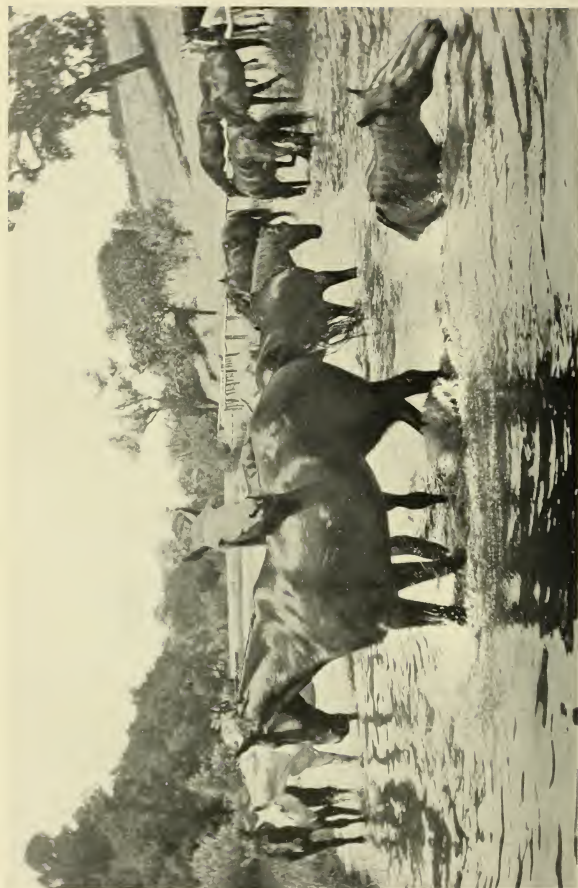
Poultry-raising in a country like California, so well adapted for it climatically, is destined to become a most important and profitable industry. Given the right consideration, no farming industry with the same amount of capital would yield better returns than the investment in the raising of poultry and eggs for the market. There is always a demand for good poultry and fresh eggs at higher prices than these commodities bring in any other country.

As an illustration of the truth of Mr. Niles's theories, based upon years of practical experience, Lord Robles, a noble specimen of thoroughbred Holstein, which was bred by him in Los Angeles, and is four years old, out of less than fifty births has produced this season forty heifers. The equable climate of Santa Ysabel, the freedom from winter rigors, combined



Prince of Santa Ysabel, Santa Ysabel Ranch.

with abundance of nutritious food, give to both male and female stock the necessary power and vigor to bring forth the best possible offspring, and the researches of the latest scientists have almost conclusively demonstrated that



A Raid on Lake Ysabel.

abundant feeding of the proper quality of food is the determining factor in the breeding of female stock.

The wonderful success that has attended the breeding at the Palo Alto Stock Farm, and the excellence of Baldwin's stock, bred at Santa Anita, are further evidences of the value of the California climate and vegetable foods in stock raising of a high character.

Very fine horses and cattle are now being raised at Santa Ysabel. The artist has successfully portrayed the herd of cattle, just as the sun was about to set, grazing on the hillside on the way out to the pasture.

In the "Raid on Lake Ysabel," a clever snap-shot made by Mr. William McMurray, Mr. Horsburgh's chief clerk, with a small kodak, and equally cleverly enlarged and engraved by Mr. Howard C. Tibbitts of the Sunset Photo Engraving Co., shows a natural piece of horse enjoyment. To quote from *The Traveler*:

It was about noontime, on one of July's hottest days, when the leader, unable to resist the temptation of enjoying a cooler in the lake, with true animal instinct, placed his head under the stout fence and forced an entrance to the water. Well might the question be asked: What artist in painting horselife would ever dream of choosing such a setting?—and yet how perfectly natural. We almost envy them the perfect enjoyment of their stolen sweets.

In all the engravings will be noticed the abundance of native trees—trees that were growing when the American first took possession of California. This fact demonstrates in itself the extreme fertility of the soil, and gives a charm to the landscape that few people imagine California scenery possesses. From San Luis Obispo north it is one constant panorama, in which these trees form a prominent and fascinating feature, for of all native trees, few equal in attractiveness the California live-oak. Another surprise to many is the fact that dotted all over California landscapes are small lakes such as the one pictured on page 308. These refreshing adjuncts to the scenery are far more common than the generality of travelers are aware.

California wheat is well known the world over, and it is raised without irrigation. The finest flour in the State is produced from wheat grown in the lower end of the Salinas Valley.

A vast amount of preliminary work has been done on the Santa Ysabel Ranch, which comprises some fourteen hundred acres, with a view to the establishment of a great sanitarium.

Over 600,000 gallons per day flow from the hot springs, exceeding the flow of the Arkansas hot springs—the most widely known and largely patronized in the United States. The similarity of the waters has been noted and dwelt upon by chemists who have carefully analyzed both. Dr. Winslow Anderson, Professor Medical College of the University of California, speaks of the Santa Ysabel Springs as follows:

From the mineral ingredients which these hot and cold sulphurous waters exhibit on analysis, we pronounce them of great therapeutic value and second to none in the State, especially in chronic rheumatism, chronic anthritis, scrofula and glandular enlargements, as well as chronic skin diseases. For torpidity of the liver and bowels, dyspepsia and catarrhal affections of the kidneys and bladder, experience teaches us that this class of mineral water promises much relief, and assists materially in promoting permanent cures. Persons worn out by mental strain (overworked brains and underworked bodies), suffering with headaches, indi-



At Sundown. Returning to Pasture on the Santa Ysabel Ranch.

gestion, constipation, catarrhal affections, etc., may confidently expect to do well and become cured in a climate so mild and exhilarating, and by the use of the sulphurous stream—mud and water.

There is a singular toning up of the system and freedom from exhaustion after bathing in these waters, while a sense of relaxation, and, at the same time, absence of weariness is experienced.

Bottled at the springs, it is excellent as a medicinal water. Bottled after exposure, when the sulphuretted hydrogen has escaped, it makes a palatable and healthful still water for drinking and table purposes. When slightly charged it is a table water preferred by many to Apollinaris.

Believing this to be an ideal place for a sanitarium, it is planned to build an hotel on an incomparable site, overlooking the lake and opposite the densely



In the Propo Wheat Field on the Santa Ysabel Ranch.

wooded hillside. This will be constructed in the old California style of architecture, with corridors of ample width extending around three sides, the ground floor being devoted to offices, assembly and dining-rooms. Cottages of unique design will be scattered throughout the grounds for the accommodation of the greater number of guests.

The property has been developed with this idea in view; the garden will supply vegetables and berries; the orchard, fruits of all varieties; the chicken-yard, eggs and poultry; the dairy, milk, cream and butter. Water-power is at hand to operate an electric plant for light and heat, and the springs afford water for hot baths. There is also the lake for bathing, boating, and fishing.

Many miles of roads have been built through and about the place, affording delightful drives. The Park drive, as it zig-zags up the hillside, gives magnificent views of valley, hill, and mountain for thirty miles around. On every side are majestic oaks, madronas, manzanitas, sycamores, alders and maples. It is built on a railroad grade, so that teams can trot from the foot of the hill to the top.

The climatic conditions are unsurpassed. The elevation is about a thousand feet, and the springs being situated about twenty miles from the sea, a bracing and invigorating air is ensured. The whole atmosphere of the place is promotive of hopefulness, cheerfulness, and enjoyment.

Everything is favorable to the establishment of a great sanitarium—one of



Ferns in a California Canyon.

the most unique, helpful, successful and high-class on the continent. Drives and walks in every direction; hills to climb, with summits from which to view the beautiful landscape o'er; canyons with tree-clad sides; grasses man-high; wild-flowers of hue indescribable and name innumerable, following each other in rapid succession; great oaks shading the valleys and crowning the hilltops—all these and more but await the erection, on the commanding site selected, of a structure in harmony with them to comfortably and hospitably entertain the good people who will eagerly seek the rest and health and peace which are there vouchsafed.

Legend and romance have woven many strange stories about these famous springs, but fact and truth have yet more wondrous tales to tell of Santa Ysabel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SANTA CRUZ AND THE BIG TREES.

GLORIOUS, indeed, had everything been at Hotel del Monte, and glorious was Monday morning, April 27, 1896, when the H. M. M. B. A. special received its passengers for Santa Cruz. No one wanted to leave Hotel del Monte. The crowd lingered and loitered, dawdled and waited to see each other dawdle and wait, until the imperative whistle of the impatient engine bade them "All aboard!" The ride to Santa Cruz of an hour and a half was spent in discanting on the delights

they had left behind, so it was a hard crowd to please that greeted the citizens of Santa Cruz when the train pulled up at that famous seaside resort. But they measured up to their responsibilities in fine style. Mr. John R. Chace, proprietor of the Sea Beach Hotel, and one of the committee of arrangements for the entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A. of the California Hotel Association, had worked arduously and with enthusiasm, the local press had helped matters along, and the result was carriages were ready to take all who wished for a drive along the

shore and out to the San Lorenzo Winery. Nearly every member of the party went. Doctor Clarke, many years a resident of Chicago, and long surgeon for the Eastern Illinois



John R. Chace, proprietor Sea Beach Hotel and Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz, was most active in forwarding the entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A. He is one of California's well-known hotel men, always active in furthering the interests of the fraternity. As a fisherman he is one of the best on the Coast, and his invitation to President Cleveland to come to Santa Cruz and enjoy the best fishing in the world gave him a national reputation. His successes in the hotel business demonstrate that he is as good a hotel man as he is fisherman.



Natural bridge, Santa Cruz.

road, is mayor of Santa Cruz, and with his crack trotter led the drive. Several enthusiastic bicyclists, on "Sterling" wheels, followed, acting as *aides de camp*, to give information to the visitors as they passed along.

For two or three miles the ride was on the bluff overlooking the Bay of

Monterey. Here the great battles of the cross-rollers were witnessed, as at Monterey, and the wonderful carving of the rocks by the waves excited expressions of wonder and curiosity. Great archways, complete bridges, towers and pinnacles, and a variety of fantastic and curious forms were seen. But more attractive to the sportsmen were the fine salmon caught by some of the party. Mr. W. J. Akers went out and caught one weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty pounds, and Mine Host Chace just "hooked them out by the dozen."

Mayo went out and "caught a crab," and several caught their breath as they laughed at him. Tom Henry and Georgie Morse, however, caught on to the proposition to drive around by the Ben Lomond Winery, and the party followed. Every kind of wine made was on tap and all looked and many tasted. The proprietors were kind, courteous, and hospitable, and made all feel as welcome as the flowers in May. Then the return drive to the Sea Beach Hotel was made where Mr. Chace had prepared a most elaborate lunch, with his compliments to the H. M. M. B. A. And how they all enjoyed it! It was their last feast in California—so they thought—and they laughed and joked and sang and made speeches. The Honorable Mr. Jeter, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, the Mayor of Santa Cruz, Mr. Chace, and others were called upon and responded in suitable terms, bidding the visitors a hearty welcome, and Messrs. Lynch and Yard responded for the H. M. M. B. A.



Chace and his Fish Story.



SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ.

On returning from the Winery three of us had an exciting adventure which might have terminated in such a manner as forever to have forbidden me from writing this veracious narrative. We came to a hill, and either the horse got scared and galloped away, or the brake didn't hold, or *something*, and, before we could realize that anything was the matter, we were fairly flying down the hill, and our Jehu frantically calling out to people who were driving in the opposite

direction: "Get out of the way." Fortunately for us, and, possibly, for themselves, they did, and our exciting ride speedily ended when we reached the level road.

Santa Cruz is the chosen watering-place of the greater part of Central California. During the summer season the two lines of railroad are kept busy con-



Fun in the Surf, Santa Cruz.

veying passengers from the heated interior to the cool beaches. Then the population of the city increases from its 7,000 to 25,000 and 30,000, and everything is bustle and activity. It is situated on the San Lorenzo River and on the northernmost arm of the Bay of Monterey.

Santa Cruz is a historic place, for here, as in so many other places visited by the H. M. M. B. A., the Franciscan Fathers founded a Mission. On the 25th of September, 1791, Alferez Sal and Corporal Peralta conducted the ceremonies, the Mission was established, and the work of Christianizing the Indians begun. On the 10th of May, 1794, the building was dedicated, and in 1856 it tottered and fell, never to be restored. A great deal of leather is made in Santa Cruz, and it also ships large quantities of lumber, apples, and wine.

The Sea Beach Hotel and the Pacific Ocean House are both owned by Mr. J. R. Chace, but the former is merely a summer house. It, however, does a very large and profitable business during the season, and Mr. Chace's other hotel keeps him busy all the year, as it is the leading hotel of the city.

Each year Santa Cruz has a Venetian Carnival which attracts many thousands of visitors from the cities and country for many miles around. Each day, during the carnival, aquatic sports of every kind are indulged in, and thousands of people may be seen swimming and enjoying bathing in the surf. Vessels of every description covered with flags, streamers, and bunting, and made as gay as color



At the Venetian Carnival, Santa Cruz.

and skill can devise, float to and fro, and yachts, boats, and launches fairly cover the surface of the water. At night-time when all these gay vessels are brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and fireworks, colored lights and rockets enliven the scene, one can well imagine himself transplanted to the

shores of the Adriatic, witnessing a water carnival of the gay and light-hearted Italians.

But the inexorable necessities of time demanded the return of the party to San Francisco, and cars were taken on a new special on the Narrow Gauge line, the South Pacific Coast Railroad (but owned by the Southern Pacific Company) for the return by way of the Big Trees and through the Santa Cruz Mountains. As soon after lunch as possible the train started, bearing its good-hearted crowd through the picturesque San Lorenzo Canyon, where the Santa Cruz powder mill is established, by rugged slopes, precipitous cliffs, and tree-crested ridges, until the Big Tree Grove, six miles away, was reached.

Here a vast number of the monster *Sequoia Sempervirens* (the California Redwood) stand in conscious majesty, and the track runs through an aisle of these towering spires. When General Fremont was making those astounding marches, which baffled and puzzled poor Castro and others of the Mexican



Gen., Mrs. and Miss Fremont at the Fremont Tree. forces, he stopped in this grove for some time with his hardy and adventurous band, and, many years later, returning to the scene with his accomplished and brilliant wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, and their daughter, he identified the tree under which he slept so securely, and was photographed at its base with Mrs. and Miss Fremont. The tree is now known as Fremont Tree. The largest monarch of the grove is the Giant, three hundred feet high, and with a diameter of twenty-one feet.

Leaving the Big Trees the ride was continued over the most delightfully picturesque mountain scenery in this portion of the State. The rich coloring of the trees, wild flowers, and shrubs, and the perfect blue of the sky, with the profound purple of the far-away mountains so entranced Bret Harte in his San Francisco days that he loved these canyons and ridges and peaks and forests with a passionate devotion, and in his works they are made as classic and immortal as Olympus and Parnassus. Mile after mile of this rich scenery was enjoyed, until the train emerged at the beautiful little town of Los Gatos. At this spot, had it been possible, I should like to have had our visitors take carriages for a six-mile drive into one of the canyons near by, and there see one of the "nooks" that California presents as a health and mountain resort.



The Giant.

Years ago, the wealthy banker, D. O. Mills, in company with the capitalist, Alviza Hayward, visited some noted springs here, which the Indians had always held in great reverence as possessed of wonderful healing virtue. Subsequent analysis has shown that the water is almost identical with that of the world-renowned mineral springs of Ems in Germany, which Owen Meredith im-

mortalized in his "Lucile." Flowing out of the mountain side, where glorious live-oaks, sycamores, madronas, and towering redwoods hover over the bubbling and sparkling water, it is enough to make one feel healthy merely to see it as it flows, pure and crystal, into the pool beneath. But when scientific investigation and analysis demonstrate, and experience confirms, its marvelous power to drive out many and diverse diseases from the human frame, one is compelled to admire the Almighty power of the Great Chemist and Physician who thus prepares the best of medicine in His own laboratory for His diseased and world-weary sons and daughters. The water is exceedingly palatable and agreeable. Charged with its own gas, it is a delicious table water, and I am now using it largely on my own table. Recently the place has come under new management and over twenty-



Pacific Congress Springs Hotel.

five thousand dollars have been spent upon improvements, which have rendered it the most comfortable and desirable resort of its kind with which I am familiar. Being easily reached by road from San Jose, as well as San Francisco, Oakland, and the neighboring cities, it is a favorite resort for driving, riding, and cycling parties. On a "Sterling" wheel it is a very delightful place to visit, for the roads are as smooth, level, and free from dust as the boulevards of a well-cared-for city. In order to increase the comfort and enjoyment of this large class of patrons the owners are now putting in a swimming pool, 60x100 feet, with adequate and complete dressing-rooms. Here in the searching California sunlight, with weeping willows, sycamores, madronas, live-oaks, and pines making delightful

reflections upon the placid face of this large pool, whose waters are the pure, limpid stream of a mountain brook, collected near its source, the jolly bicyclists will be able to dive and plunge and swim to their hearts' content, and thus receive additional physical invigoration and delight from their chosen amusement.

To roam around the hills of the Pacific Congress Springs is to feast upon the picturesque conceptions of the Almighty. To make these incomparable delights accessible, over forty miles of fine, broad, bridle roads of easy grade have been constructed at immense expense. Into the heart of the canyons, up and over the slopes and benches and waves, they wind and twist and twine, taking one higher and higher, until on reaching the topmost crest of the range a panorama of perfect and extensive character is laid at your feet. Surrounded by an

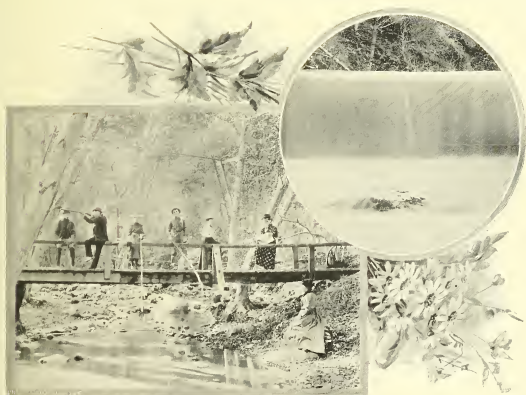


Fishing near Pacific Congress Springs.

immediate foreground of mountain slopes, covered with a dense growth of madrona, spruce, alder, sycamore, live-oak, pine, and redwood, with, here and there, a thousand rare and delicate wild flowers showing their dainty faces, the whole bathed in the living sunlight poured in reckless prodigality upon them, and revealing shades and tints, chromatic and chiaroscuro effects Rembrandt himself never saw or dreamed of, the eye is led out and beyond to charm after charm whichever way it turns. In one direction is the fertile Santa Clara Valley, an Italian landscape in a California setting; for, on the opposite side of the valley, is the stern western slope of the Coast Range, sending its proud crests over four thousand feet into the cobalt sky. Upon Mount Hamilton, its highest peak, are clearly to be seen the domes of the Lick Observatory, where the great eyes of

science pierce the unknown and bring down the hidden secrets of God for man to ponder over, guess at, and resolve.

In the other direction is the less cultivated but no less entrancing landscape, leading down to the Pacific shore, where the indentations of bays and coves, with



On the Rustic Bridge, Pacific Congress Springs.

promontories and points and sandy beaches, upon which dance and dash the resistless ocean waves, are clearly to be seen. To the north Mount Tamalpais, Mount Diablo, and San Francisco Bay are distinctly discerned, while to the south the mountain ranges curve and rise, around and above valleys rich and smiling.

To stop at a delightful hotel, with such surroundings as this, drinking health-giving mineral water, fresh each moment from Nature's own laboratory, bathing in water from a pure mountain stream, fishing for speckled trout, and climbing the heights for scenic outlooks, is to renew one's youth, and realize in vividest and most entrancing manner the joys and pleasures life is capable of giving.

Pacific Congress Springs Hotel is easily reached, being but two and one-half hours from San Francisco by rail, ten miles from Santa Clara, twelve miles from San Jose, and six miles from Los Gatos.

Leaving Los Gatos, the cars soon whirled the party to San Jose, thence along the shore of the Bay to Oakland, whence the ferry-boats transported them across the Bay to San Francisco, ready the next day to enjoy the final pleasure of the trip—the ride on the Bay of San Francisco.



Crossing the Bay of San Francisco.



The Chicago and New England Delegations at the Knutsford, Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.



WITHOUT doubt it may be said that the harbors of the world will be studied in vain to find the superior of that of San Francisco. With an entrance a mile wide, perfectly land-locked, protected from the winds by mountain ranges in every direction, with deep, flowing water where may float ships of the heaviest tonnage, it answers every requirement of a cosmopolitan harbor. The combined shipping of the world at one time could safely anchor in San Francisco Bay and still leave room for the complicated movements of a naval demonstration.

It was on this expansive bay that the California Hotel Association tendered a ride to the H. M. M. B. A. in one of the fine ferry-boats of the Southern Pacific Railroad, "El Capitan." A fine orchestra was on board, and the eatables and drinkables were set out in abundant and satisfactory style on the main deck, having been provided under the direction of Mr. K. B. Soulé. It was a fainty lunch, delicately served, and tasted deliciously as the boat smoothly glided over the limpid waters.

Leaving the ferry landing at ten o'clock on Tuesday, April, 28, 1896, all were delighted to find smooth water and an exquisite day, with just enough air moving to make things pleasant. Skirting the city docks southward, some idea was gained of the extent of the shipping of San Francisco, until the Union Iron Works was reached. In 1849 a small blacksmith's shop was opened in San Francisco, and in less than fifty years it has grown into one of the great shipbuilding establishments of the world. Mining machinery preceded shipbuilding, but the first ship the original proprietors constructed—the first made on the Pacific Coast—now reposes in the museum of the Society of Pioneers. The chief mental force of the Union Iron Works of to-day is Irving M. Scott, one of the earliest members of the firm, and associated with him are his brother Henry and George W. Prescott. Their establishment has one of the most complete mechanical equipments of the world, including a hydraulic lift dock capable of handling the largest line-of-battle ship afloat. They have built United States' warships "Charleston," "San Francisco," "Monterey," "Olympia," and "Oregon." The latter is a fine vessel, with a displacement of 10,200 tons. Her length on load water line is 348 feet; breadth, 69.3 feet; and mean draught of water, 24 feet.



U. S. Cruiser "Olympia."

A little further south Hunter's Dry Dock was seen, where a large vessel was undergoing repairs. Turning about, "El Capitan" returned and entered the Golden Gate, past Fort Mason and the Presidio to Fort Point, the latter fortress being built on the shore line almost at the entrance to the Gate of Gold.

Near this point an excellent view was obtained of the entrance to the Golden Gate, a name singularly appropriate, for, when standing on the Berkeley hills



U. S. Cruiser "Monterey" "The Emancipator"

and looking through this opening at the setting of the sun, it is made into the most resplendent gateway of gold the eye of man ever gazed upon. It received its name from the Pathfinder Fremont, who, in describing the entrance, said: "Between these points is the strait—about one mile broad in the narrowest part, and five miles long from the sea to the bay. To this gate I gave the name of *Chrysophyle*, or *Golden Gate*, for the same reason that the harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople) was called *Chrysoceras* or *Golden Horn*." The gate and harbor are defended by Fort McDowell to the right on entering, and directly opposite the opening is the fortified Island of Alcatraz, so that foreign foes may expect to receive a warm reception from both should they attempt to invade our shores.

Crossing to the northern side of the Golden Gate the vessel skirted the shore of Marin County, passing Sausalito, Belvidere, and Tiburon, beautiful



The Golden Gate.

From "The Emancipator" at Tiburon.

country towns chiefly inhabited by those whose business is in San Francisco. Ferry-boats plying to and fro with their crowds of passengers were constantly met with, and, now and again, a school of porpoises attracted attention by their peculiar, rolling motion in the water. Well within the Golden Gate is Angel Island, which is fortified on the northwestern extremity, and is the site of the Quarantine Station.

On passing the point upon which the beautiful settlement of Belvidere is built, a number of peculiar vessels were seen floating near the shore. These are "arks," or houses built upon barges, and where people have permanent residence. It was in 1890 that "arking" first came into vogue. Then there were but one or two arks. Now, during the season, this secluded spot in the bay fairly swarms with them. The idea is old enough in England and in the East, and it seems strange that it has been so long reaching the western shores. But it has taken firm "anchorage" and is bound to stay, for it is a very healthful and enjoyable as well as, to most people, exceedingly novel mode of existence.

The narrow portion of the bay between Angel Island and the Marin County shore is called Raccoon Strait, and, as the vessel steamed through it, all could perceive the strength of the outgoing current. The water here is as deep as the current is strong. But current or no current, the party was happy and jolly.



Starting for a Paper Chase from Hotel Rafael.

The steamer faced and overcame the current, and the crowd faced and overcame the delicious lunch, while the band played charming selections to the rhythmic beat of the steamer's paddles.

Passing up the bay, San Quentin, the State penitentiary, was seen, and a little further along the "Two Brothers"—rocky islands which rise from the bay floor and upon one of which a lighthouse has been erected.

On the northern side of the bay many delightful residence towns are to be found, the chief of which is San Rafael. The place chosen by Padre Serra and his able co-workers as the site of the last mission in California was at San Rafael. In 1817 Padre Luis Taboada aided by Padre Fortuni established it, but, after the decree of secularization, the building was deserted and uncared for, and many years ago it entirely disappeared. But the climate and healthful conditions that allured the priests still remain, and these, combined with its near proximity to San Francisco and its great scenic charms, soon attracted a most

desirable and aristocratic population and induced the erection of the Hotel Rafael. The present population of the city is about five thousand. The streets are very wide and of a serpentine grade. There are fifteen miles of macadamized streets and over seven miles of concrete sidewalk. The town is undoubtedly better sewered than any town of its size in the United States, the discharge being in the Bay of San Francisco, three miles away. The water is of the very best, being supplied from Lake Lagunitas, which is situated on the slope of Mount Tamalpais, about seven hundred feet above sea level. Hundreds of springs supply the lake with pure water during the whole of the year. Two lines of railroads connect with San Francisco, giving fifteen round trips a day, and it also has water communication for small craft. The average temperature during the winter months is 64° Fahrenheit, a better record than that of the celebrated resort of

Mentone in Southern France. There is some singular, and, as yet, unaccounted-for condition of climate existent at San Rafael that immediately gives relief to those suffering from asthma, and many people testify that they have been entirely cured of this distressing complaint by prolonged residence there.

To give transient visitors the advantage of these excellent conditions, the Hotel Rafael was erected, and I am safe in stating that, while there are larger res-



Hotel Rafael, San Rafael.

orts, there is not to be found in the whole State a more handsome, comfortable, desirable, well-managed, and well-patronized resort hotel than the Hotel Rafael. A large tennis court, with comfortable grand-stands for witnessing the tournaments that are continually played here, bowling alley, clubhouse, and other first-class adjuncts of such a resort are provided. The grounds are equal in beauty to, and second only in size to, those of the famous Del Monte grounds at Monterey, and abound in lovely walks and drives. Society and fashion make this their chosen resort. One of the commonest of sights in the season is to witness a gay and happy party starting out for a kangaroo or paper chase. The fun of these chases is too well known to need description. In the start, pictured on page

325, the leaders are Miss Eleanor Morrow, daughter of the Hon. W. W. Morrow of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Frank Glass, son of Capt. Glass of the U. S. N., now commanding the United States battleship "Texas."

Under the proprietor of the has added to its best of patrons, pleases them, that selves delight in. tourist in Califor days at this charm

On passing Alameda County land, and Berkeley ing hills which eminence of Mt. University is es spread wherever

Now, circling steamer was head Goat Island was

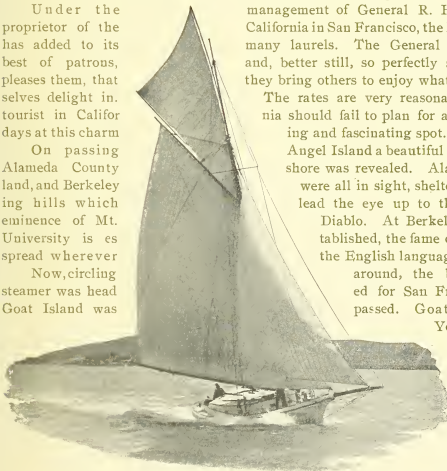
management of General R. H. Warfield, California in San Francisco, the Hotel Rafael many laurels. The General secures the and, better still, so perfectly satisfies and they bring others to enjoy what they them-

The rates are very reasonable, and no nia should fail to plan for at least a few ing and fascinating spot.

Angel Island a beautiful sweep of the shore was revealed. Alameda, Oak- were all in sight, sheltered by slop- lead the eye up to the crowning Diablo. At Berkeley the State tablished, the fame of which has the English language is known.

around, the bow of the ed for San Francisco and passed. Goat Island—or

Yerba Buena, as it properly should be named—is the island that lies to the right of the ferry-boats when cross-



Yachting on San Francisco Bay.

"Tor Frigate," S. F., Cal.

ing from Oakland to San Francisco. It is now used by the United States Govern- ment as a station for lighthouse supplies, and a torpedo station.

During the trip numberless vessels of every kind, size, and nationality were seen, but none attracted so much attention as the United States men-of-war, the stately cruisers, and the sunken monitors. One of the vessels that ply between San Francisco and China was seen proudly steaming out to cross the ocean waves, and thus spoke of the wide reach of the commerce of the City of the Golden Gate.

Yachts now and again crossed our path, and yachtsmen in the Eastern party discussed the fine points of the craft and the suitability of the Bay of San Francisco for their chosen pastime. The trip was a delightful one in every sense, and was a fitting completion to the sixteen days of sight-seeing provided by the two California Associations for our guests.



The Belgic, Bound for the Orient.



MR. JAS. HORSBURGH, JR.,
ASSISTANT GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

From the very inception of the idea until the H. M. M. B. A. specials left the Oakland Mole, no person was more enthusiastic over the visit of the Hotel Men than Mr. Horsburgh. He planned and counseled with the committees of both the California Associations and gave them many valuable suggestions, indeed he worked untiringly to help make the trip the great and pleasing success it was. For over twenty-five years Mr. Horsburgh has been in the service of the Southern Pacific Company, and by sheer hard work, force of character and general and special ability won his way to the responsible position he has so long and so ably filled. The way the H. M. M. B. A. appreciated his many kindnesses was shown in the enthusiasm with which he was "chaired" at the farewell on the Oakland Mole.

CHAPTER XXVI.

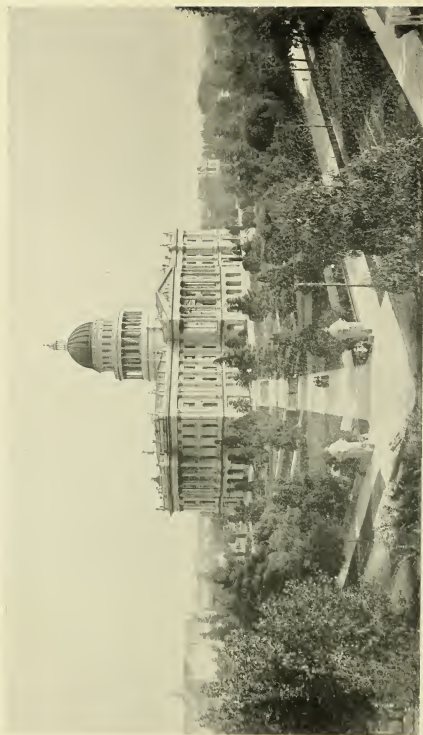
HOMEWARD BOUND!



INGLY fellows! Queenly women! We were sorry to lose you! You won your way into our hearts at first sight, and we learned to admire, respect, and love you. So the parting was painful. And it is always so. "The best of friends must part." The New York delegation was scheduled to leave us on Monday night and despite our earnest solicitations to have them stay over they felt compelled to leave on the appointed time. A few of us, therefore, crossed the Bay to the Oakland Mole, and there said our last fond farewells! The following night, after the Bay ride, the same "sad scene" was enacted as the New England and Chicago trains prepared to leave. The New York farewell was "sad," but "dignified," but New England and Chicago "made a time of it." A large delegation of our California people went over to Oakland to say good-by, and songs were sung, Tom Henry played on his cornet, and the whole force joined in the chorus. Then, as I was walking through the Chicago train, I was "spotted" and a speech called for. I said a few words expressing our delight at having entertained so royal a party, and while speaking noticed a peculiar motioning and signaling round about me. But I was by no means prepared for the hoist I received as I concluded my little talk. A dozen or more stalwart fellows seized me, threw me up on to the shoulders of four of their number, then, led by Tom Henry, the procession marched and sang some jovial air. This fun begun, Lynch,



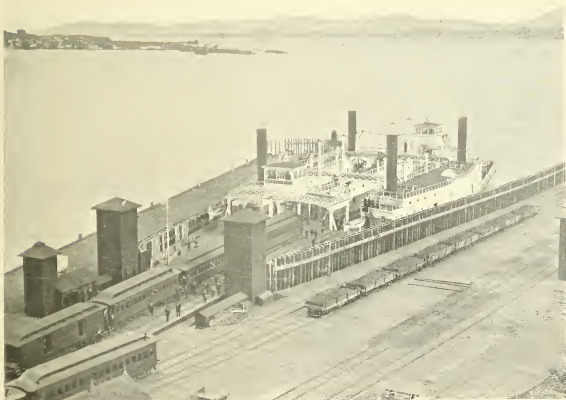
Donner Lake.



The California State Capitol at Sacramento.

Bilicke, Soulé, and Horsburgh were compelled to make speeches, and each in turn was "shouldered." All who had in any way aided to make the visit a success were called upon, and, whether present or not, were heartily cheered. The most prominent name of the absentees was that of Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company. From start to finish Mr. Goodman did all that could be done; indeed, he suggested plans which meant expense and trouble to himself and his Company, in order to give greater pleasure to the party and add to the comforts and enjoyments of the trip. His name was lustily cheered.

The return trip was made on the Ogden route of the Southern Pacific. For thirty-two miles the track skirts the San Francisco Bay until Port Costa is



The largest Ferry-boat in the World, the "Solano," crossing from Port Costa to Benicia.

reached. Here the trains passed on to the largest ferry-boat in the world, the "Solano." With a deck area of an acre, it is capable of transporting a long train of cars across the Carquinez Strait from Port Costa to Benicia. Mare Island, the United States Navy Yard, stands to the west; the City of Benicia occupies the rolling hills to the north; Port Costa and Martinez nestle under the sheltering Contra Costa Hills on the south, while the steamer crosses the current of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, racing, the one from the south, the other from the north, on to the sea. Ninety miles from San Francisco Sacramento was reached, the dome of the State capitol towering above the foliage that makes this a city of trees. Then for a hundred and fifty miles the trains were in "the heart of the Sierras," rising as far as the summit and then descending on the east-



The New York Delegation at the Knutsford, Salt Lake City.

ern slopes until Reno was reached. Just before reaching the summit Cape Horn was passed, a cutting on the precipitous granite mountain slope where the track has been built up from below, and where, as the train rolled along and the engine hugged the inner wall, it seemed as if nothing could save them from dashing down deep, deep into the canyon below. And what canyons these higher Sierras possess! For miles the American River Canyon was in sight, a deep, grand abyss with steep slopes covered with majestic trees and odorous shrubs, range after range of mountains appearing in sight as the train wound its way along. At Truckee it was almost impossible to realize, with its present rich green verdure, that a couple of months earlier deep snow covered the city, and



The Truckee Ice Palace.

the inhabitants, with visitors from many miles around, enjoyed a winter carnival in an ice palace of unequalled beauty. With Western originality, a new method of constructing and beautifying an ice palace was tried at Truckee with marvelous success, and for exquisite, dainty beauty, nothing equal to it was ever seen.

Just before reaching Truckee the beautiful Donner Lake was passed. Few people who now gaze upon its placid waters can imagine the frightful scenes that transpired here in early days when the Donner party, snowbound and foodless, camped on its shores. The story of this pioneer party, written by one of the survivors, is one of the most thrilling and tragic of those days of thrilling and tragic



Hegerman Pass.

Over the Hegerman Pass.



A Utah Prune-tree.



MR. H. R. JUDAH,
ASSISTANT GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Another of the officials of the Southern Pacific Company who worked untiringly for the success of the H. R. M. B. A. trip was Mr. H. R. Judah, who, with Mr. Horsburgh and Mr. Donaldson, form Mr. Goodman's San Francisco assistants in the General Passenger Department. Mr. Judah had the control of the trains on the Del Monte, Santa Cruz and Big Tree excursions, and was also on hand to further the pleasure of the party at Hotel del Monte. Mr. Judah has been in the service of the Southern Pacific Company for over twenty-five years, and is a general favorite in all departments of the railway, as well as throughout his section of country.

narratives, and it but serves to emphasize the difference between the traveling of 1849, with its hardships and dangers, and that of 1896 with its comforts and luxuries.

Soon after leaving Reno the desert was reached, where Piute Indians roam, and miners dig and blast, drill and drift for the precious metals.

Ogden was reached, and there, in accordance with the invitation cordially extended in person at the annual banquet at Hotel del Coronado by Don H. Porter of Hotel Templeton and by telegram and letter by G. S. Holmes of the Knutsford, Salt Lake City, the trains switched off to the City of the Saints, where the hotel fraternity, the City Council, and the citizens royally welcomed and entertained them. As Mr. Bohn wrote:



Mr. G. S. Holmes, proprietor of the Knutsford, Salt Lake City, was most active and energetic in helping entertain the H. M. M. B. A., and will long be remembered by the friends he made on that occasion.

The New York special delegation was entertained on Wednesday, April 30th, the Chicago and New England specials, including the special Colorado car, were entertained on Thursday, May 1st, and the Ohio and Indiana delegation in their special car on Friday, May 2d, so that the people of the Mormon capital gave up three days to entertaining the hotel people. On the arrival of the trains Mr. Holmes and Mr. Wadleigh, general passenger agent of the Rio Grande Western, decorated each member and lady with a huge red "badge of welcome," and furnished programs. There was a drive about the city, music and reception all day at the Knutsford, which was headquarters during the stay, recital in the great Mormon Tabernacle, and an excursion to the fine Saltair bathing beach and pavilion at Salt Lake. The day's rest and recreation, after the thirty-six hours' ride across mountains and deserts, were greatly enjoyed, and the kindness and cordiality of Salt Lake's citizens were appreciated.

The New York Delegation and the New England and Chicago Delegations were photographed at the Knutsford, and no one looking at these pictures would imagine that for over twenty days these happy and contented looking people had been traveling, sight-seeing, dancing, feasting, swimming, driving and flirting with an energy that never tired and an enthusiasm that never showed any weariness.

To again quote from the *Hotel World*:

The next stop, Friday, May 2d, was at Glenwood Springs, where those of the excursionists who took in the Colorado excursion of the Association two years ago renewed their acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Bailey of the Glenwood Hotel, and where those who wished took a plunge in the sulphur water, or indulged in a vapor bath. At this point the New England and the Chicago special delegations bade each other a last farewell, as the New England train from here went through without further stop. Leaving at 10:30, an all day ride followed, through the heart of the "Rockies," through the Tennessee Pass, and at twilight reaching the famous Royal Gorge. It was 11:30 at night when the train reached Colorado Springs, where it was scheduled to lie all night.

Arrangements had been made during the trip from Salt Lake City for an early morning trip for Saturday to the summit of Pike's Peak, and at five o'clock in the morning about one-half of the delegation were up and dressed, disposed of a cup of coffee and sandwich in the diners and headed for "14,000 feet above the level of the sea." The morning was very bright and the trip a delightful one. Those remaining behind "took in" Manitou, Colorado Springs,



The Knutsford, Salt Lake City.

Garden of the Gods, etc. At two o'clock the train reached Denver, where the time was agreeably spent until midnight with drives, and a lovely lunch tendered at the Hotel Albany



Hotel Albany, Denver

tween Denver and Chicago, and the speed made the passengers' heads swim. Departing on Saturday at twelve midnight from Denver the rapid card schedule was distanced by an hour and the train arrived at Chicago Monday morning at 7:30.

Thus the journey ended, "the memorable trip of 1896 to California," and ever since then the letters I have received from the members of the various delegations have echoed the words with which, a year ago, I closed my speech at Delmonico's, "Viva la California! Viva la California!"

with the compliments of Manager J. D. Fanning.

Denver was the final stop of the Chicago special, and as "all aboard" was called out for the last time here a chorus exclaimed, "The program is ended, and this is the last pull!" The fastest run of the long trip was made be-



Mr. J. D. Fanning, manager of the Hotel Albany, Denver, who tendered the dainty lunch to the Chicago delegation, is well known to Eastern Hotel Men. The courtesy and generosity of this pleasant entertainment came as a surprise, and was none the less enjoyed on that account.



Hotchkiss Springs Hotel, Colorado

For the purpose of preserving and making it permanent I am indebted to the engraving firm of THE UNION PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO., and to the artist HENRY H. HARRIS, who has given me the following engraving of the Hotel Albany, Denver, and the Hotchkiss Springs Hotel, Colorado.

To Europe in 1897...

I expect to go to Europe end of July, 1897,
and make a tour including

Ireland, Scotland,
England, Holland,
Belgium, Germany,
Switzerland, Italy
and France

The entire trip will take about three months.
The cost for the whole trip, inclusive of hotels, etc.,
will be about nine hundred dollars.

I can arrange for about fifteen people to accompany me, and all who go will have my especial personal attention. It is my intention to deliver historical and other lectures clearly outlining the objects of interest to be seen.

Those who desire fuller information are desired to write me at P. O. Box 163, Pasadena, California.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "G. Wharton Jones." The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, horizontal flourish underneath the name.

17

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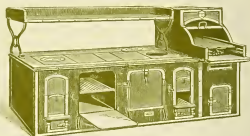
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